Sept. 15, 1986

THE NEW YORKER

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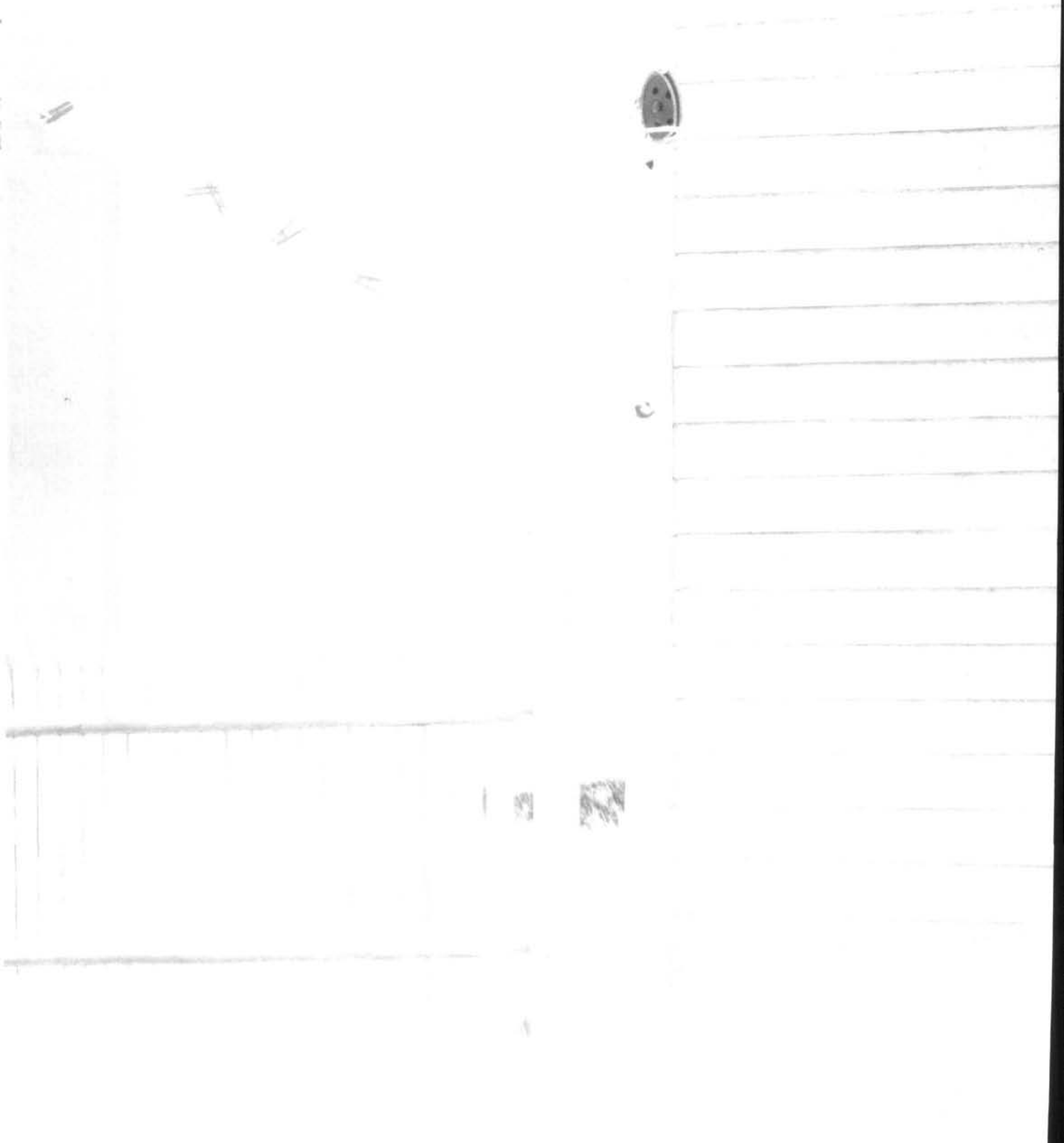

Manette Begin-Loudon
Mother, Age: 25
Zachary Nursery Schooler, Age: 3

At 14 I trained 5 hours a day as a gymnast, at 15 I was a lifeguard, and at 18 *I carried the "Round" cards* around the ring during boxing tournaments at Felt Forum. For now I'm *content to* study ballet and work out at the gym. Inspiration comes from estate sales, where I buy anything unusual or unique, and furnish our apartment. The best thing about being a mom is having my back massaged in the morning by Zac. He loves his "Master of the World" toys and building New York with his blocks. He doesn't like library school anymore because he's tired of doing "The Inky, Dinky Spider." If I could change anything, I would want to be less resilient. I lose sleep lately over the fear of death.

Photo: Toscani

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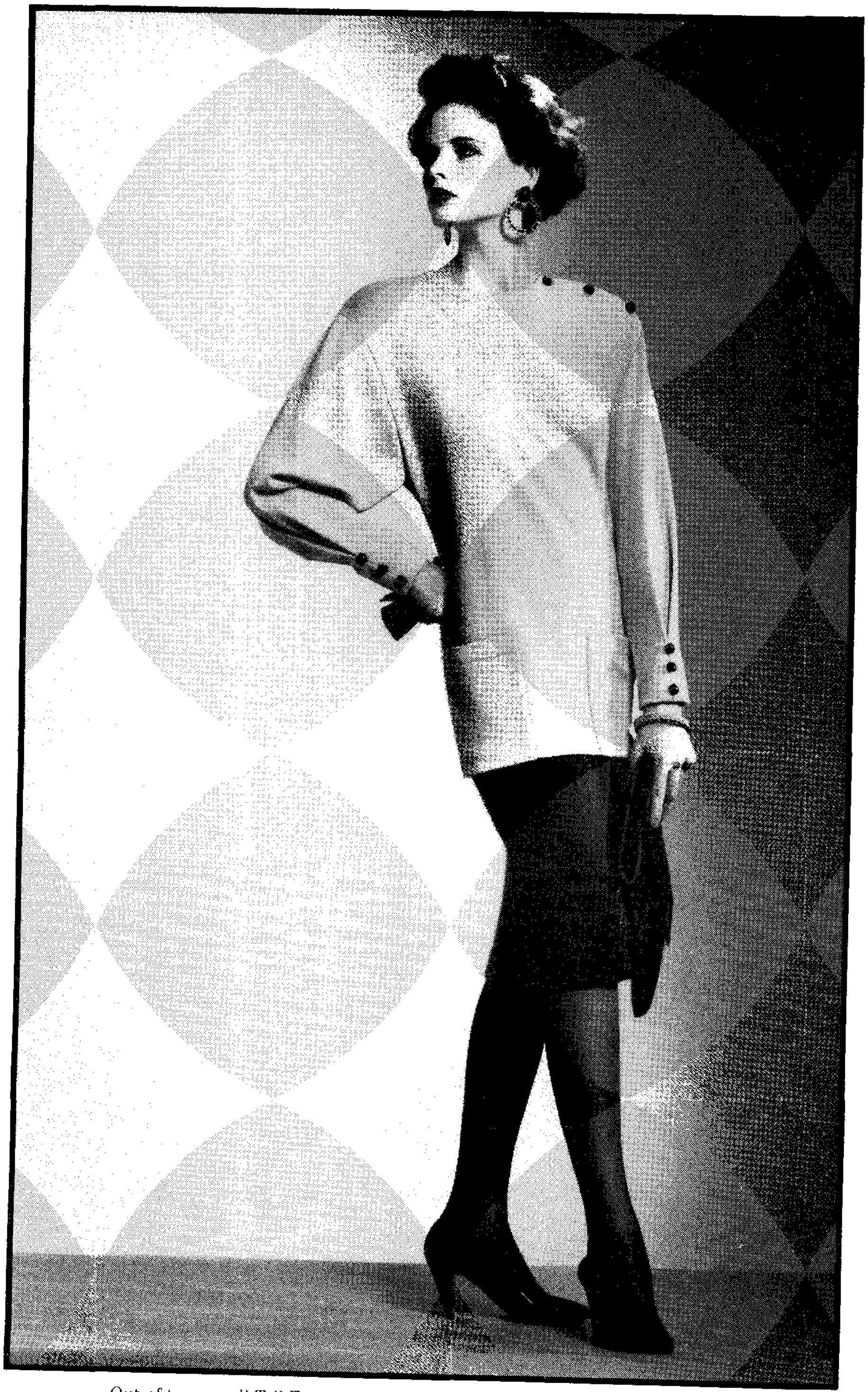

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Angry Housewives—A musical with a score and lyrics by Chad Henry and a book by A. M. Collins. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Jean Stapleton, Polly Holliday, and Tony Roberts are the leading actors in this farce by Joseph Kesselring, which was a big hit back in 1941. It is still pretty funny and so worth devoting an idle evening to. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/7/86.) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cuba and His Teddy Bear—Robert De Niro is a Hispanic drug dealer (cocaine), who is bringing up his teen-age son. Reinaldo Povod's first play is considerably better than promising; Mr. De Niro's performance is remarkable and he is well supported by Burt Young, Ralph Macchio, and Paul Calderon. Bill Hart directed. (6/2/86) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 21.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Krapp's Last Tape—A disappointing revival of Samuel Beckett's play. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—Lonette McKee in a musical play about Billie Holiday, written by Lanie Robertson. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby—Never does time fly past more agreeably than during the eight hours it takes the Royal Shakespeare Company to act out Dickens' welcomely preposterous account of making it in nineteenth-century England. (9/1/86) The play is presented in two parts, and tickets are available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays at 2 and 7; Thursdays and Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 7.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **THE FORTUNE TELLER.** (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Me and My Girl—An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, worth going to for the superb performance by Robert Lindsay in the starring role. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A return engagement by the mime-and-mask trio. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—The novel that Dickens left unfinished at the time of his sudden death has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose, and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nunsense—A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Olympus on My Mind—A larky little musical based on the Amphitryon legend, with Martin Vidnovic, doubling as the General and the usurping Jupiter, and Elizabeth Austin, as a chorus girl who happens to be the "wife" of one of the "producers." Music by Grant Sturiale, and words (book and lyrics) by Barry Harman, who also directed. (8/18/86) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, and Charlotte Moore is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Lorraine Hansberry's passionate and often funny play about the attempts of a black family in Chicago to leave their slum apartment and move on is somewhat lacking in urgency and fire in this revival. Even so, much of the acting is good, especially that of Vondie Curtis-Hall, Starletta DuPois, James Pickens, Jr., and Kim Yancey. Harold Scott directed. (8/25/86) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Special performance Sunday, Sept. 14, at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 21.)

Sills & Company—The return of Severn Darden,

RECEIVED

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ULTIMA II

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

along with several other distinguished alumni of Paul Sills' "Second City" in Chicago, in an evening of cheerful improvisation. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Social Security—With his first Broadway comedy, Andrew Bergman proves a worthy successor to the Neil Simon of "Barefoot in the Park." The fine cast includes Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Olympia Dukakis, Joanna Gleason, and Stefan Schnabel. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

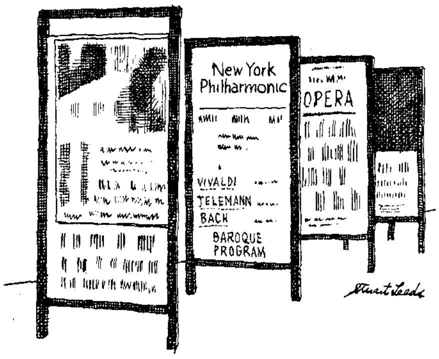
Sweet Charity—A musical that, with very little alteration, has mysteriously improved with age. Directed and choreographed by Bob Fosse, it has a book by Neil Simon, songs by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, settings by Robert Randolph, and a star in the person of Debbie Allen. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Today, I Am a Fountain Pen—A play by Israel Horovitz. (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Worstward Ho—An adaptation of a prose work by Samuel Beckett, staged by Mabou Mines. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Saturday, Sept. 27.)

Woza Afrika!—Opening performances of a festival of five plays written by South Africans which will run through Sunday, Oct. 5—Through Sunday, Sept. 14: **ASINAMALI**, written and directed by Mbongeni Ngema and performed by the Market Theatre Company, of Johannesburg. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 17-21: **BOPHA!**, by Percy Mtwa. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,976 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8 and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE:** A one-person vaudeville show, starring the antic and frantic Lily Tomlin in a series of impersonations written for her by Jane Wagner. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SONG & DANCE:** Imported from England, this uneasy linking of song (first act) and dance (second act) is redeemed in part by the attractiveness of the chief performers, Bernadette Peters and John Meehan. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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MISCELLANY

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Moiseyev Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement by a hundred and fifty-five dancers and musicians from Moscow. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 10-13, at 8:30, and Sunday, Sept. 14, at 2 and 7.)

Ritha Devi—A program of new and classical dances of India. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Saturdays, Sept. 13 and 20, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-7697.)

Mirmdance—A program of modern dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, Sept. 17, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 20-21, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Abilene Café, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A yellow-brick-faced all-blues bar and restaurant that's next door to a yellow-brick-faced funeral parlor. The flag of the second-largest state hangs inside, and cartoon characters romp on the walls. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, guitarist Larry Johnson and his band will hold forth. Other blues-persons, including the tireless house pianist, Teo Leyasmeyer, can be heard every night except Sunday. Music from about nine.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, **LODI CARR** will be singing with pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** and bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**, and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, pianist Richard Shulman and his mates will be on board. Other groups can be heard during the rest of the week. Sets begin at nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at ten Fridays and Saturdays.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin music room on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets, where, Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, you will find **BLOSSOM DEARIE** singing "Peel Me a Grape" and "My Attorney, Bernie" in her tiny, pure, diction-perfect voice. At nine Tuesdays through Saturdays, singer Rita Gardner and her accompanist, Buddy Barnes, concentrate on songs from the twenties, and at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays Helen Schneider also sings songs from the twenties, while impersonating a flapper.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The big blue banner that flies above the entrance to this club may not be modest ("Jazz Capital of the World," it says), but it looks nice flapping in a late-summer breeze. Violinists **JOHN BLAKE, DIDIER LOCKWOOD,** and **MICHAL URBANIAK** bow and pluck through Sunday, Sept. 14; on Monday, Sept. 15, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** works with saxophonist **STEVE COLEMAN,** bassist **CECIL MC BEE,** and drummer **AL FOSTER;** and starting Tuesday, Sept. 16, **HERBIE MANN** and the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND** will have the stage. Shows from about nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied roster: Wednesday, Sept. 10, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Thursday and Friday, Sept. 11-12, Texas rockabilly singer **JOE ELY** and K. D. Lang; Saturday, Sept. 13, comedy with Orson Bean and others; Sunday, Sept. 14, the **TANNAHILL WEAVERS,** a Scottish folk band; and Thursday, Sept. 18, David Thomas & the Wooden Birds. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar where first-rate pianists and bassists can be found and—whenever the conversationalists let up—heard. **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **RED MITCHELL** work together through Saturday, Sept. 13, and **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **GEORGE MRAZ** collaborate starting Monday, Sept. 15. On Sundays, Mr. Mitchell teams up with guitarist Scott Hardy and pianist Leslie Pintchik. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. **CHICO FREEMAN,** one of the best of the post-Coltrane tenor saxophonists, and his quintet perform through Sunday, Sept. 14, and on Tuesday, Sept. 16, **CARMEN LUNDY** will start singing with a quartet led by bassist **CURTIS LUNDY** and saxophonist **BOBBY WATSON.** Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at nine and eleven, with an extra show at twelve-thirty on Fridays

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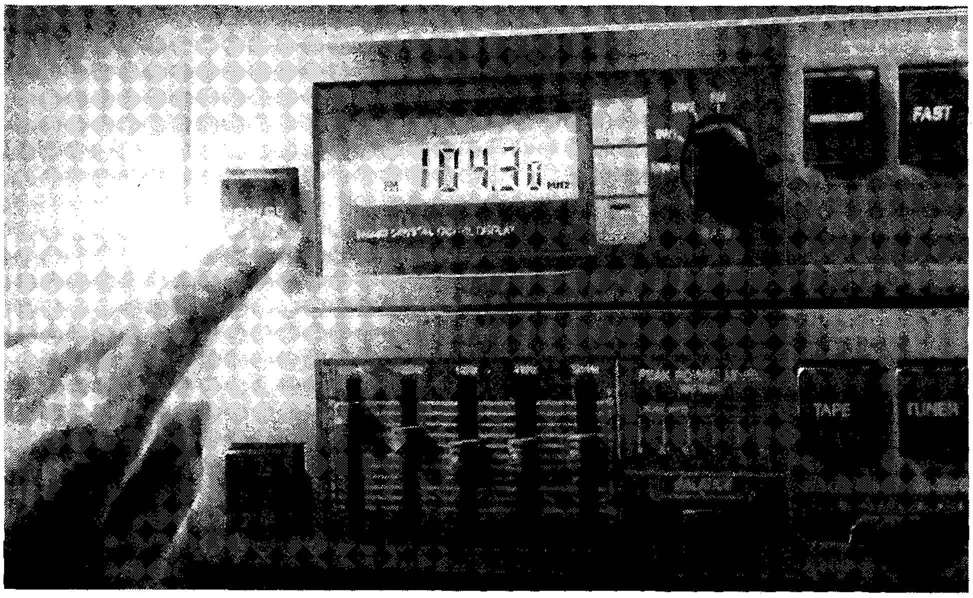

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Saturdays. No music Mondays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BARBARA CARROLL** is presiding at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar. She plays Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Sundays and Mondays are showcase nights. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A snazzy downstairs jazz club. Drummer **BILLY COBHAM** is behind his impressive array of hardware, driving his combo forward through Sunday, Sept. 14; starting Tuesday, Sept. 16, guitarists **LARRY CORYELL, LAURINDO ALMEIDA,** and Sharon Isbin join forces. Mondays are the property of guitarist and recording innovator **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin at nine; starting Tuesday, Sept. 16, they will begin at eight. Dining.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—A cozy supper club in verdant Turtle Bay. Alexandra Cortese sings through Saturday, Sept. 13, and Fran Jeffries will have the mike starting Monday, Sept. 15. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, at nine and eleven; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. The pianists: through Saturday, Sept. 13, **JACK WILSON,** with bassist **BOOTS MALESON** on Sept. 12-13; starting Tuesday, Sept. 16, **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV,** with bassist **RUFUS REID** on Sept. 19-20; Sundays **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS;** and Mondays Bryan Wells. Sets begin at seven Mondays through Thursdays, at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and at six on Sundays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar, with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). Wednesdays through Saturdays, Kitt Moran sings standards with backing from pianist Mike Moran and bassist Rick Crane; Sundays and Mondays, Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley; and on Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** pianist Jack Reilly, and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING** collaborate. All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—Stride whiz **JUDY CARMICHAEL** is at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays are claimed by Jim Badzik, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. Ray Gallon, an adept young pianist, is working with **RON CARTER,** an inspiring bassist, through Saturday, Sept. 13. On Tuesday, Sept. 16, **HILTON RUIZ** and **JAMIL NASSER** will take charge. Music from nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. Thursday, Sept. 11, Dan Hicks, John Stewart, and Danny O'Keefe; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, La Bamba and Tommie Joe White; Sunday, Sept. 14, Peter Gordon and the Love of Life Orchestra; Monday, Sept. 15, Rubber Rodeo; Tuesday, Sept. 16, Burton Cummings; and Friday, Sept. 19, the Sun Rhythm Section and Jack Smith. Music after nine nightly. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—From the glassed-in streetside room, you can see the tubbed saplings in the adjacent office-tower frontage, and in the spiffy back room you can see and hear **MEL TORMÉ.** He sings Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-forty-five and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

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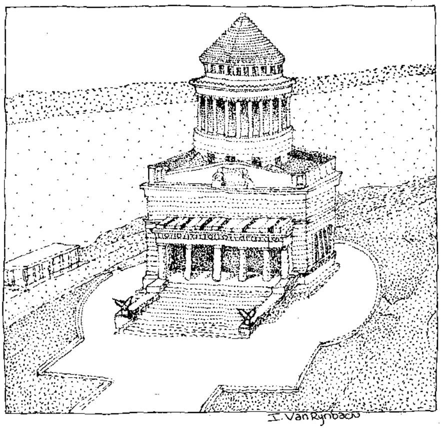
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A lively uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some very substantial players on the bandstand. Wednesday, Sept. 10, Full Circle; Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 11-13, pianist **MICHEL CAMILO;** Monday, Sept. 15, the Pete Yellin quintet; Tuesday, Sept. 16, Top Shelf; Wednesday, Sept. 17, Ananda; Thursday, Sept. 18, **JUMP STREET,** a ten-piece R. & B. outfit; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his band. Music from about ten until two.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, which presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The performers: Friday, Sept. 12, Tom Cochrane & Red Rider; Thursday, Sept. 18, Taxi Connection, with reggae rhythm masters **SLY DUNBAR & ROBBIE SHAKESPEARE,** reggae rapper **YELLOWMAN,** Ini Kamoze, and Half Pint; Friday, Sept. 19, Bodeans and Ten Ten; and Saturday, Sept. 20, Circle Jerks, Murphy's Law, SNFU, and the Nils. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Brazilian music, African music, salsa music, reggae music, and American music. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 10-11, **MUTABARUKA;** Fridays, Sept. 12 and 19, Tabou Combo; Saturdays, Sept. 13 and 20, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, Sept. 16, saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL'S** Society Situation and trumpeter **OLU DARA'S** Natchezsippi; and Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 17-18, Letta Mbulu and Earth Blessings, featuring Queen Ayacodobae. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Knotty-pine walls and adventurous music: **DAVE HOLLAND,** an English bassist who played with Miles Davis in the late sixties, is here with his quintet (trumpeter **KENNY WHEELER,** trombonist **JULIAN PRIESTER,** saxophonist **STEVE COLEMAN,** and drummer **MARVIN SMITH**) through Sunday, Sept. 14; on Tuesday, Sept. 16, the trio of **CEDAR WALTON** (piano), **RON CARTER** (bass), and **BILLY HIGGINS** (drums) will settle in; and the **GIL EVANS** orchestra, sixteen strong, raises the roof on Mondays. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A refreshingly simple and basic (in the age of extravagance) blues and rock club. Wednesday, Sept. 10, the Lookalikes; Thursday, Sept. 11, the Heartfixers and Beth Winstead; Fridays and Saturdays, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Sunday, Sept. 14, Kentucky rockabillyette Kristi Rose & the Dying Breed; Tuesday, Sept. 16, guitarist **VERNON REID'S LIVING COLOUR** and JJ Jumpers; Wednesday, Sept. 17, the Mosquitos; and Thursday, Sept. 18, the Rattlers, the Reducers, and Snakeout. Shows after nine-thirty.



Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa bands get going in the big downstairs space on Monday nights after nine; on Sept. 15, conga drummer **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his ensemble, **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his band, and alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS,** the guest jazz soloist, will provide the excitement. . . . ¶ In the Terrace Bar, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and cool Canadian vibraphonist **WARREN CHIASSON** perform together nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present, with her trio, on Tuesdays. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment is the most famous jazz club in the world. **SPHERE**—a quartet that takes its name and some of its music from Thelonious Monk and that is composed of former Monk hands **CHARLIE ROUSE** (tenor saxophone) and **BEN RILEY** (drums), plus **KENNY BARRON** (piano) and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** (bass)—is in the house through Sunday, Sept. 14; on Tuesday, Sept. 16, the **DON PULLEN–GEORGE ADAMS** quartet begins a six-night stint. Mondays remain prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has foursquare tables, booths, and saxophonists galore. They are: tenor man **HAROLD OUSLEY** and his Circle of Friends through Sunday, Sept. 14; booming baritone **CECIL PAYNE,** with the Bill Eldridge group, on Tuesday, Sept. 16; and tenorist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE,** with High Society, starting Wednesday, Sept. 17. Mondays are comedy nights. Shows from about nine.

Whippoorwill, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—A plush downstairs club, with a lot of art on the walls and an Oriental rug on the bandstand. A quintet led by trumpeters **DONALD BYRD** and **JIMMY OWENS** is present through Sunday, Sept. 14, and on Tuesday, Sept. 16, trumpeter **JACK WALRATH** and his septet will lift off. The Monday honors go to trumpeter Tex Allen's sextet. Sets begin at ten. Dining. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in Joanna (675-7900), an elegant, high-ceilinged room with a grand piano in it, you can listen to **JOHN HICKS** (with bassist **MICKEY BASS**) through Sunday, Sept. 14, and to **RANDY WESTON** starting Tuesday, Sept. 16. **CHRIS ANDERSON** is the Monday-night soloist. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A ground-floor town-house restaurant, bar, and jazz nook, where pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** are working in tandem through Saturday, Sept. 13; starting Monday, Sept. 15, pianist **JANE JARVIS,** who accompanied the Mets on the Shea Stadium organ back in the days when dirges were usually in order, teams up with bassist **MILT HINTON;** and on Sundays **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** play guitar-bass duets. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

John MacNally—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, Sept. 11, at 8.

Elton John—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 11-14, at 8.

Chikuzan—Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 832-1155. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, at 8.

The Smiths—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Tuesday, Sept. 16, at 8.

Rodney Dangerfield—Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, at 8 and 11:30.

Emerson, Lake & Powell—Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8.

Jazz Center of New York—Thursdays at 9 and 10:30: Tom Pierson Orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, at 9:30 and 11:

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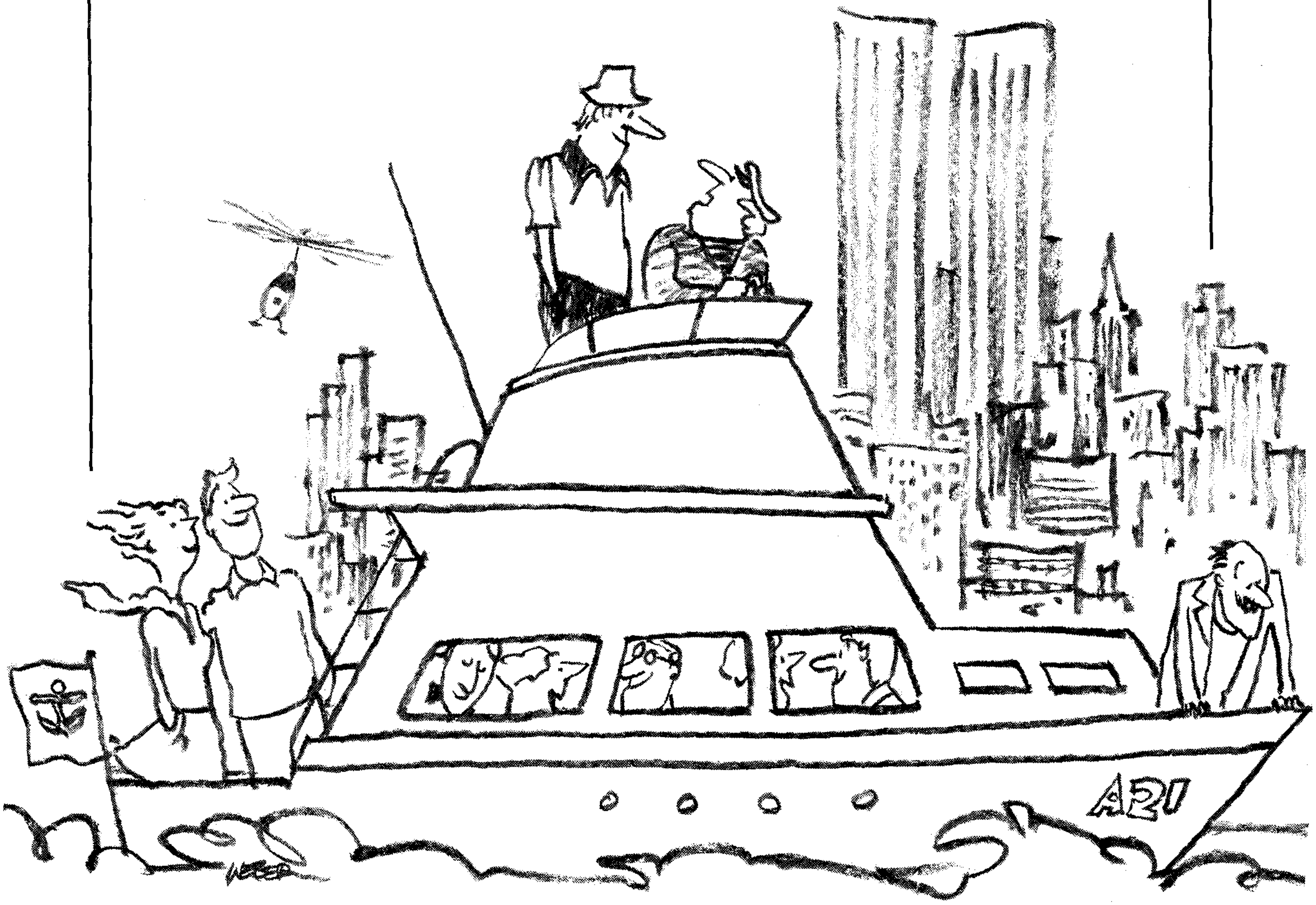

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Ahmed Abdullah, Marion Brown, Billy Bang, Fred Hopkins, and Andrew Cyrille. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 19, at 9:30 and 10:30: Judy Niemack and Janet Lawson. . . . ¶ Saturday, *Sept. 20, at 9 and 10:30:* Williamsburg Contemporary Composers Orchestra. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Edwin Dickinson (1891-1978)—Figure paintings ranging from "The Fossil Hunters" to what are called single-stroke portraits. Through Oct. 1. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Philip Evergood (1901-73)—A two-gallery retrospective of paintings. Through Sept. 27. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St. . . . ¶ Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **KNOEDLER**, 19 E. 70th St.: "Color on Paper" is the descriptive title of works by Pollock, Diebenkorn, Frankenthaler, and others. Through Oct. 4. . . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Paintings, drawings, and photographs by, among others, Florence Henri, Fernand Léger, and Kasimir Malevich, mounted to celebrate the gallery's tenth anniversary. Through Oct. 11. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTÉ**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Contemporary paintings—Expressionist and geometric abstraction—by Europeans, including John Armleder and Sandro Chia, and by the American Jean-Michel Basquiat. Through Sept. 27.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Harold Bruder—Realist paintings of groups of figures in interiors. Through Oct. 1. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Clarence Carter—Two shows. Recent landscape paintings. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ Watercolors from a series called "Studies for Industry." (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.) Both through Sept. 27.

Rainer Fetting—Portraits, cityscapes, and landscapes, plus sculptures, one of which is a life-size bronze of a man in a bathtub. Through Oct. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Gill / Gwenn Thomas—Glazed-stoneware vessels. / Photographs of Ellis Island interiors in complementary frames painted by the artist. Through Oct. 4. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William L. Haney—Recent figurative paintings. Through Sept. 27. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alexander Liberman—Three-dimensional painted works combining canvas, paper, wood, and Masonite. Through Oct. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Sept. 13.)

Stone Roberts—Representational paintings of still-lifes and figures, plus figure drawings. Through Oct. 1. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz (1922-83) / **Michael de Lisio**—Abstract ink drawings and two welded-steel sculptures from the fifties and sixties. / Foot-high bronze portraits of T. S. Eliot, Sarah Caldwell, and other public figures. Through Oct. 4. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jan Voss—Recent abstract oils. Through Sept. 27. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Roger Winter / John Button (1929-82)—A view of Central Park, and other landscapes. / Pastels, gouaches, and one large oil, all completed just before his death. Through Oct. 8. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: American watercolors and drawings spanning this century but concentrating on works before the fifties. Among the artists are Henri, Bellows, Morris Graves, and Will Barnet. Through Sept. 27. (Closed Saturday, Sept. 13.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: A selection of paintings, mostly, entitled "Art of the 80's by Artists in Their 80's." The octogenarians here include Isabel Bishop, Robert Gwathmey, and Bernarda Bryson Shahn. Through Oct. 11.

Sculpture—Recent pieces by R. M. Fischer, Steve Keister, and Bill Woodrow. Through Oct. 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Barbara Ess / Garnett Puett—Photographs. / Wax sculptures. Through Oct. 2. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Rafael Ferrer—Small paintings, including landscapes of Mexico, studio nudes, and portraits. Through Oct. 8. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Ira Joel Haber—Drawings of industrial areas. Through Oct. 18. (Herlin, 68 Thompson St.)

Nancy Haynes—Abstract relief paintings. Through Sept. 30. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Mark Kostabi—New paintings and his first sculptures, in bronze and plaster. Through *Oct. 11. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)*

Niele Toroni—Marks in oil from a No. 50 paintbrush applied at regular intervals of thirty centimetres on canvas and on the walls of the Boone Gallery. Through Sept. 27. (417 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **SCHREIBER-CUTLER**, 171 Spring St.: Night-landscape paintings by Paul Caranicas, Daisy Craddock, Kim Keever, David Speed, and others. Through Oct. 1. . . . **TOLL**, 146 Greene St.: Abstractions on canvas by Jan Hashey, Ellen Phelan, and Andrew Spence, and a wall piece, by Richard Beckett, constructed with bicycle tires. Through Sept. 27.

OTHER GALLERIES

John Cage—Eight silk-screened Plexiglas works, and some paper compositions incorporating Merce Cunningham's name. Through Oct. 4. (Burgin, a new gallery at 270 Lafayette St. Opens at 1.)

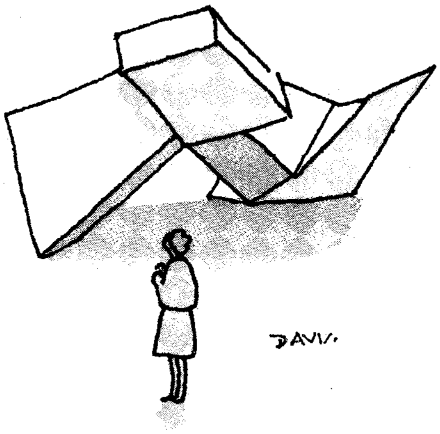
Reverend Howard Finster—Representative paintings, dating from 1976 to 1979. Through Oct. 11. (Cavin-Morris, 100 Hudson St.)

Arnulf Rainer—Eight paintings on board and fifty photographs overpainted with crayon, India ink, and oil. Through Oct. 25. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl., at Washington Sq. E. Open Wednesday evenings until 8:30; open Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Rosalind Solomon—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of prints by an artist who has found a connection between, for instance, a Santa on duty in the Northgate Mall in Chattanooga, Tennessee, a *condomblé* initiation in Brazil, and a wedding in Burma. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Jerry N. Uelsmann—A self-portrait of the artist posing as William Wegman's dog-model, Man Ray, and other works by a photographer who uses up to eight enlargers and extensive masking to make a single print. Through Oct. 18. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)



Bruce Weber—Photographs from a two-month visit in Rio de Janeiro. Through Oct. 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BURDEN**, 20 E. 23rd St.: Photographs of the capitol building in Albany (its façade, stairways, anterooms, columns, marble carvings) by William Clift, Stephen Shore, Judith Turner, and Dan Weaks. *Through Sept. 26. (Opens at noon.)* . . . **TATISTCHEFF**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by Tina Barney, Nicholas Nixon, Barbara Norfleet, and others. Through Sept. 27.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of forty-one Impressionist and early modern paintings on loan from the Hermitage Museum, in Leningrad, and the Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts, in Moscow, including Matisse's "Harmony in Red." Through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ A show of sculptures, primarily, which examines the depiction of the human figure in the West African Bamana culture. Among the forty-seven works are large wood and terra-cotta sculptures of mother and child and of male hunters. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & Design," an exhibit that cuts a wide swath through a pivotal period in the early history of modernism in Europe. Paintings and drawings by Klimt, Kokoschka, Schiele, and others; Vienna Secession posters; and decorative arts from the Wiener Werkstätte, among them a wrought-silver vitrine by C. O. Czeschka. Through Oct. 21. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Rosalind Solomon. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of works by Richard Long, a British artist who documents the extensive walks he has taken in various parts of the world, with maps, photographs, printed texts, and sculptures. Mud from the River Avon, for instance, is used to make imprints of the artist's hands on the walls. Starts Friday, Sept. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of large-scale paintings by James Rosenquist, including many of his Pop Art works. Through Sept. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of forty prints by the photographer Joel-Peter Witkin, whose work is characterized by erotic and fantastic imagery. Through Sept. 22. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** A jazz concert will be given by the quartet Sphere in the museum's sculpture garden on Sunday, Sept. 14, at 4.

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of recent North American Indian textiles, pottery, baskets, jewelry, and carvings. Through Oct. 5. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, *with no admission charge after 5.)*

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Hollywood: Legend and Reality," a show about the nuts-and-bolts aspects of the film industry over the years. The displays include original production designs (a matte painting by Albert Whitlock for "The Birds"), costume sketches and costumes (the matador suit Rudolph Valentino wore in "Blood and Sand," the barbecue dress Vivien Leigh wore in "Gone with the Wind"), set models (the miniature Gozer temple for "Ghostbusters"), posters, and about two hundred photographs. Through Oct. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no ad-

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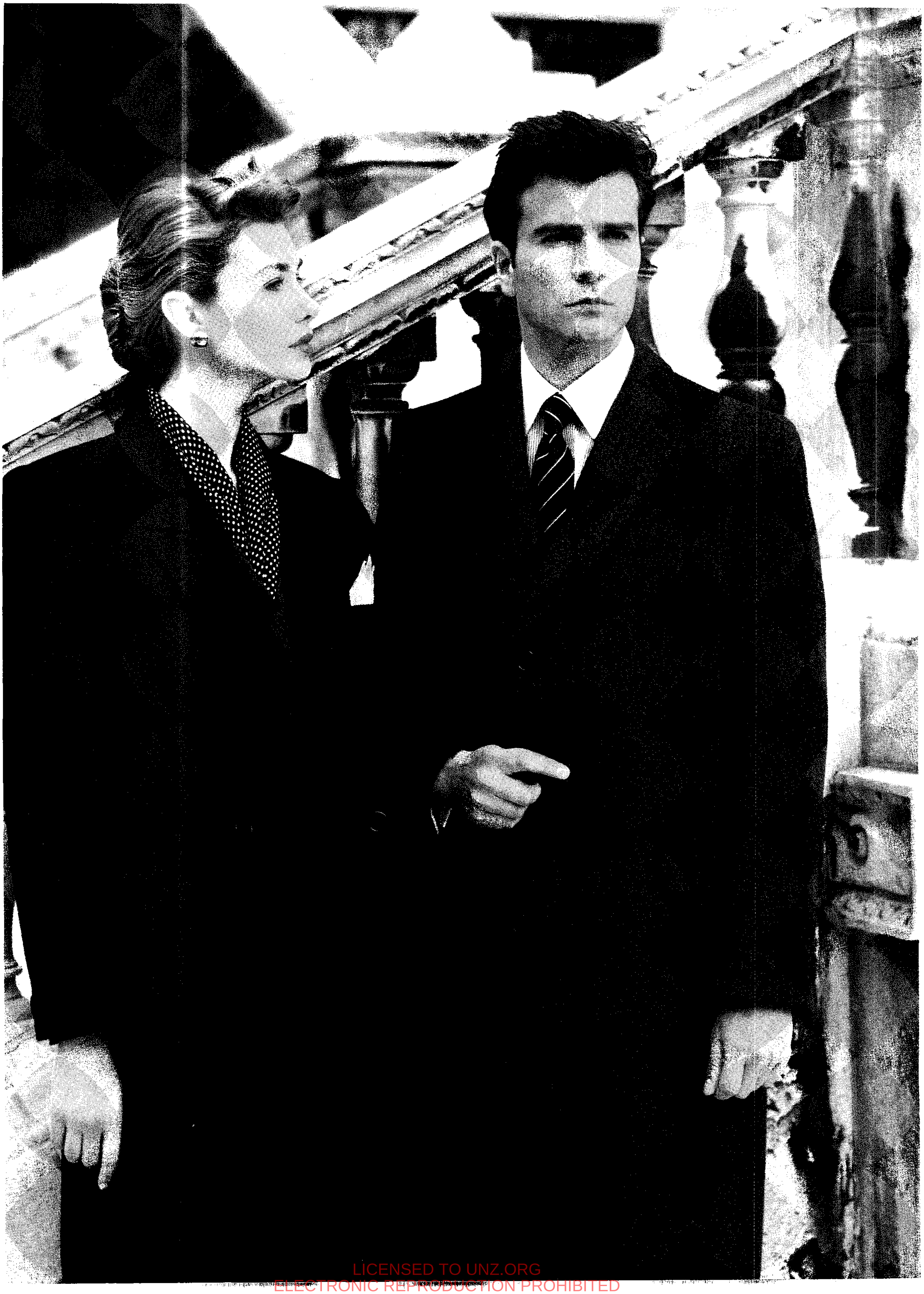

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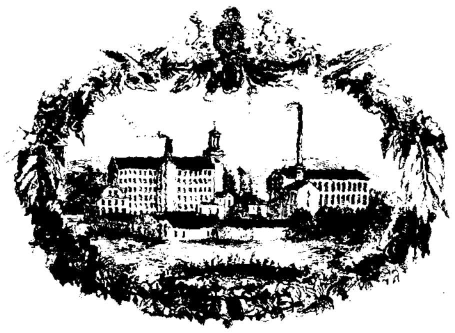

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mission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-four contemporary American artists, among them Bill Thompson, Audrey Flack, Rodney Ripps, and Hannelore Baron, have looked to Jewish history and interpreted it in paintings, sculptures, graphics, and photographs. Through Nov. 16. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred Mary Granville Delany paper collages that depict in detail a variety of flowers. The eighteenth-century works are on loan from the British Museum. Through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ A show of nineteenth-century French works on paper, including a Degas self-portrait done in oil and a pencil study for Cézanne's "The Card Players." Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A display of a hundred and fifty prints by five photojournalists—Peter Magubane, Valeria Ferrill, Ozier Muhammad, Gordon Parks, and Robert Sengstacke. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Doug Varone (dance), Friday through Sunday, Sept. 12-14, at 9. . . . ¶ Anne Seagrave and Oscar McLennan (performance), Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 18-21, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424, and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Thursday, Sept. 11, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Edith Davis, Jane Shaulis, Richard Burke, and Adib Fazah; *conducted by Christopher Keene.* . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 12, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elizabeth Hynes, Erie Mills, Jane Bunnell, Kurt Link, and William Parcher; Hugh Wolff. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 2: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Gail Dobish, Jon Garrison, William Stone, and Craig Heath Nim; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8: "Faust," with Faith Esham, Cynthia Rose, Jerry Hadley, and Harry Dworchak; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 14, at 1: "Carmen," with Janis Eckhart, Ruth Golden, Harry Theyard, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 14, at 7: "Norma," with Winifred Faix Brown, Susanne Marsee, Robert Grayson, and Eric Halfvarson; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 7: "La Bohème," with Maria Spacagna, Margaret Cusack, Kristian Johannsson, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 18, at 8: "Faust," with Faith Esham, Cynthia Rose, Jerry Hadley, and Harry Dworchak; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 19, at 8: "Norma," with Winifred Faix Brown, Susanne Marsee, Robert Grayson, and Eric Halfvarson; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Edith Davis, Jane Shaulis, Richard Burke, and Adib Fazah; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elizabeth Hynes, Erie Mills, Jane Bunnell, Kurt Link, and William Parcher; Hugh Wolff. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Concert Royal and the New York Baroque Dance Company—James Richman conducting Rameau's opera-ballet "Les Fêtes d'Hébé." *The first of two eighteenth-century works to be presented this month.* (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday, Sept. 11, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13-14, at 8. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

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Amato Opera Company—Mozart's "Don Giovanni." (*Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery,* at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday, Sept. 12, and Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting the opening performances of the regular season, which will run through Friday, May 29—Tuesday, Sept. 16, at 8, a nonsubscription concert, for the benefit of the Philharmonic (with Itzhak Perlman, violin). . . . ¶ A different program (also with Mr. Perlman) on Thursday, Sept. 18, at 8; Friday, Sept. 19, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 7:30.

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra—Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Sheri Greenawald, soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Roberta Rust—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 8.)

Vienna 1900: A Festival of Music—Arleen Augér, soprano; Joseph Kalichstein, piano; Felix Galimir, violin; Sharon Robinson and Yo-Yo Ma, cello; Samuel Rhodes and Michael Tree, viola; and others. The second in a series of eight concerts. (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatre 1, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 708-9856.)

The Magic Flute—Two concerts in tribute to the flute—Thursday, Sept. 11, at 8: Carol Wincenc, flute; John Van Buskirk, harpsichord; the Muir String Quartet; the Y Chamber Symphony; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8: Miss Wincenc; Samuel Baron, flute; Lucas Foss, piano; Stephen Kujala, jazz flute; Tim Liu, Chinese bamboo flute; the Y Chamber Symphony; and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.)

Annapolis Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, Sept. 12, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

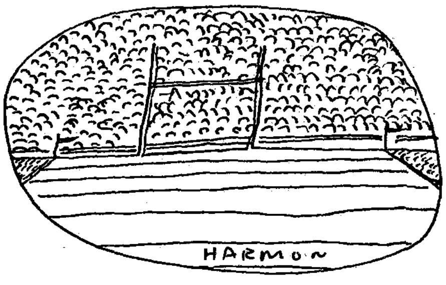
Andrea Griminelli and Gerald Ranck—Flute and harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Sept. 13, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Glenn Dicterow, Nathaniel Rosen, and Seymour Lipkin—Violin, cello, and piano, with Karen Dreyfus, viola. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Composers' Showcase—Works by John Luther Adams, John Hilliard, Mark Taggart, and Rovanna Martin, performed by the Juilliard Percussion Ensemble; Yvonne Hatchett, soprano; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8:30.)

New Sounds—The first in a series of five concerts, this one featuring composer-performers Michael Galasso, David Gilden, and David Hykes (with the Harmonic Choir). (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Sept. 14, at 2.)

Dora Schwarzberg and Gerald Ranck—Violin and harpsichord, in a Bach-Handel program. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Sept. 14, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)



Bobbie Glover—Tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Sept. 14, at 7.)

Joan Sutherland and Luciano Pavarotti—Soprano and tenor, with the American Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Richard Bonynge. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesday, Sept. 16, at 8.)

Harmonic Choir—David Hykes directing. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, at 7:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 7:35, and Thursday, Sept. 18, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 19, at 7:35, and Saturday, Sept. 20, at 7:05. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 12, at 7:30; Saturday, Sept. 13, at 3; and Sunday, Sept. 14, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 15-17, at 7:30.

Bicycle Racing—The final stage of the 157-mile Cititour Professional Road Race. Riders will zoom along the East Side on Sunday, Sept. 14, crossing the finish line, at First Avenue and 46th Street, at approximately 2. Best viewing spots will be along First Avenue between 39th and 59th Streets.

Professional Football—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Jets vs. New England Patriots, Thursday, Sept. 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Giants vs. San Diego Chargers, Sunday, Sept. 14, at 1.

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Oct. 20. The Flower Bowl Handicap, the Futurity, and the Marlboro Cup Invitational, Saturday, Sept. 13, and the Turf Classic Invitational, Saturday, Sept. 20. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:13, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11:01 and 1:19.) . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights, except Thursday, Sept. 11, at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13. The Pegasus, Friday, Sept. 12.

Running—The Mercedes Mile (formerly the Fifth Avenue Mile) will start at 2 on Saturday, Sept. 13, at Fifth Avenue and 82nd Street and finish at 62nd Street.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; through Saturday, Nov. 1.

ET ALIA

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St.—Saturday, Sept. 13, at 2: Nineteenth-century furniture, decorations, and works of art. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 10-12, from 10 to 5.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Central Park Mall—Dance programs in the *72nd Street Bandshell:* Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 6: Sarah Skaggs and Dancers and the Jane Comfort Dance Company. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 11, at 6: Douglas Dunn and Dancers and Bill T. Jones. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 14, at 4: Jane Goldberg, plus comedians John Kelly and Paul Zaloom.

Music Festival on the Pier—Steve Winwood and Jimmy Cliff presenting the final concerts of the Miller beer people's summer series. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Isao Tomita—Presenting an electronic-music and light show, with soloists and the choirs of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. (Battery Park. Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8; rain date, Sunday, Sept. 14.)

"New York Is Book Country"—The annual book fair will take place on Fifth Avenue between 48th and 57th Streets on Sunday, Sept. 14, from 11 to 5.

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13-14, from noon until sundown.

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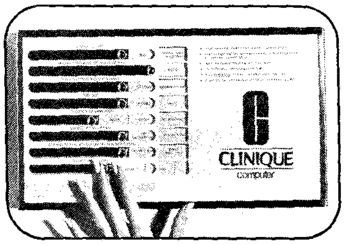

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Sept. 18: "Molière" (1978; directed by Ariane Mnouchkine; in French). The film, more than four hours long, will be shown at 7:30 only.
From Sept. 19: "Love on the Ground" (1984; Jacques Rivette; in French), with Geraldine Chaplin and Jane Birkin.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 11: "Sincerely Charlotte" (Caroline Huppert; in French), with Isabelle Huppert. From Sept. 12: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 18: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys). From Sept. 19: "Short Circuit" (†).
Theatre 3: "Back to School" (†).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Aliens" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 2: "Born American" (Renny Harlin), with Mike Norris.
Theatre 3: "Heartburn" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Stand By Me" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Sept. 18: "About Last Night . . ." (†).
From Sept. 19: "The Men's Club" (Peter Medak).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Aliens" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 11: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick. From Sept. 12: "Avenging Force" (Sam Firstenberg), with Michael Dudikoff.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Steaming" (Joseph Losey), with Vanessa Redgrave, Sarah Miles, and Diana Dors.
Theatre 2: "Stand By Me" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Mona Lisa" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 11: "A Man and a Woman: 20 Years Later" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. From Sept. 12: "Otello" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Plácido Domingo.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 19: "My American Cousin" (Sandy Wilson), with Margaret Langrick and John Wildman. From Sept. 20: "Down by Law" (Jim Jarmusch).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (†).
Theatre 2: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.

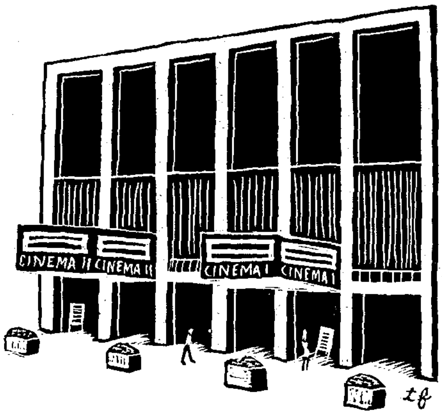
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Ruthless People" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 2: "Back to School" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"90 Days" (Giles Walker).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Sept. 11: "Heartburn" (†).
From Sept. 12: "'Night, Mother" (Tom Moore), with Sissy Spacek and Anne Bancroft.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)



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14	15	16	17	18	19	20

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

Through Sept. 11: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
From Sept. 12: "Bedroom Eyes."

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Aliens" (†).
Theatre 2: "Born American" (Renny Harlin), with Mike Norris.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 2: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Static" (1985; directed by Mark Romanek), with Keith Gordon and Amanda Plummer.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 18: "Do You Remember Dolly Bell?" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav). From Sept. 19: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Sherman's March" (Ross McElwee).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 11: "Vagabond" (†). From Sept. 12: "We Were So Beloved" (Manfred Kirchheimer), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "No Surrender" (Peter Smith).
Theatre 2: "Stand By Me" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 11: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal. From Sept. 12: "A Man and a Woman: 20 Years Later" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
Theatre 2: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 13: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin), with Wang. From Sept. 14: "Lost Horizon" (1937 †).
Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 18: "3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French). From Sept. 19: "My American Cousin" (Sandy Wilson), with Margaret Langrick and John Wildman.
Theatre 4: "She's Gotta Have It."

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (†).
Theatre 2: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 3: "Ruthless People" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Next Summer" (Nadine Trintignant; in French), with Fanny Ardant, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Claudia Cardinale.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Sept. 11: "Sincerely Charlotte" (Caroline Huppert; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.
From Sept. 12: "Partisans of Vilna" (Josh Waletzky), a documentary.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Stand By Me" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Caravaggio" (Derek Jarman), with Nigel Terry.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Heartburn" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Summer" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Marie Rivière.
Theatre 2: "Men . . ." (†).
Theatre 3: "Men . . ." (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 2: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 11: "Hard Traveling" (Dan Bessie), with Ellen Geer. From Sept. 12 "Restless Natives" (Michael Hoffman).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 3: "Back to School" (†).
Theatre 4: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 5: "Aliens" (†).
Theatre 6: "Ruthless People" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "We Were So Beloved" (Manfred Kirchheimer), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 11: "Back to School" (†). From Sept. 12: "Avenging Force" (Sam Firstenberg), with Michael Dudikoff.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 18: "3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French). From Sept. 19: "Where Are the Children?"
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 18: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita. From Sept. 19 (tentative): "The Men's Club" (Peter Medak).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 18: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick; and "Pretty in Pink" (†). From Sept. 19: "My American Cousin" (Sandy Wilson), with Margaret Langrick and John Wildman.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

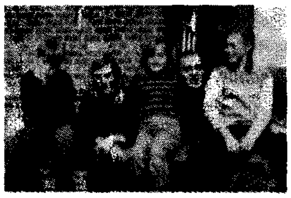
Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Fly" (directed by David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 2: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 11: "One Crazy Summer" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and Demi Moore. From Sept. 12: "Hands of Steel."
Theatre 4: "Back to School" (†).
Theatre 5: "About Last Night . . ." (†).
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 11: "The Transformers—The Movie." Sept. 12-18: (Matinées only) "The Transformers—The Movie;" and (evenings only) "Bullies"

That's me on the left

Me again on the right

Vicky pushing me around

Me today



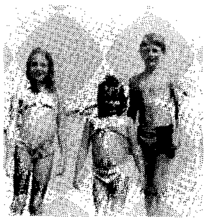
My family

First Grade

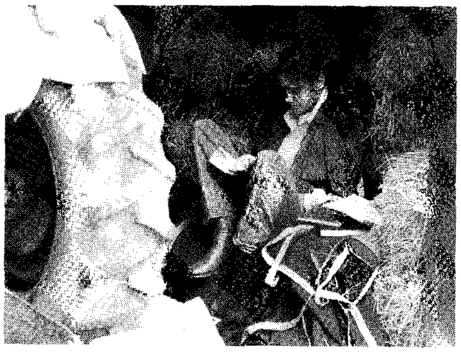
Granny and me

Mom and me

A rose between thorns



Bathing beauties



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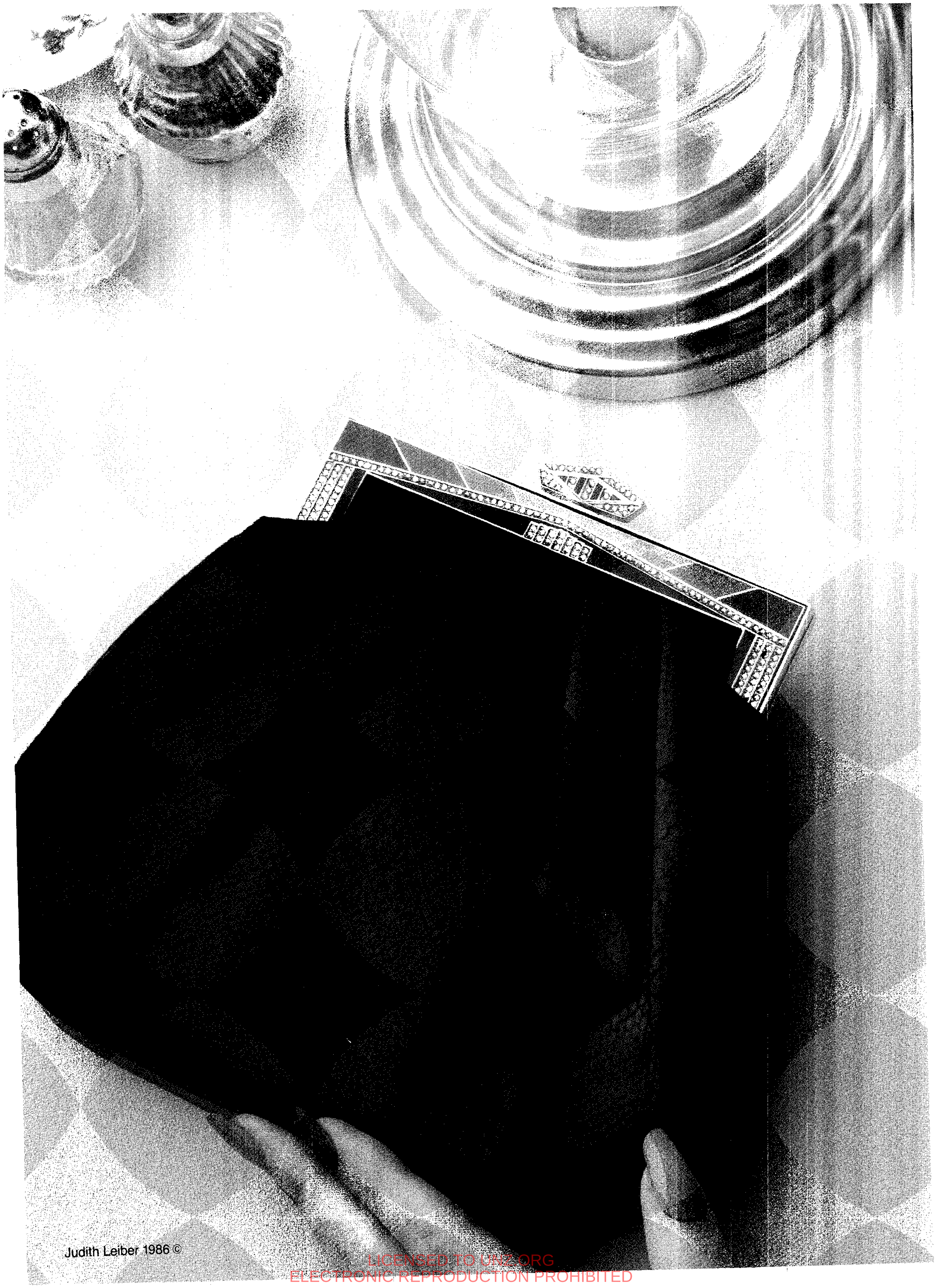
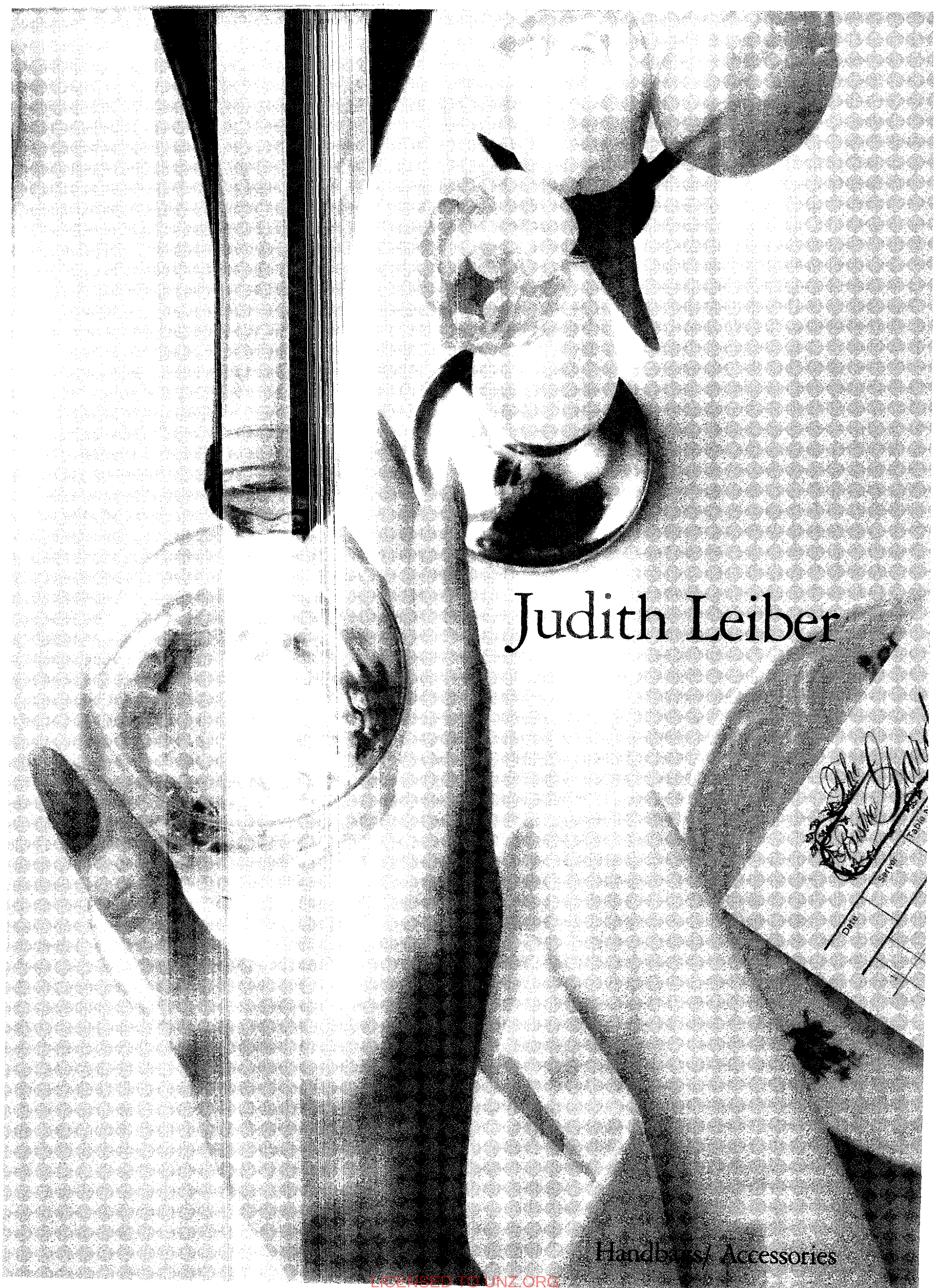

Judith Leiber 1986 ©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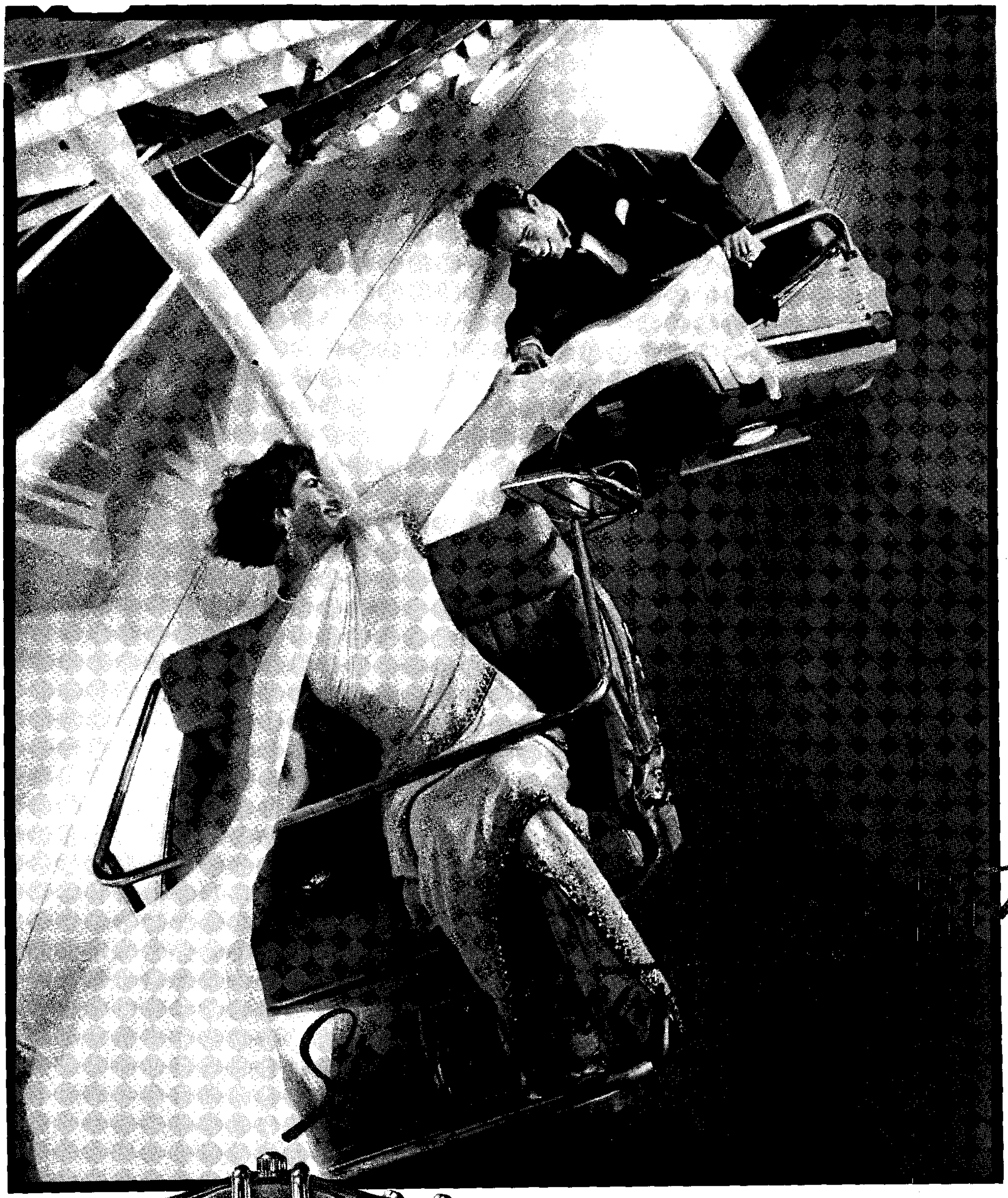

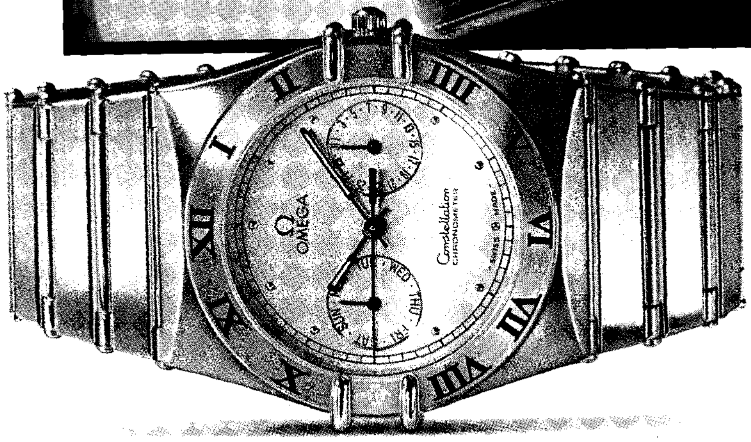

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TOURNEAU®

(Paul Lynch). From Sept. 19: "Short Circuit" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ruthless People" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 3: "Black Joy" (Anthony Simmons).
Theatre 4: "Nothing in Common" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Night of the Creeps" (Fred Dekker).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 11: "Bullies" (Paul Lynch). From Sept. 12: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Born American" (Renny Harlin), with Mike Norris.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
(Matinées only) "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 11: "Dead End Drive In." From Sept. 12: "Avenging Force" (Sam Firstenberg), with Michael Dudikoff.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 11: "Aliens" (†). From Sept. 12: "Mona Lisa" (†).
Theatre 2: "Aliens" (†).

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Bedroom Eyes."
Theatre 2: "Reform School Girls" (Tom DeSimone).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 11: "Iphigenia" (1977; directed by Michael Cacoyannis; in Greek), with Irene Papas; and "Padre Padrone" (1977; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian).
Sept. 12-13: "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron; and "Stolen Kisses" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade.
Sept. 14-16: "Cousin, Cousine" (†) and "Madame Rosa" (†).
Sept. 17-18: "A Special Day" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald.
Sept. 19-20: "Going Places" (†); and "Maîtresse" (1976; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Sept. 13: "Lost Horizon" (1937 †).
Sept. 14-17: "The River" (1951; Jean Renoir), with Nora Swinburne and Arthur Shields; and "The Rules of the Game" (†).
Sept. 18-20: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Sept. 10: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton; and "My Best Friend's Girl" (1984; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.
Sept. 11: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975; Miloš Forman), with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "A Safe Place" (1971; Henry Jaglom), with Tuesday Weld, Orson Welles, and Jack Nicholson.
Sept. 12-13: "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who; and "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" (1974), a concert on film.
Sept. 14: "When Father Was Away on Business" (1985; Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav); and "Closely Watched Trains" (†).
Sept. 15: "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro; and "All That Jazz" (†).
Sept. 16: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, Glenda Jackson, and Jennie Linden; and "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head.
Sept. 17: "The Aviator" (1985; George Miller), with Christopher Reeve, Rosanna Arquette, and Jack Warden; and "Desperately Seeking Susan" (1985; Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna.
Sept. 18: "Head" (†) and "Tommy" (†).
Sept. 19-20: "Blood Simple" (†); and "The Evil Dead" (1983; Sam Raimi), with Bruce Campbell.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Sept. 10: "Lady Sings the Blues" (1972; Sidney J. Furie), with Diana Ross; and "Sparkle" (1976; Sam O'Steen), with Philip M. Thomas, Irene Cara, and Lonette McKee.
Sept. 11: "The Curse of the Fly" (1966; Don Sharp), with Brian Donlevy; and "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956; Don Siegel), with Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter.
Sept. 12-18: "The Children Are Watching Us" (1942; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "A Brief Vacation" (1973; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Florinda Bolkan.
Sept. 19-20: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†) and "El Norte" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Sept. 10: "Union Station" (1950; Rudolph Maté), with William Holden, Lyle Bettger, Nancy Olson, and Barry Fitzgerald; and "The Forbidden Street" (1949; Jean Negulesco), with Dana Andrews and Maureen O'Hara.
Sept. 11: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933; Lowell Sherman) and "I'm No Angel" (1933; Wesley Ruggles), both films with Mae West and Cary Grant.
Sept. 12-13: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.
Sept. 14: "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "Dark Victory" (1939; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.
Sept. 15: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon and Charles Grandval; and "The Lower Depths" (1936 †).
Sept. 16: "A Man for All Seasons" (1966; Fred Zinnemann), with Paul Scofield, Robert Shaw, and Leo McKern; and "Behold a Pale Horse" (1964; Fred Zinnemann), with Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn, and Omar Sharif.
Sept. 17: "Cavalcade" (†) and "The Scoundrel" (†).
Sept. 18: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (1948; Max Ophuls), with Joan Fontaine and Louis Jourdan; and "Caught" (†).
Sept. 19-20: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934 †) and "Secret Agent" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
Theatre 1: Sept. 11 at 2:30 and 6: "The Big Trail" (1930; directed by Raoul Walsh), with John Wayne. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 2:30: "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959; Otto Preminger), with James Stewart, Lee Remick, and Ben Gazzara. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 6 and Sept. 13 at 2: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews, Clifton Webb, and Vincent Price. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 5: "Anatomy of a Murder." . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 2: "The Big Trail." . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 5: "Since You Went Away" (1944; John Cromwell), with Claudette Colbert, Joseph Cotten, Jennifer Jones, Shirley Temple, Robert Walker, and Monty Woolley. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 2:30: "Who's That Knocking at My Door?" (1968; Martin Scorsese), with Zina Bethune and Harvey Keitel. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 6: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci. Mr. Scorsese will be present. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 2:30 and 6: "Victoria the Great" (1937; Herbert Wilcox), with Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 2:30: "Miracle in Milan" (1950; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Paolo Stoppa and Emma Gramatica. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 6: "Gold of Naples" (1954; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian, with English subtitles), with De Sica, Sophia Loren, Totò, and Eduardo De Filippo. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 2:30: "Mafioso" (1962; Alberto Lattuada; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi and Norma Bengall. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 6: "Divorce—Italian Style" (1961; Pietro Germi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni, Stefania Sandrelli, Daniela Rocca, and Leopoldo Trieste. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 2: "Miracle in Milan." . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 5: "Mafioso."
Theatre 2: Theatre closed.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At **Alice Tully Hall,** Sept. 19 at 7:45: "Down by Law" (Jim Jarmusch; United States). . . . **Avery Fisher Hall:** Sept. 19 at 9: "Down by Law." . . . **Alice Tully Hall:** Sept. 20 at noon: "Police" (Maurice Pialat; France). . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 3: "A Zed and Two Noughts" (Peter Greenaway; Great Britain). . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 6: "Directed by William Wyler" (Aviva Slesin; United States) and "Dodsworth" (William Wyler; United States; 1936). . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 9:30: "Malandro" (Ruy Guerra; Brazil/France). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

About Last Night . . .—This adaptation of "Sexual Perversity in Chicago," David Mamet's one-act play about singles bars and the hostility between the sexes, is close to being a conventional romance about the adjustments that lovers have to make in their first year together. Danny (Rob Lowe) is intimidated by his pal Bernie (Jim Belushi), but he learns to trust his love for Debbie (Demi Moore) and get off the singles treadmill. And Debbie casts out the doubts that are engendered by her roommate, the caustic Joan (Elizabeth Perkins). If anyone comes out of this enterprise with honor it's Perkins, who brings appealing, plaintive undercurrents to a ghastly role. Directed by Edward Zwick. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/14/86.) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Sept. 18.)

Aliens—An inflated sci-fi action-horror film, this sequel to Ridley Scott's 1979 "Alien" is really a combat film set in the future, in space. The writer-director James Cameron pits a platoon of United States Marines (ethnically assorted, of course) against a family of extraterrestrial monsters—a queen and her slimy brood. He does it with an action director's gusto, and a shortage of imagination. As Warrant Officer Ripley, the only human survivor of the spaceship that voyaged forth in the earlier picture, Sigourney Weaver seems to take over by natural authority and her strength as an actress. She gives the movie a presence. But at two hours and seventeen minutes this is just a very big "Boo!" movie, with bum dialogue. With Michael Biehn, Paul Reiser, Lance Henriksen, Jenette Goldstein, and Carrie Henn. (8/11/86) (New Gramercy, Gotham Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

All That Jazz (1979)—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous

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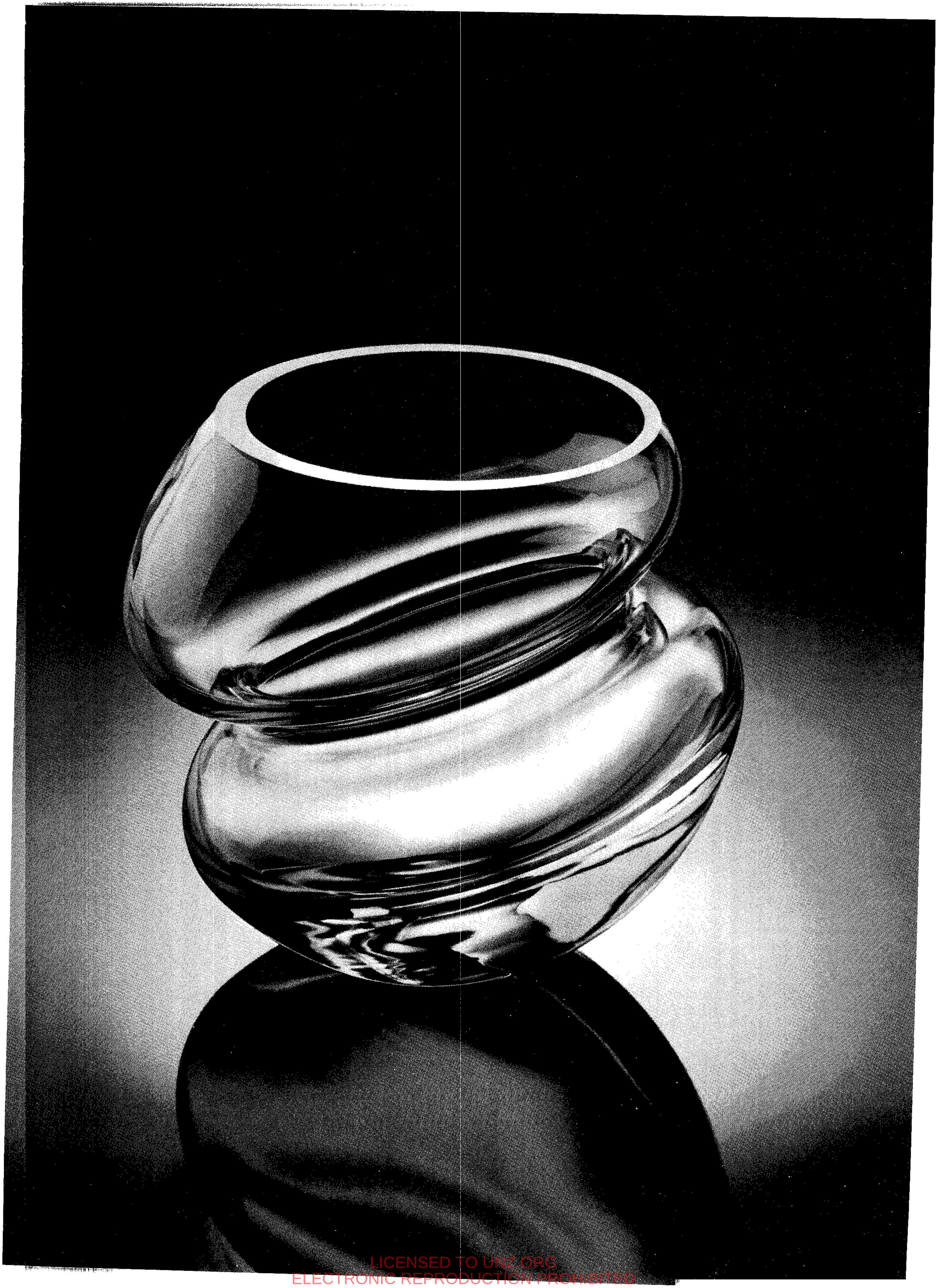

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with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile) but who keeps going, on Dexedrine and charm, long enough to work out some zingy production numbers and bring tears to the eyes of all the brave, put-upon women in his life. The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of other lively dancers. (Thalia; Sept. 15.)

Back to School—Rodney Dangerfield, the archetypal complaining loser, plays a winner here—a jovial, avuncular multimillionaire merchant; he discovers that his son (Keith Gordon) is miserable at college, and enrolls as a freshman so he can change things for the kid. It's Dangerfield's movie, and when he can't say a line directly to the camera he seems worried that he's not doing enough, and so he does some eyeball mugging. The picture's inertia is overpowering. With Robert Downey, who gives the film its only airy touches, and Sally Kellerman, Paxton Whitehead, and Sam Kinison. Directed by Alan Metter. (7/28/86) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Sept. 11.)

Blood Simple (1985)—This splatter-movie art movie was directed by Joel Coen, who wrote the screenplay with his brother Ethan, who was the producer; they made the film independently, but it's a Hollywood by-product. A Texas roadhouse owner (Dan Hedaya) wants to have his young wife (Frances McDormand) and her lover (John Getz) murdered; he hires a killer, a good-ol'-boy private detective (M. Emmet Walsh) who takes his money and double-crosses him. The one real novelty in the conception is that the audience has a God's-eye view of who is doing what to whom, while the characters have a blinkered view and, misinterpreting what they see, sometimes take totally inexpedient actions. Joel Coen doesn't know what to do with the actors (they give their words too much deliberation and weight), but he knows how to place the characters and the props in the film frame in a way that makes the audience feel knowing and in on the joke. His style is deadpan and klutzy, and he uses the klutziness as his trump card. It's how he gets his laughs—the audience enjoys not having to take things seriously. The film provides a visually sophisticated form of gross-out humor; the material is thin, though, and there isn't enough suspense until about the last ten minutes, when the action is so grisly that it has a kick. M. Emmet Walsh is the only colorful performer; he lays on the loathsomeness, but he gives it a little twirl—a sportiness. The grimy, lurid cinematography is by Barry Sonnenfeld. With Samm-Art Williams. (2/25/85) (Thalia; Sept. 19-20.)

Caught (1948)—This movie, with its portrait of Howard Hughes, is probably the most American of Max Ophuls' American movies. Ophuls had suffered at Hughes' hands—had wasted time on worthless projects and been referred to as "the oaf." In this movie, a vicious, half-mad millionaire (Robert Ryan) marries a young innocent (Barbara Bel Geddes) in order to spite his analyst. The movie centers on the desperate predicament of the girl when, pregnant, she realizes that she is just a cynical joke to her husband. James Mason plays the doctor who tries to help her. Curt Bois appears as the millionaire's slimy pimp—a worm who finally turns. This well-acted, little-publicized melodrama was a financial failure, but it's emotionally complex and has strong undercurrents. Robert Ryan is very convincingly scary. The script, by Arthur Laurents, was ostensibly based on the novel "Wild Calendar," by Libby Block, which Enterprise Pictures had hired Ophuls to do, but which he had no interest in. Actually, Laurents built the script on stories that Ophuls told him about Hughes, and on the accounts given by one of Hughes' girls. Cinematography by Lee Garmes; music by Frederick Hollander. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 18.)

Cavalcade (1933)—An orgy of British self-congratulation in the restrained, clipped style of Noël Coward, with the added know-how of an American producer (Winfield Sheehan) and a Hollywood director (Frank Lloyd). Americans doted on this gilded tearjerker that begins with Clive Brook and his wife, Diana Wynyard, toasting the advent of the twentieth century, and follows the fortunes of their son (Frank Lawton) and their servants (Herbert Mundin and Una O'Connor) up to the present—i.e., when the picture was made. The self-conscious good taste of it all creaks, but Noël Coward knows plenty of tricks, and the performers know how to get the most out of his lines. The cast includes Ursula Jeans, Billy Bevan, and Beryl Mercer, and John Warburton and Margaret Lindsay honeymooning on the Titanic. Adaptation of Noël Coward's play by Reginald Berkeley; William Cameron Menzies worked on the war scenes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 17.)

Closely Watched Trains (1966)—A wryly tender Czech film about how a shy, scared young man, who comes from a long line of patsies and fools, succeeds in bed but loses his life. This first film directed by Jiří Menzel is set during the Second World War, and most of it takes place at a village railway station; it's fairly simple—the modest sort of film that shows human concern and decency but isn't very stimulating. But it's also a sophisticated, elliptical folktale, with quirky moments of small-town passion. In Czech. (Thalia; Sept. 14.)

Cousin, Cousine (1976)—The success of this rhythmless, mediocre piece of moviemaking may be in part attributable to its winsome heroine (Marie-Christine Barrault, who is sexy in a fleshy, smiling-nun way), and in part to its silliness. With its wholesome carnality, this film about a big family is so pro-life that it treats sex like breakfast cereal. With Victor Lanoux and Marie-France Pisier. Written and directed by Jean-Claude Tacchella. In French. (Cinema Village; Sept. 14-16.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1935)—Directed by Jean Renoir—not at the great peak of his "Rules of the Game" but very much the same man. René Lefèvre plays M. Lange, technically guilty of murder but not morally. With Jules Berry. In French. (Regency; Sept. 18-20.)

Going Places (1974)—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl (Miou-Miou) whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise in the film. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (Cinema Village; Sept. 19-20.)

Head (1968)—Before the producer, Bert Schneider, and the director, Bob Rafelson, collaborated on "Five Easy Pieces," they had made their names on TV with "The Monkees," and this first film they did together was an attempt to do for the Monkees what Richard Lester's "A Hard Day's Night" had done for the Beatles. The film tosses in old jokes, blackout routines, documentary footage of the suffering and horror of war, plus the Monkees, and tries to sell it all as a mind-blowing, psychedelic collage. With Annette Funicello, Timothy Carey, and Abraham Sofaer. Written by Rafelson and Jack Nicholson. (Thalia; Sept. 18.)

Heartburn—Directed by Mike Nichols, and written by Nora Ephron, who adapted her own 1983 novel (a jokey, fictionalized version of her marriage to Carl Bernstein), the film is rich in fillips—smart little taps and strokes. But after a while you start asking yourself, "What is this movie about?" Mike Nichols takes much of the cheapness out of the material, but the gossipy kick has gone out, too. The effect is like a weak mixture of "Carnal Knowledge" and a Woody Allen picture and Robert Benton's "Kramer vs. Kramer." With Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson, arguably miscast in the leads, and Stockard Channing, Richard Masur, Catherine O'Hara, Maureen Stapleton, Steven Hill, and John Wood—all in top form. (8/11/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through Sept. 11.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman (1985)—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film version of Manuel Puig's famous novel is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor, and the picture can work on audiences in the way that "Midnight Cowboy" did back in 1969. (The times having changed, it can make explicit what was potential in that earlier relationship.) But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with; that is to say, it moves an audience at the obvious points. The novel is a sly celebration of the seductive, consoling power of movies; Babenco reaches for something larger, something aggressively moral. Valentín, a Marxist prig and a puritan about pleasure, learns humility and becomes more of a man through his close friendship with the sweetly maternal Molina. And Molina is transfigured through the power of love and happiness and a new self-respect. This Brazilian production, made in English, was shot in São Paulo; the screenplay is by Leonard Schrader. (8/26/85) (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 19-20.)

Legal Eagles—As a New York assistant district attorney, Robert Redford reminds you of what made him a star—but his affable performance is no more than a reminder. Debra Winger is confined in the prim, tailored-suit role of a dedicated young defense lawyer; she has glimmers of humor, but the part is an emotional straitjacket. And Daryl Hannah, who is charged with stealing one of her dead artist father's paintings, and then with murder, has no character to play—she goes through the movie pouting, her long blond hair flowing, her eyes blank. The cast includes Terence Stamp (more assured every year and looking great), David Clennon, Brian Dennehy, Roscoe Lee Browne, Christine Baranski, Sara Botsford, Steven Hill, and many other gifted performers who flit onscreen and off, with nothing to do but push the engine-less plot uphill. Directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/30/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews New York Twin.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The original uncut version of the James Hilton novel, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown cracker-barrel sentimentality. The early trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his charmingly cadenced manner, but Shangri-La, the genteel Himalayan utopia, resembles, as Graham Greene pointed out, a film star's luxurious estate in Beverly Hills. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, Edward Everett Horton, and Thomas Mitchell. (Regency; through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 14.)

The Lower Depths (1936)—Jean Renoir's version of the Maxim Gorky play features those two magnetic poles of French acting—Louis Jouvet as the gambling baron who sinks to living in a flophouse and Jean Gabin as the thief trying to climb up to a different life. Their scenes together are among the treasures of the French film tradition. The fine cast includes Le Vigan, Jany Holt, Junie Astor, Suzy Prim, and Vladimir Sokoloff. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 15.)

Madame Rosa (1978)—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as an ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. She is a Jewish survivor of Auschwitz; her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew who was brought up in Alexandria; he has made a firm, astute picture with an understanding of the Arab-Jewish predicament which may be unique, not only because of his upbringing but also because of his fairness. In French. (Cinema Village; Sept. 14-16.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1934)—This Hitchcock thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, Nova Pilbeam as the kidnapped child, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has the director's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but Hitchcock seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 19-20.)

Men . . .—This West German comedy was written and directed by Doris Dörrie, and people go to it hoping to see men through a woman's eyes. The disappointment is not just that you don't see men through a woman's eyes. Dörrie's characters have no substance; they're not quite human—you don't see anybody through anybody's eyes. When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. In German. (9/8/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Mona Lisa—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hangouts, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; starting Sept. 12.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

El Norte (1983)—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands, which probably hasn't changed much since pre-Columbian times, to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. In Spanish. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 19-20.)

Nothing in Common—As the boyish advertising man who says "It's economically unsound to grow up," Tom Hanks is like an updated version of the cocky reporter heroes of thirties movies, but the script puts him in a mawkish situation. After thirty-six unhappy years, his

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unworldly housewife mother (Eva Marie Saint) leaves his garment-salesman father (Jackie Gleason), and the son is thrust into the grownup role of being a mainstay to each of them. He discovers that he has a bond with his sour, self-centered father, once a wizard at selling, who loses his job and is losing his sight, too. The movie is "Death of a Salesman" as a sitcom, with the father's misery used as a lesson to the swinging Yuppie son. Through helping his father—even when it means risking some of his standing in the advertising world—he grows up and develops a sense of values. Directed by Garry Marshall, from a script by Rick Podell and Michael Preminger, this Chicago-set comedy-weepie (in the manner of "Terms of Endearment") is best in its hard-edged parodies of advertising. Its moralizing is insufferable, and so is the way everything is flagged for you. This isn't a movie; it's television on a big screen. With Hector Elizondo, Barry Corbin, Bess Armstrong, Sela Ward, and Conrad Janis and the Unlisted Jazz Band. The cinematography, by John Alonzo, is an awful mixture of glossy and drab. (9/8/86) (Gemini, 23rd St. West Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Pretty in Pink—The spoiled-rotten richies are mean to Andie (Molly Ringwald), a poor-girl high-school senior who lives in a dinky, rattletrap house on the wrong side of the tracks. But she's the opposite of trashy: blessed with quiet good taste, she's proudly conventional. And so she wins both a college scholarship and the rich boy of her dreams. This picture isn't actually about teen-agers—it's closer to being a pre-teen's idea of what it will be like to be a teen-ager. In its sociological details, it might have been made by little guys from Mars. With the winsome comedienne Annie Potts as Andie's closest friend, and Andrew McCarthy, Jon Cryer, Harry Dean Stanton, and James Spader. Directed by Howard Deutch. (4/7/86) (Olympia Quad; through Sept. 18.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

The Rules of the Game (1939)—Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece is a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. The party at the country château is a tragicomic world in motion; ironically, once the whole mechanism is spinning the man who begins at the center of it—the romantic aviator (Roland Toutain)—is flicked off. With Marcel Dalio, Julien Carette, Gaston Modot, and Nora Gregor. Released in Paris in 1939 after being cut by the distributors; cut again after violent audience reactions; banned as demoralizing by the Vichy government and then banned by the Nazis. The original negative was destroyed when the Allies bombed the studios at Boulogne; the picture was reassembled (from two hundred cans of film and bits of soundtrack) and restored in the late fifties. Selected by the 1962 international poll of critics as the third-greatest film ever made. In French. (Regency; Sept. 14-17.)

Ruthless People—A cheesy low farce, with Danny DeVito as a thieving millionaire who wants to kill his heiress wife (Bette Midler) and is overjoyed when she's kidnapped. With

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Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater (who has good eyes for rolling) as the warmhearted kidnappers; Anita Morris as the husband's mistress (she looks as if she could do considerably better); Bill Pullman as the mistress's ninny of a lover; and William G. Schilling as the police commissioner. Directed by the "Airplane!" threesome—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker. (7/14/86) (Beekman, 23rd St. West Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—The young Noël Coward acted in this Ben Hecht–Charles MacArthur movie, playing a dissolute publisher seething with self-dislike and charm. The picture is very, very witty for its first two-thirds. Hecht and MacArthur had the notion of making a film that would confound cow-lidded moviegoing taste by taking the form of a violently suave fairy tale. The film is a wonderful exercise in the debonair, with a kind of crippled poetry about it. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 17.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Not altogether successful Hitchcock version of Somerset Maugham's spy thriller "Ashenden," but it has a bright, quick, fresh touch, and it's fixating, partly because the two male leads, John Gielgud and Peter Lorre, are so ill-used. Gielgud looks like a tailor's dummy for Leslie Howard, and Lorre plays a cheerful little killer who speaks with a Mexican accent and wears a single earring. With Madeleine Carroll, Robert Young, and Lilli Palmer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 19-20.)

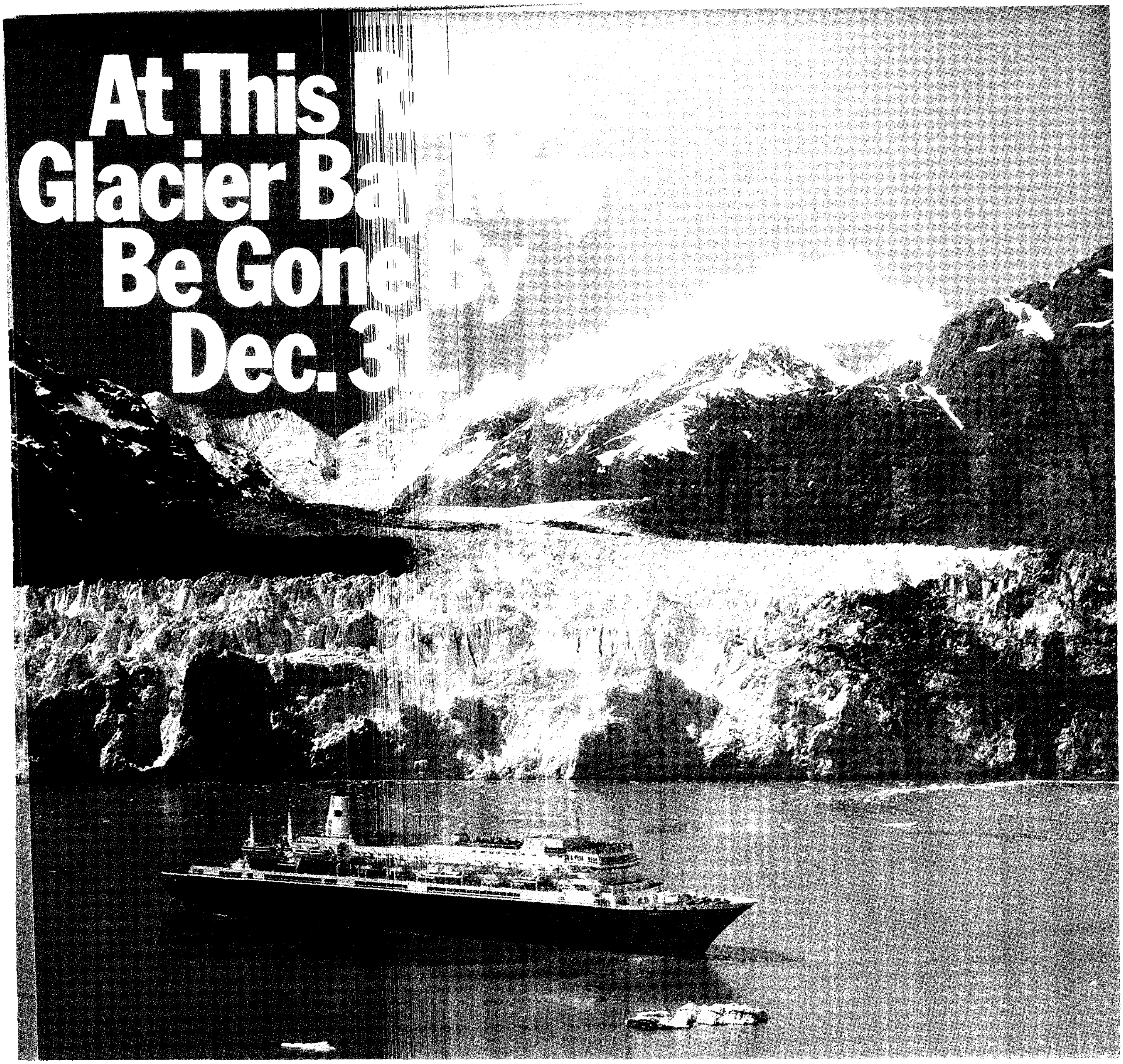
Short Circuit—Ally Sheedy had a comic spark in "WarGames" (1983), and as the skittish wacko she pepped up "The Breakfast Club" (1985), but she's painfully adorable here, and so is the whole movie. She's a girl who takes in stray animals, and she plays opposite Steve Guttenberg, perhaps the least likely of all the young actors who have been cast as scientific prodigies. One of the robots that this genius has invented for Army use as "the ultimate soldiers" is hit by lightning and comes alive, and his wide-spaced big round eyes (they're like coy headlights) tell you that the moviemakers had him designed to be a lovable robot version of E.T. This robot—Number Five—escapes from the military compound. Sheedy takes him in, Guttenberg comes after him, and they try to save Number Five (who is charmed by butterflies) from being slaughtered by the government meanies. The picture is smoothly directed; it required a lot of craftsmanship to make it, but it has so little individuality that it seems merely an example of a simpering new genre: sci-fi for the teen market. In one sequence, Number Five watches TV, sees John Travolta dance in John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever" (1977), and imitates his moves; since Badham also directed "Short Circuit," the scene may make you uncomfortable. It reminds you that the characters in his films (he did "WarGames," too, and also "Blue Thunder" and "American Flyers") have become more and more mechanized. As a scientist from India who has assisted Guttenberg in the creation of the robots, Fisher Stevens is the films's resident comic; he keeps misusing American expressions. It's such an obvious and repetitive gag that when you laugh you feel contempt for yourself. Also with Austin Pendleton, Brian McNamara, and Tim Blaney's voice (for Number Five). The sucking-up-to-youth script is by S. S. Wilson and Brent Maddock. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Criterion Theatres; starting Sept. 19.)

Stand By Me—On a summer weekend in 1959, four twelve- and thirteen-year-old boys from the fictional Castle Rock, Oregon (pop. 1,281), go on an overnight hike in the woods outside town to look for the body of a boy their age who has been missing for several days. The four, misfits who feel rejected, keep intuiting one another's emotions, and they're plucky—when they get in tight spots, they stand by each other. They're like a pastoral support group, quick to perceive signs of trouble and to lay gentle, firm hands on needy shoulders. Rob Reiner's film, taken from Stephen King's autobiographical novella "The Body," overdoses on sincerity and nostalgia. Seeing it is like watching an extended Christmas Special of "The Waltons" or "Little House on the Prairie"—it makes you feel virtuous. All that stays with you is the tall tale that Gordie, the central character, tells his friends around the campfire; it's a stupendous gross-out about a fat boy known as Lardass (Andy Lindberg) who enters a blueberry-pie-eating contest. With Wil Wheaton as the little Gordie and Richard Dreyfuss as the adult Gordie who narrates the story, and River Phoenix, Jerry O'Connell, Corey Feldman, Kiefer Sutherland, and, in a flashback, John Cusack. The screenplay is by Raynold Gideon and Bruce A. Evans. (9/8/86) (34th St. East, Coronet, Waverly, and New Carnegie.)

Stranger Than Paradise (1984)—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three anomic principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Film Forum; starting Sept. 19.)

Tommy (1975)—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many other mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (Thalia; Sept. 18.)

Vagabond—Agnès Varda wrote and directed this scrupulously hardheaded film about an eighteen-year-old girl on the road, a deliberately homeless drifter who lives on handouts, thefts, a little prostitution, and the occasional odd job. At the opening, her frozen body is discovered in a ditch in the countryside. Varda presents the movie as a documentary investigating how this happened. The characters are the sullen, suspicious, vacant-eyed young girl (played immaculately by Sandrine Bonnaire) and the witnesses to her last weeks. The purity and boldness of Varda's approach may call Robert Bresson to mind, but we see the closed-off girl strictly from the outside, and this factual, objective view isn't enough. With Macha Méril. In French. (5/19/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Sept. 11.)



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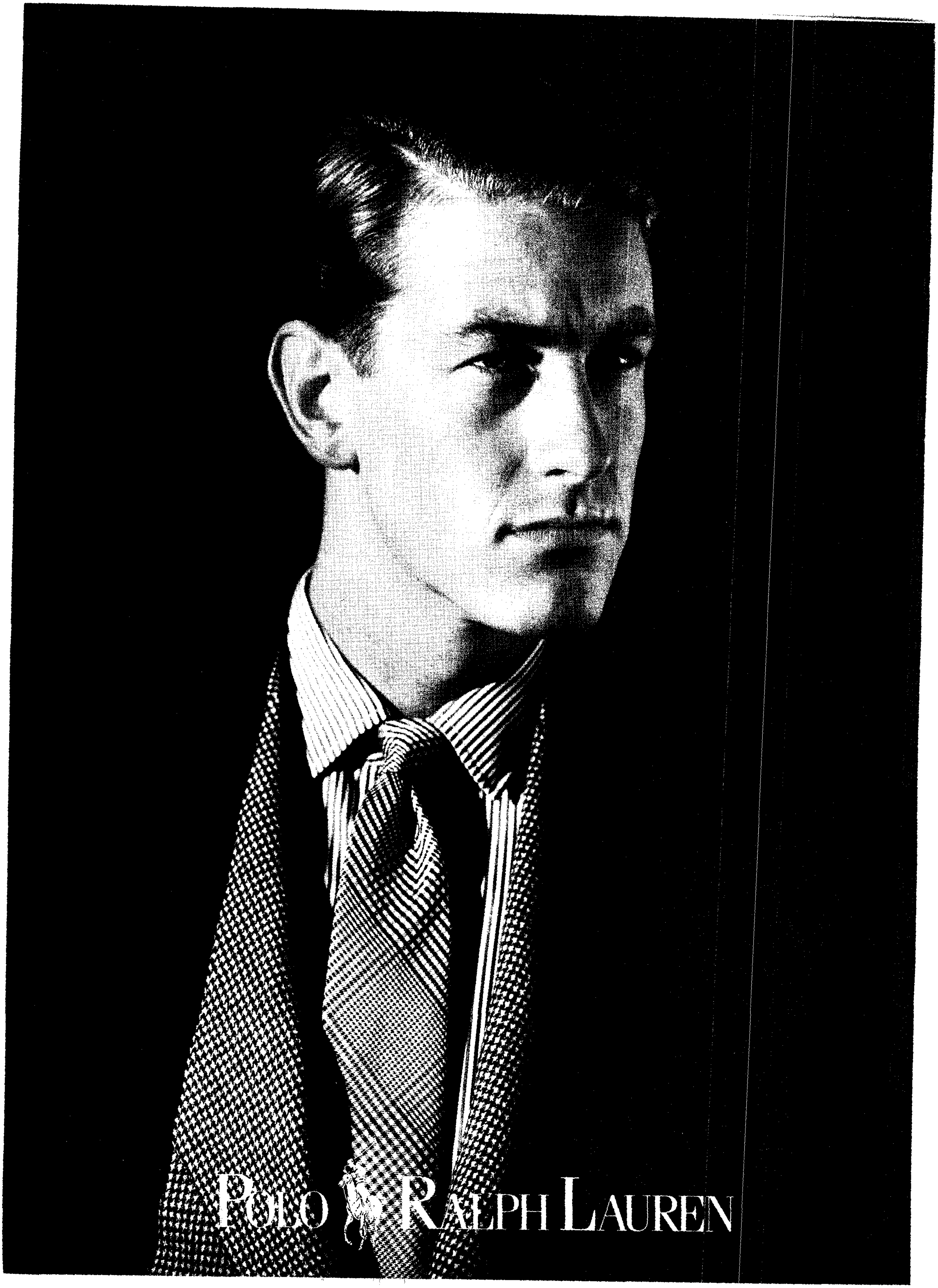
POLO RALPH LAUREN

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR some years now, one of the main justifications for the huge budget allotments granted President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative (known as Star Wars) and the far vaster figures being bandied about for future allotments has been the assumption that the Soviets would have to divert so much of their meagre resources in an attempt to match us, contraption for contraption, that they would stand a good chance of bankrupting themselves in the process, thereby solving everybody's problem. (Some, admittedly, have wondered whether it might not be we ourselves who were going to end up bankrupt. So far, over the last three years Star Wars has diverted some six billion dollars from the federal treasury, with a further ten billion being projected for the next two years, and a further, exponential run-up assured for the years thereafter, especially once we break out of the research-and-development phase and into manufacture and deployment.) Well, along comes a report quoting a high-level Soviet scientific official reiterating the Soviets' position that they have no need whatever to match us contraption for contraption. They're prepared to let us spend billions—trillions—devising incredibly intricate and delicate space platforms: mammoth baubles, bejewelled with lenses and lasers and mirrors and monitors and antennas and gyroscopes and computers. They're all set to let us loft these wonder baubles into space in meticulously calibrated orbits; and then they're simply going to spend a few million rubles to fashion and orbit a bunch of so-called "space mines"—relatively primitive nuclear, or even non-nuclear, explosive devices—which they'll float a few dozen miles from each of our battle stations. Then, if things should get dicey back here on earth, they'll be in a position simply to detonate their mines and devastate our whole brilliant system. So much for the bankruptcy rationale, and for Star Wars' widely heralded deterrent and defensive value as well.

Well, not quite. For already American technicians are trying to improvise some sort of response. One proposal is the Dumbbell, or Cosmic Twirling Baton, in which all our battle stations would be sent up in matched pairs. The stations of each pair would be at opposite ends of a thin cable, or tether, hundreds of miles long. This "baton" would twirl about, with the midpoint of its cable constituting the focus of the entire arrangement's regular and predictable orbit. The idea here is that any single Soviet mine would then be too far from either of the two battle stations to cause any trouble, while the actual orbits of the two stations would be too convoluted for any mine, or even two mines, to track. But what's to prevent the Soviets from sending up their mines in cosmic batons with parallel tandem orbits—or simply from snapping the cables connecting our stations, thereby sending the stations into uselessly unpredictable orbits?

Fantasizing about such possibilities has sent our mind into orbit. We can see it all: a new discipline, a new expertise, is about to enter full-blown onto the terrain of public discourse. Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies will endow a Chair in Counter Counter-Strategic Defense Studies, and the Hoover Institution, not to be outflanked, will quickly follow suit. These new C.C.S.D. experts will start flooding onto "Nightline" and "This Week with David Brinkley," parsing the subtle distinctions between the spin-lash coefficient and the twirl-throw by-weight. And soon thereafter they'll be hatching exquisitely elaborate scenarios and theories regarding the maintenance of Counter Counter-Strategic Credibility and the like—as elaborate in their way as the contraptions that the scientists, for their part, will be continuing to churn out. Top-secret studies will prescribe what we should do if they do such-and-such in response to our so-and-so in response to their this-or-that. And we already know two things for sure: These studies will inevitably uncover an urgent and immediate need for even greater budgetary outlays of one sort or another. And their authors will quickly invoke an aura of ultra-sophisticated expertise, far beyond the capacity of mere average laymen to fathom.

We're reminded of an anecdote that the historian William Leuchtenburg related in an article in the Washington *Post* about a year ago: "At closed hearings on the antiballistic missile legislation in the spring of 1969, a leading authority on nuclear strategy told a Senate panel that he thought it 'most unlikely' that laymen could reach a rational judgment on the

A.B.M. Indeed, he doubted that so abstruse a matter could ever be explained to those who were not already experts. Smiling sardonically, Senator Fulbright replied, 'You go right ahead and try, Doctor.' "

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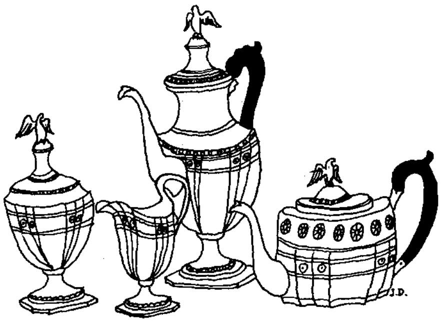
WE received this letter from a local man enraptured with the seasons:

This time of year I think of as marking the return of buttonholes. No more the lisp of easy summer fabrics and the swift slide and snap of elastic, no more the lisp of the moister summer breezes. Not many butterflies, but buttonholes and buttons come in small autumnal swarms. If I regard buttonholes harshly, it is because they mean you have to think when you dress—you have to get the buttons and the holes matched and in the right order. This is a matter of technical propriety held in some esteem ever since first grade as a mark of social ability, not to mention social class. It is very schoolish, and to get the holes and buttons mismatched, so that everything is lopsided, is, ah, pathetic, and indicates more absent-mindedness and a greater extent of social unfitness than one would like. Buttons are first-day-of-first-grade propriety come again.

If I ever build a pyramid as a memorial to anything, it will have as its approach an allée of statues of crouched and uncrouched glasses-wearing first-grade teachers of the type old-fashionedly known as battle-axes. I'll have no smiling, lipstick-wearing educational-arts youngsters, or light cruisers, among my dreadnoughts. All propriety, ferocity of demeanor, and able relentlessness, the crouching ones, alphabet lovers to a dame, will be fastening buttons to buttonholes before the startled gaze of besphinxed (which is to say, hypnotized) children, first-grader size, caught by historical duty, stunned by the end of summer, and overwhelmed by the mathematical and social complexities of the button.

It's not that I think summer is perfect. I think summer is demented. I would argue that August is a misnamed month. I wouldn't say it was august; I'd call it intimate and bad-breathed and unlaced. People who are dressed up in August in an august manner strike me as eccentric. I can't believe I'm sharing those melted thirty-one days with them. But I wouldn't say September is well named, either. It's not the seventh month. September to me is when I go back to school, not in memory but in a kind of classroom-and-school-corridor sense of dutiful language. I lay aside my summer language and refurbish my phrasing with spiffier terms and autumnal and businesslike inflections. I use a sharper rhythm than any that August encouraged or permitted. My purposes, my moods are sharper. It is often said that the air and the light develop an edge in September. Well, so do I. It is as if I had got up from lying on a beach towel and by the time I got back to the house were reëstablished among my contradictory usual duties (to earn a living, to be human and a citizen, to be a family person). This is reflected in my language. Sprawling and outflung summer jabber—"What a clear day, nice wind, isn't it? You going out in the sailing dinghy?" A sentence apt for a semi-absurd romance with the weather and a sailboat; but facial expressions and sighs for a tropical and boyish and flirtatious season won't do now. I grow terse and silent; I have things on my mind. Syntax, the sailor, yanks itself into a posture of intellect, sort of. "Fine clear day. Well, up and at 'em." I think the Spirit of Efficiency is summer laziness chilled and goaded into what might be called having a practical heart.

I suppose I'm absurd and aging. I never used to notice the seasons in verbal detail or name the details of living in them, or with them, or alongside them—however it should be said. Sunlight abbreviates itself; it hangs, like the apostrophe in a contracted "won't," among the architectural details of a porch or on the façades of houses sternly unporched. The buzz and mumble and details of summer, insects and the importance of shade and the nuisance of glare are erased. A child I knew said once that the cold weather bit butterflies. The air has a bite. It bites butterflies. A waspish tang and the seeming jocularity of morning temperature indicate the departure of wasps and the seriousness of fall. Tweed and corduroy nudge me along the cusp of Libra. Autumn's buttery days are crisp.



The people in my family become precisely headlong in their tempos and ambitions just at the time when grass grows more slowly. Plants are fragile and seem to be careful. Leaves seem to be pre-emeritus. I need all things to be grammatical and deft. I long for careful language and scheduled utterance. In many ways, the climate known as temperate is rough. Energy, and maybe wickedness, spills from rested folk.

Let's rename the months:

August—The Sprawler
September—School-and-Cool
October—The Red Ox
November—Unpack Your Scarves
December—The Time of Firewood
And so on.

Now, a climate with seasons has often been derided by writers who feel that civilization is both mannerly and ruthless—essentially Mediterranean. I prefer the spiritual urgency (along with the hypocrisy) of a culture of Puritan seasons. I tend to consider a cold edge to warm light a defect in the natural charity of the light; and since autumn in this latitude is rife with defects in this way, I consider those dreadnought early teachers of mine—and my parents—to have been prompted to considerations of charity in the course of rectifying the defects of charity in the natural world. Doesn't the fall prompt feats of attention that tend toward impulsive but serious charity? Human summer, unaugust and intelligent, perseveres in the charity the weather lacks. I have always thought that was why this was called a temperate climate.

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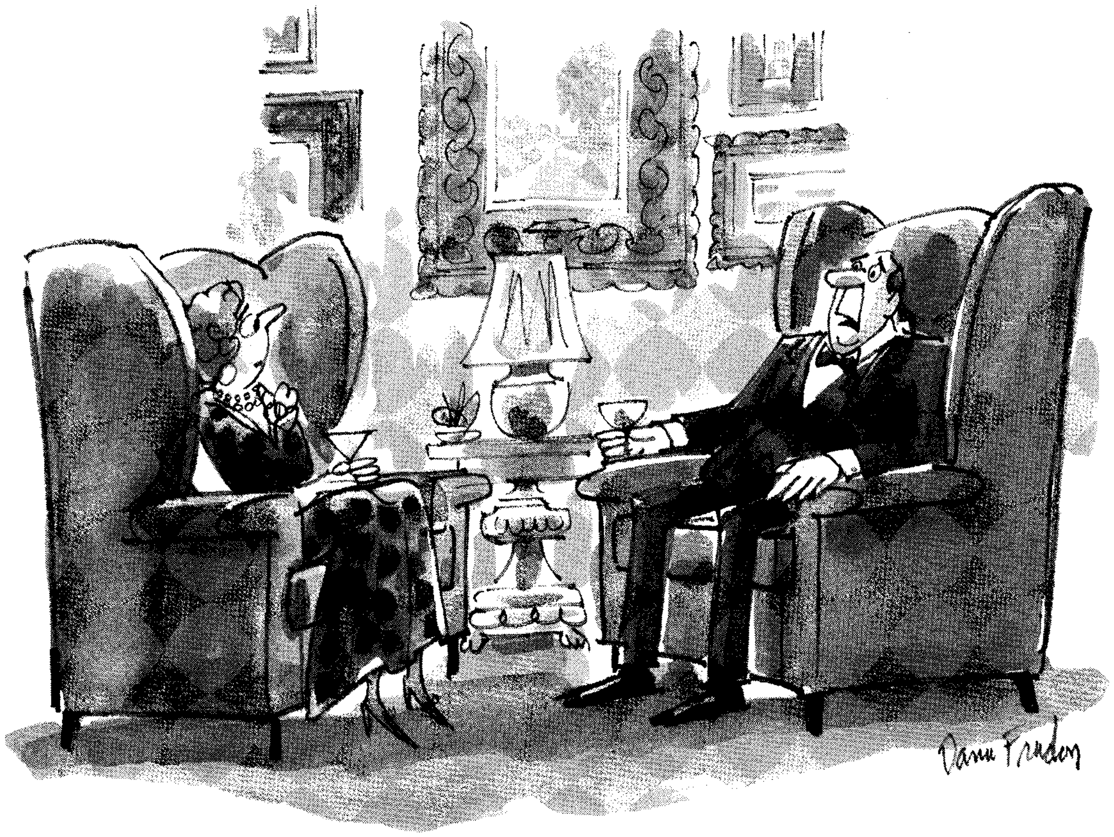
Budapest

ANYBODY who hopes to survive a trip to Budapest with a degree of mental clarity should follow a few simple rules during the visit: avoid too many helpings of fried goose liver, limit serenades by Gypsy violinists to a strict [illegible] an evening, and never on any account confuse the Buda side of the Danube with the Pest side. The international automobile-racing crowd, which filled the city at the beginning of August for the inauguration of the newly constructed Formula One track at nearby Mogyoród, seemed, however, by and large to have ignored this wisdom. The result was that there were many weary, raddled faces among the sponsors and their guests as they wandered from trailer to clubhouse to pit, and many remarks of "We're all at the Hilton, in Pest. Or is it Buda?"

The sponsors could sit with their friends at tables with floral centerpieces outside company trailers, under pretty awnings blazoned with the logo of whatever company they happened to own, and eat an adequate version of whatever their native food happened to be, prepared and served by their own people. Or they could go to the pleasant clubhouse, built by the Hungarians, and eat gulyás and mushrooms stuffed with the inevitable native foie gras, and great sculpted Hapsburg desserts. Wandering around on the sponsors' side were masses of pretty long-legged girls, some imported, some domestic, most wearing this summer's European pretty-long-legged-girl uniform of hip-slashed short-shorts and low boots. There were also masses of foreign journalists and photographers watching, and snapping the girls bending over, and secretly longing for a lead on the story for which they had been sent to Hungary: the novelty of the first postwar Grand Prix race in an Eastern European country.



"I still have my loophole, but I can't drive a truck through it."

The thing was that there was no big story, none of the entertaining anecdotes of cultural collision that there might have been in a less Westernized section of the Eastern bloc, or with an event less self-contained than Formula One racing. Prosperous Hungary, where most families own cars and dress in near-Western style, which has a Pierre Cardin boutique and a few widely publicized millionaires, is no stranger to capitalist luxury. The seven-month-long Grand Prix series carries with it the ingrown atmosphere of any high-class circuit sport, along with its own tense vibration of sex, money, commercialism refined to an almost mystical level, and the childish appeal of the beautiful machines that go faster and faster, and the taciturn men that make them go. It is an atmosphere that revolves around a single point, which is the ambulance that sits, discreet but unignorable, at the side of the track. The race in Hungary was little different from that in Rio, or Jerez, or Imola, or Monte Carlo, except for the splendid visibility of the track—most onlookers are able to see ninety per cent of the racecourse, as opposed to an average of, perhaps, twenty per cent at other courses around the world—and except for the fact that many of the two hundred thousand spectators were yelling in Magyar and some were wearing little umbrella hats, whose popularity has not reached the West. The tight security or elaborate Potemkin villages that might have been summoned up in, say, Czechoslovakia or the Soviet Union to keep foreign visitors in a cocoon, apart from the natives, were absent. The relative material ease of life in Hungary makes the authorities willing to have tourists mingle, but the impenetrability of the language—not many had brushed up on their Finno-Ugric—and the general self-absorption of the racing crowd kept the two groups apart. Disheartened by the lack of local color, the press turned to standard reporting of the race, where the two Brazilian drivers Ayrton Senna and Nelson Piquet battled each other until it became Piquet's afternoon, and, to the strains of the Brazilian national anthem and "God Save the Queen" (in honor of the third-place finisher, Piquet's English teammate, Nigel Mansell), he got to spray the crowd with champagne.

So the great chance for the foreign visitors to experience Hungary came in the evening, after the trials and the race. Crowds of luxury-class travellers were dispatched in taxis to one "typical" restaurant after another by hotel clerks who had the grave air of military commanders describing a tricky mission. There Gypsy musicians whose expressions had gone beyond boredom to a sort of beatific madness deafened the diners with renditions of "Katiusha," "Moscow Nights," and "Da Ya Think I'm Sexy," and the goose liver made its fearsome, delectable appearance, crusty and brown, ready to lie in the stomach like an unexploded bomb. Everyone drank a great deal of bull's-blood wine. "What *is* this red powder?" asked someone at a table of Italians. "They call it paprika," answered another Italian informatively. "They eat it here. It is ver-y, ver-y strong. They have perhaps given it to us to test our virility."

Later, at the Hilton discothèque, interested Japanese gentlemen watched plump gentlemen from the Middle East make polite rudimentary conversation with still plumper Hungarian blondes. Oblivious of the foreigners, Hungarian teen-agers who could afford the entrance fee danced to American rock and roll. And outside, on the Fisherman's Bastion—the lovely fake-Gothic rampart overlooking the river and lighted spiky tracery of the House of Parliament—many people from the race crowd strolled up and down in the starlight, tossing hundred-forint notes to outdoor musicians. "There's nothing else to do with this money," remarked an Englishman. "And I don't have a notion how much it's worth."

The race crowd talked back and forth in their peculiar Esperanto about fast and slow curves, and Stéphanie de Monaco, and engines, and insults hurled, and whether this was Buda or Pest, and about a driver who once quit a race unexpectedly and went back to his hotel room, where he found— And repeated everywhere in what they said was the litany of names next on the circuit: Zeltweg, Monza, Estoril, Mexico City, Adelaide . . .

Earlier, an American television news team, having prepared a background shot of a statue of Lenin, had asked a famous driver what it was like to race for the first time in a Socialist country. "Well," he said, looking into the camera so serenely that the whole team knew they were sunk—no color here, either. "I'm in my trailer most of the time, aren't I, and the rest of the time on the track. It's nice, I suppose. Like everywhere else."

Asbury Park

THREE ladies of our acquaintance motored recently across Maryland and Pennsylvania to the New Jersey Shore. The ladies, in summer dresses and sandals, drove down the Garden State Parkway—a pleasant tree-lined drive—to Exit 105, and down Route 71 through Asbury Park, Ocean Grove, Avon-by-the-Sea, Belmar, and other attractive towns, stopping at a quaint hotel in Spring Lake. The ladies noted how clean and nice the New Jersey Shore was. "This is much more tasteful than Ocean City, Maryland," they said.

They were on a pilgrimage. One of the ladies had left her husband for the weekend once and flown to Houston to see a Bruce Springsteen concert. Another one had fainted at a "Born in the U.S.A." stadium concert in Washington, D.C. And the third had stood in line all night for Springsteen tickets once, despite chicken pox.

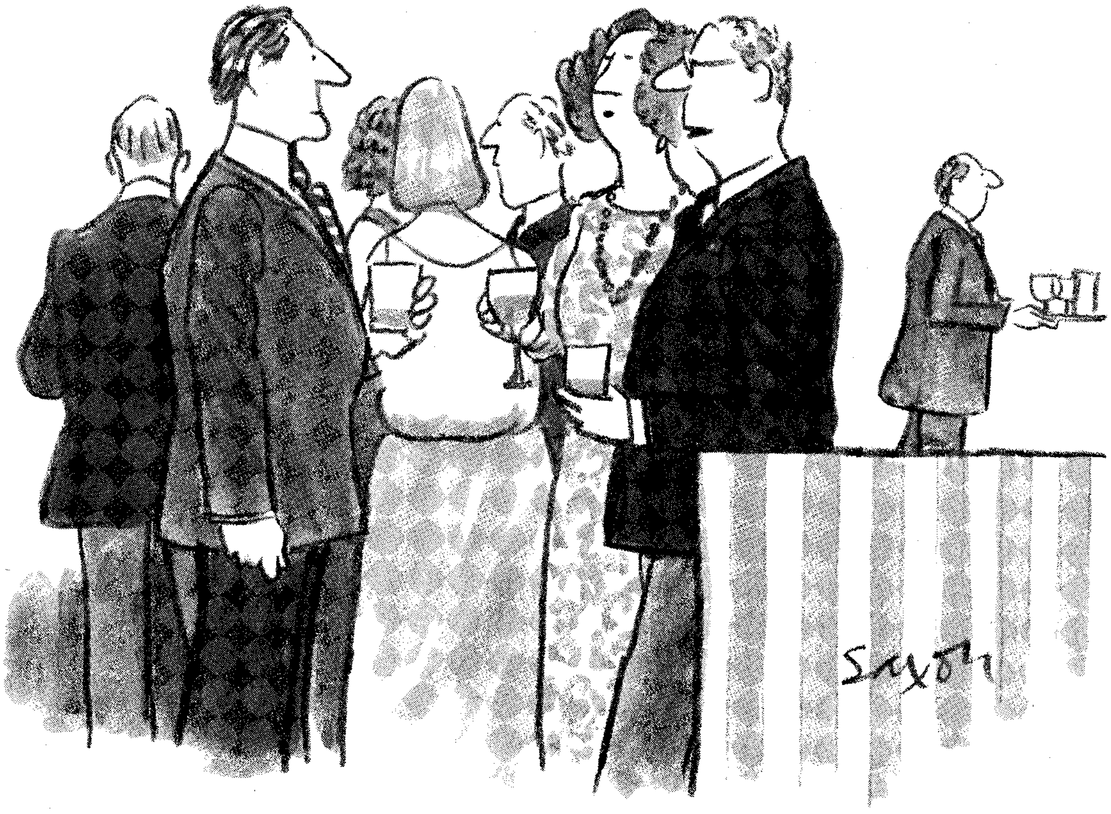
"We're really in New Jersey!" cried the one who had been to Houston. "He has probably been on this highway. His car has no doubt stopped at this stoplight!"

A guy behind them was combing his hair in the mirror of his beat-up old Chevy. It looked like him, but it wasn't.

The old Victorian–Art Deco–Colonial splendor of Asbury Park's boardwalk is crumbling, and some of the shops are boarded up. The casino is still lively, though, its brick building boldly framed by a chorus line of green tarnished-copper sea monsters (winged horses with flippers and mermaid tails). After visiting Olympic Bob's Palace (claustrophobic indoor rides with loud noises and flashing lights), the ladies sauntered down the boardwalk in the bright sun. They saw Sandy's Arcade, the convention hall, Ho-Jo's-by-the-sea, the nut shops, the candy shops, the novelty shops. They saw a sign inside a novelty store: "BORN TO SHOP." They saw bone-china unicorns and "Life's a Beach" T-shirts and Bruce postcards.

They paused at Madam Marie's Temple of Knowledge. "We did it, Bruce!" the lady who had waited in line all night with the chicken pox yelled, unable to stop herself. Inside, Madam Marie, in a kerchief and print dress, sat sprawled in a kitchen chair. Her tiny Temple of Knowledge was a white stucco building with blue trim, and it had tasteful couch art on a wall inside. The ladies decided against asking her for advice, although there was a lot they were wondering about. Like, where is E Street? Greasy Lake? The Tiltawhirl on the south-beach drag?

They bought "Greetings from Asbury Park" postcards and mailed them to friends. The



"We used to do a good bit of skiing. But in those days we were committed to the idea of fun."

one who had fainted at the stadium show mailed a card to herself and mentioned what a good time she was having. "It will be a nice surprise when I get home," she said. "I always do this."

Suddenly they realized that a fleet of helicopters was flying low, hovering over a long, thin speedboat. Behind, more boats followed, each trailed by a helicopter. Overhead, the McDonald's blimp hung in the air like a sinister cloud.

"They're filming a video!" the ladies theorized. "Maybe he's here!" They stood and watched.

An unshaved guy in a Fleetwood Mac T-shirt, black with pink sleeves, explained, "It's the Walsh Grand Prix. Those are cigarette boats. They go up to that buoy and then turn around."

"Do you know where the Tilta-whirl on the south-beach drag is?" the lady who had been on the Houston escapade asked him.

"Bruce," he said, nodding knowingly. "I know where it was, but it ain't there no more."

"Nothing's the same anymore," said the lady who had fainted at the Washington show. She felt faint now.

The next stop was the Stone Pony Annex, where you can buy Stone Pony T-shirts. A friendly black dog named Buckwheat ushered the ladies into the shop. As they waited for their T-shirts to be printed, they admired the old photographs on the wall of Bruce and the E Street Band in earlier days at the Stone Pony night club. A blond striped cat named Darla wandered in and swatted at Buckwheat.

Still waiting, the ladies consulted their guidebook to the Jersey Shore. "Hey, it says here they're going to tear down the boardwalk," said the lady who had had chicken pox. "It's one of those waterfront-redevelopment projects. They're going to build hotels and condos. It says Johnny Cash is in on it."

"Oh." They were crestfallen. They didn't know what this meant. On the street they had seen a bumper sticker that said "Answer My Prayer—Steal This Car."

That evening, they went to the Stone Pony, where it all began. Sometimes he still goes there, unannounced. Maybe he would be there tonight. They were early, and a young woman in the cashier's cage was polishing her nails.

"When do you open?" the ladies called through the locked door.

"Now." She waved her hands, signalling that her nails were drying.

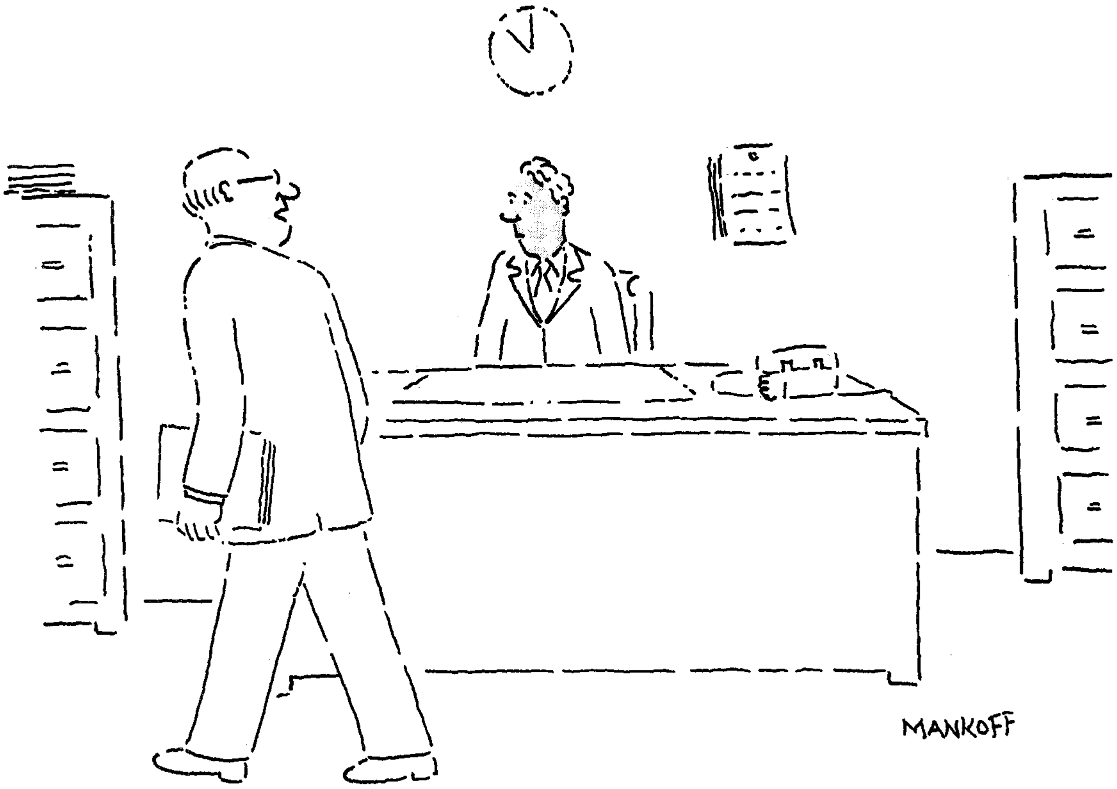
The ladies waited outside, on Ocean Avenue, and when her nails were dry the young woman unlocked the door. Two I.D.s were required, a sign said, but the ladies were not asked their identities.

A faux-brick pony, they realized. The walls and supporting columns inside were covered with imitation-brick panels. The rest rooms were "Fillies" and "Colts." The ladies wondered if the small dance floor, the bar, the little stage, the vinyl tablecloths and metal-rimmed vinyl chairs were from the "Glory Days" video.

The bands were unfamiliar. The music was very loud. About three million amps. The first two bands had female lead singers. The first one, in a black spandex-and-lace bodysuit, cavorted and twisted like a snake on a hot tin roof. Our ladies drank rosé wine, on the rocks, in frosted highball glasses. The music was *very* loud. At eleven-thirty, they started to feel tired, and they realized they couldn't stay awake all night. They drove down Ocean Avenue to their hotel, where they slept, with the sound of the ocean waves soothing their ears.

The next afternoon, the ladies drove away from the shore and over to Freehold, the last stop on their pilgrimage. It was a sober ride, and they didn't have much to say. Freehold is a busy little town, with cute shops downtown. They drove through a section of clean streets with large, rambling houses. But then they found the other side of town, and they located South Street. They recognized from a picture they had seen an old green two-story two-family house between an Amoco station and a parking lot. It was the house where he grew up.

They felt sad. They took pictures of the house, and pictures of each other next to the house. And then they drove north on Route 9—the same escape route he took out of town. The refineries started to appear, and then they hit the New Jersey Turnpike.



"Nice tan, Pelham. Get rid of it."

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BOSWELL'S LIFE OF DON JOHNSON

To attempt to preserve for posterity one whose wit and understanding outsped the swiftest minds in his business, and who knew better than any other the temper of his age and time slot, is a task for which any honest man must declare himself unfit. That Don Johnson should receive no chronicler approaching himself in stature is, I fear, a condition necessarily imposed by the eminence of his person. On my behalf, I present as credentials only a lively affection for my subject, coupled with a respect for the lofty qualities of his imagination—inclinations grown many times greater in the course of an intimacy that endured, to my gratification, through a period of several weeks' time.

As a young man raised in Scotland, and later (after a reversal in my family's fortunes) in a Thrifty Scot motel, I longed for the intellectual pleasures of the metropolis. Like many others throughout Europe and the Americas whose interest in the arts and sciences no provincial seat could satisfy, I filled my leisure hours with fancies of Miami, Florida. And, naturally, with every thought of Miami came thoughts of Don Johnson, whose name with Miami's shall be forever linked, and whose reputation shines as the brightest ornament of the location where he tapes. Accordingly, when I attained my majority I removed to that city, and settled myself in rented beachfront lodgings within walking distance of the Seaquarium.

My friend having but little interest in reviewing for me the smaller details of his birth and upbringing, I must rely for this account upon remarks that I think I heard him make at one meeting or another. Don Johnson was born near the midpoint of his century to a couple who also lived in that time. Like many young boys, Don Johnson was inclined to mischief. His parents either wished him to read law at university in preparation for a career at the bar or else they did not wish it or else they had no thoughts on the matter. For his own part, when his schooling was finished, or earlier, Don Johnson strengthened his resolve to brave the uncertainties of a player's life. Toward this end, he changed his probable Christian name, "Donald," to the better and more dramatic "Don."

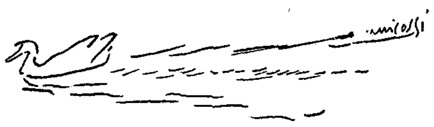
My own introduction to Don Johnson was an occasion of such moment that I refrain from entrusting it to memory's leaky barque. Instead, I refer to an entry made shortly afterward in my daily breviary:

March 11

Dined this evening in company at Enrique's Little Havana, an eating place (with dancing). Of a sudden, came a measure of stirring music, and through the door strode a man of good figure and erect carriage, wearing a light-colored nankeen suit and spectacles of a tint so opaque as to hide the eyes within. Instantly, I recognized the celebrated Don Johnson—this despite his stature, which was in appearance somewhat shorter than in the portrait at the National Gallery. At the first opportunity, I took leave of my party, made my way to his table, and, emboldened by the warmth of my sentiment, clasped him by the hand. Conveying to him my admiration in the strongest terms, I added that I had many questions that I hoped one day to discuss with him, and inquired whether I might call upon him some afternoon at his trailer. In the silence that ensued, my heart raced in anticipation of another of Don Johnson's famed epigrams, when, with a look at his companions at table, Don Johnson replied, "Hey. Who *is* this wing nut?"

Later, I was to learn that my friend's abruptness bespoke no hidden depths of ill-humor but only the natural impatience of a spirited intellect checked by society's custom. Indeed, when next we met, and I, blushing crimson and stammering out my words, yet managed to ask of him whether he did all his own stunts, he responded most willingly. I then followed by inquiring how he contrived to juggle his fame with his personal life, and so began a conversation that continued late into the evening.

To those several critics who, with but the most superficial knowledge, accuse Don Johnson of haughty and peremptory behavior, I reply that my friend has long suffered from a recurring melancholia, brought on by the exigencies of a career that no critic could ever sustain. In addition, I submit that Don Johnson became (through no fault of his own) a man of painfully divided loyalties: on the one hand, he belonged to the city, while, on the other hand, he belonged to the night. We can only imagine the agonies of doubt this must have occasioned within him, as his mind turned first toward the one indebtedness, and then toward the other. Moreover, Don Johnson has been troubled at irregular intervals by a very rare disorder whereby the reflections of street lamps cross the lenses of his spectacles in dizzying succession and deafening airs from popular operettas fill his ears. That he has managed even the smallest degree of civility in the face of such impediments I consider a remarkable feat.



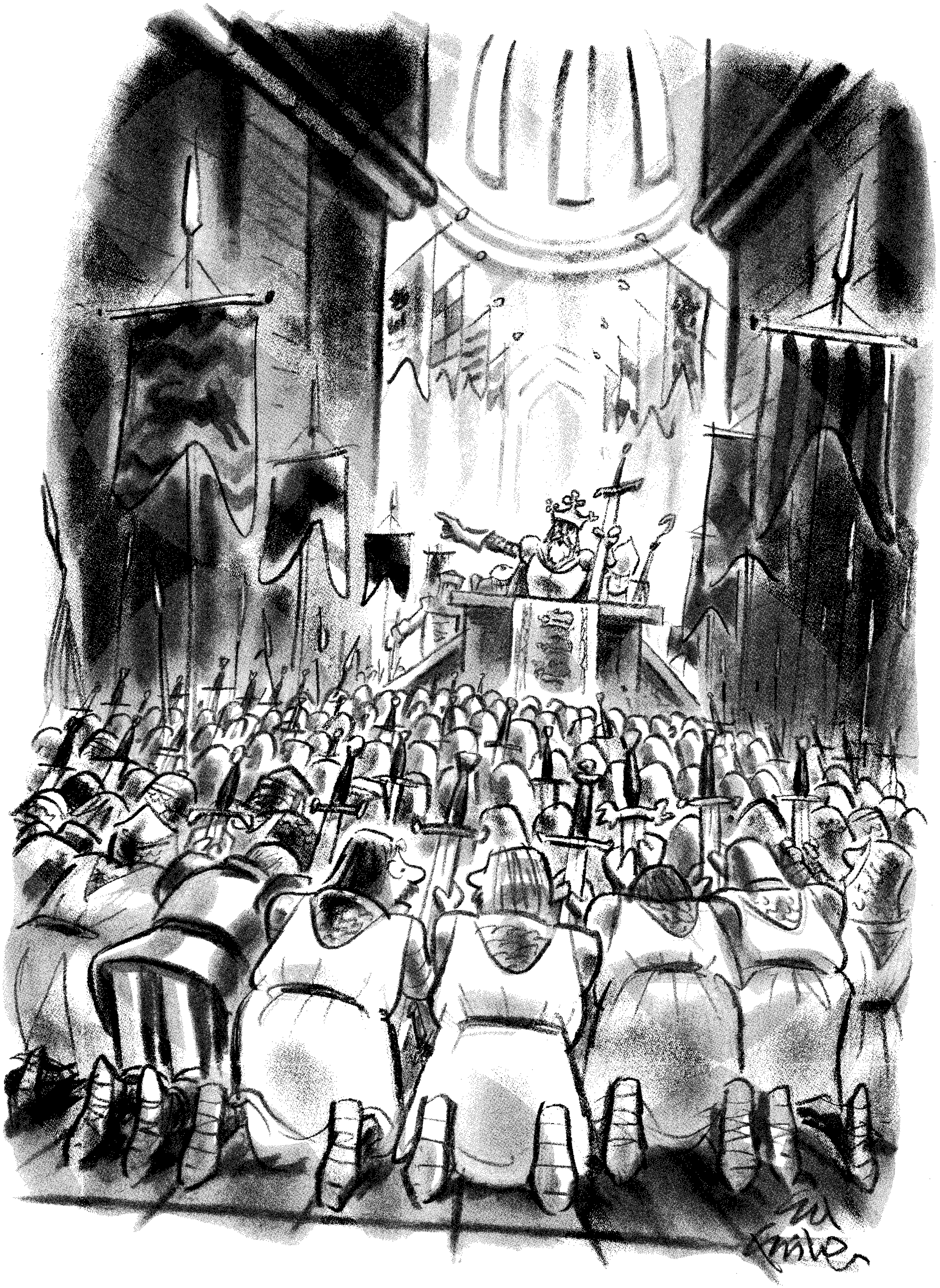
Recently, I found among my papers the text of a hymn that, though unsigned, shows the unmistakable evidence of Don Johnson's authorship. As I recall, it was composed as a tribute to his friend Lord Cranwyck, of Ayles, Lincolnshire, in celebration of the latter's marriage to a mutual friend. It reads, in part:

You did it, pal—hey, it's a lock.
You got legs, Mister; you can walk.
The gig's a tough one, understand?
Count on it, buddy—ask the man.
Pal, get the wax out of your ears.
We're lookin' at at least ten years.
The only thing I'm gonna say—
Hey, read my lips: "Flight's cancelled,
Ray."

Were Don Johnson's detractors only aware of this and many other proofs of devotion which he showed repeatedly to those cherished in his affection, I am certain they would revise their opinions.

On the subject of women, Don Johnson is perhaps best known for his remark that whereas one cannot, assuredly, live with them, one cannot, by equal measure, live without them. Of his own version of marriage, to a daughter of the French-sounding D'Arbanville family, I shall speak more at a later time. Suffice it to say that Don Johnson had the wisdom to choose for a companion an actress whose beauty, charm, talent, and sense of fun all vie with each other for preference in the eye of the observer, and one who can do an excellent imitation of a person coughing. I seem to recall hearing recently that Don Johnson and Patti had moved to separate dwellings; however, I believe someone else possibly informed me (more recently yet) that they were once again together, which later report I hope may be fact, inasmuch as I think she is nice.

—Ian Frazier



"Essentially, it's a disagreement over turf."

THE AFTERLIFE

THE Billingses, so settled in their ways, found in their fifties that their friends were doing sudden, surprising things. Mitch Lothrop, whom Carter and Jane had always rather poked fun at as stuffy, ran off with a young Jamaican physical therapist, and Augustina, who had seemed such a mouse all those years—obsessed with her garden and her children's educations—took it rather raucously in stride, buying herself a new wardrobe of broad-shouldered dresses, putting a prodigiously expensive new slate roof on the Weston house, and having in as a new companion another woman, a frilly little blue-eyed person who worked in Boston as a psychologist for the Department of Social Services. Ken McEvoy, on the other hand, was one day revealed in the newspapers as an embezzler who over the course of twenty years had stolen between two and five million from his brokerage firm; nobody, including the I.R.S., knew exactly how much. The investigation had evidently been going on for ages, during which time Ken and Molly had been showing up at cocktail parties and dinner parties and zoning hearings and church suppers with not a hair out of place, smiling and looking as handsome a couple as ever. Even now, with the indictment in the paper and the plea-bargaining stage under way, they continued to appear at gatherings, Ken quite hilarious and open about it all and basking at the center of attention; he had always seemed rather stiff and shy before. What had he done with all the money? It was true they had two foreign cars, and a place on the Cape, and trips to Europe in the years they didn't go to Florida, but then so did everybody, more or less.

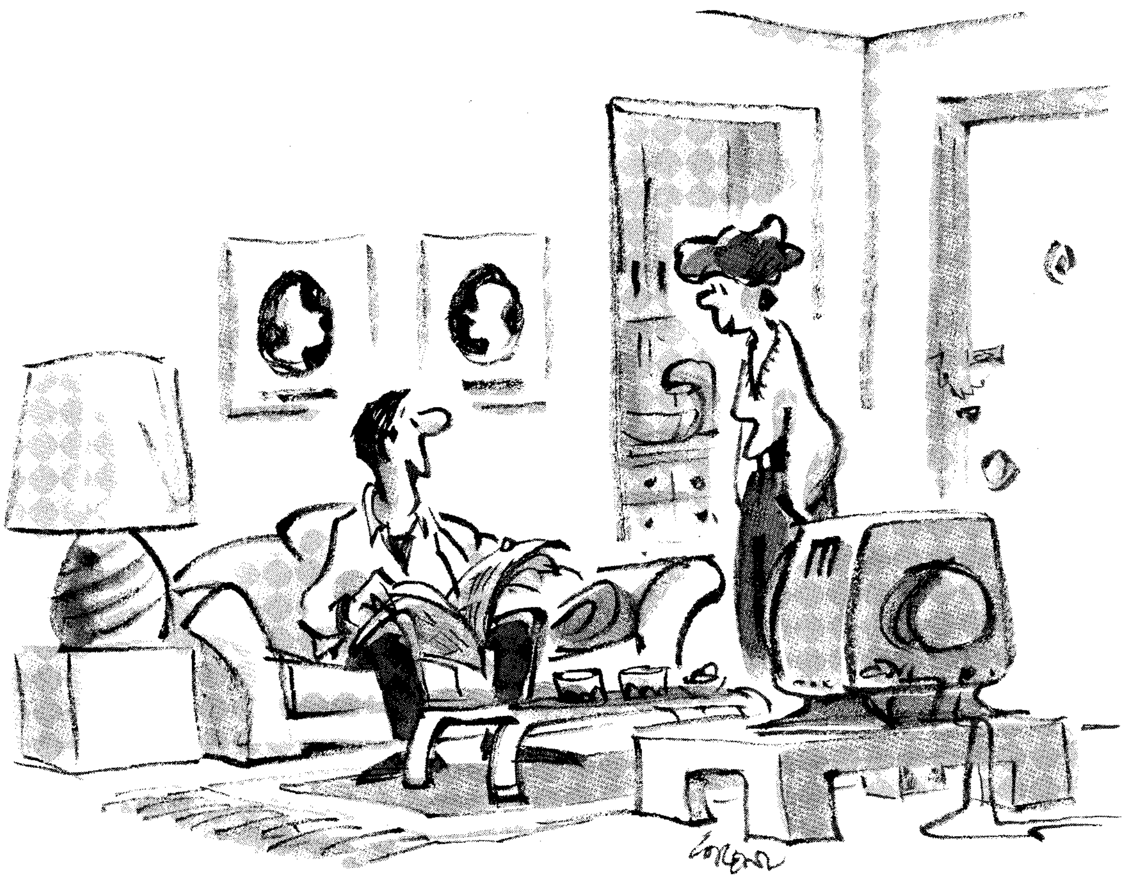
And then the Billingses' very dearest friends, Frank and Lucy Eggleston, upped and moved to England. It was something, Frank confided, they had thought about for years; they detested America, the way it was going—the vulgarity, the crowdedness, the violence. They both, Frank and Lucy, were exceptionally soft-spoken and virtual teetotallers, with health diets and peaceable hobbies; Frank did watercolors, Lucy bird-watched. A juncture came in his career when the corporation asked him to move to Texas; he opted to take early retirement instead, and with his savings and a little inheritance of hers, plus the ridiculous price their house brought—ten times what they had paid for it in the early sixties—they moved to England, at a time when the pound was low against the dollar. Why defer a dream, they asked the Billingses, until you're too old to enjoy it? They found a suitable house not in one of the pretty counties south of London but up in Norfolk, where, as one of Lucy's early letters put it, "the sky is as big as they say the sky of Texas is."

The letters were less frequent than the Billingses had expected, and on their side they proved slower than they had promised to arrange a visit to their transplanted friends. Three years had gone by before they at last, after some days in London to adjust to the time change and the currency and the left-right confusion, took a train north, got off at a station beyond Cambridge, and were greeted in the damp and windy spring twilight by a bouncy, bog-hatted shadow they recognized as Frank Eggleston. He had put on weight, and had acquired that rosy English complexion and an un-American way of clearing his throat several times in rapid succession. As they drove along the A-11, and then navigated twisting country roads, Carter seemed to hear Frank's accent melt, becoming less clipped and twitchy as his passengers and he talked and warmed the car's interior with their growly, drawling Americanness.

After many a turning in the dark, they arrived at Flinty Dell—a name no natives, surely, would have given the slightly gaunt mustard brick house, with its many gables and odd-sized, scattered windows, behind its high wall and bristlings of privet. Lucy seemed much as ever; a broad-faced strawberry blonde, she had always worn sweaters and plaid pleated skirts and low-heeled shoes for her birding walks, and here this same outfit seemed a shade more chic and less aggressively "sensible" than it had at home. Her pleasant plain looks, rather lost in the old crowd of heavily groomed suburban wives, had bloomed in this climate; her manner, as she showed them the house and their room upstairs, seemed to Carter somehow blushing, bridal. She escorted them through a maze of brightly papered rooms and awkward little hall-

Tough Hombre

ways, up one set of stairs and down another, and on through the kitchen to a mudroom, where she and Frank outfitted themselves with scarves and Wellingtons and fat leather gloves and canes and riding crops and rakes and shovels for their dealings with the constantly invigorating out-of-doors. A barn went with the place, where they boarded horses. The village church was just across the pasture and through the wood on a path. Some obscure duke's vast estate stretched all about, with miles and miles of wonderful riding. And then there were fens, and a priory ruin, and towns where antiques could be had for almost nothing. It was all too much to take in, or to talk about so late at night, Lucy said, especially when you must be exhausted and still on funny time.



"Let's skip the TV dinners and send out for something really good. This is listed as a major television event."

• •

"Oh, no," Jane said. "Carter was de*ter*mined to get on your time and he wouldn't let me take even a nap that first awful day. We walked all the way from the National Gallery to the Tate in the rain, which had this huge retrospective of this horrid Kitchen Sink school."

"Such fun you make it sound," Lucy said, tucking her plump freckled calves under her on the tired-looking sofa. The living room was rather small, though high-ceilinged. The furniture, which they must have bought here, clustered like a threadbare, expectant audience about the tiny grated fireplace, as it vivaciously consumed chunks of wood too short to be called logs. "We thought we'd be going down to London every other day but there seems so much to do *here*."

The birding was incredible, and Lucy had become, to her own surprise, quite involved with the local church and with village good works. Frank was painting very seriously, and had joined an artists' association in Norwich, and had displayed a number of watercolors in their biannual shows. Some of his new works were hung in the living room: wet gray skies and tiny dark houses in the lee of gloomy groves scrubbed in with purple and green. Having poked the fire, and added more chunks (whose smoke smelled narcotically sweet), Frank pressed drinks upon the Billingses, though, as all agreed, it was already late and tomorrow was a big day. Lucy was going to drive them to the sea while Frank rode in the local hunt. Scotch, brandy, port, Madeira, and several tints of sherry were produced; Carter remembered the Egglestons as abstemious, but English coziness seemed to have teased that out of them. Carter drank port and Jane cream sherry as they gave the American news: Mitch Lothrop and the Jamaican bodybuilder live in Bay Village and have had a baby, while Augustina has turned the Weston place into some sort of commune, with a total of five women living in it now. Ken McEvoy is out, having served less than two years, and has been given a job by one of the big Boston banks as an accountant, because he's supposedly an expert on fraudulent bookkeeping. Though he and Molly still drive their old Jaguar and a Volvo station wagon, it's obvious he must have stashed millions away, because they're always flying off now, even just for weekends, to this place they seem to own in the Bahamas. And so on.

Frank and Lucy had grown smilingly silent under this barrage of imported gossip, and when Carter stood and announced, "We're boring you," neither of them contradicted him. He had lost count of the times Frank had refreshed his port, or poured himself another brandy, and the freckles on Lucy's shins were beginning to swarm; yet he felt he was cutting something short, standing at last. All seemed to feel this—this failure, for all their good will, to remake the old connection—and it was in an atmosphere of reluctance that the guests were, sensibly, led up to bed, Lucy showing them the bathroom again and making sure they had towels.

IN the night, Carter awoke and needed to go to the bathroom. All that port. A wind was blowing outside. Vague black-on-blue tree shapes were thrashing. Turning on no light, so as not to wake Jane, he found the bedroom door, opened it softly in the dark, and took two firm steps down the hall toward where he remembered the bathroom was. On his second step, there was nothing but air beneath his foot. His sleepy brain was jolted into action; he realized he was falling down the stairs. As he soared through black space, he had time to think what a terrible noise his crashing body would make, and how the Egglestons would be awakened, and how embarrassing and troublesome it would be for them to deal with his broken body. He even had time to reflect how oddly selfless this last thought was. Then something—some*one*, he felt—hit him a solid blow in the exact center of his chest, right on the sternum, and Carter was standing upright on a landing partway down the stairs. He listened a moment, heard only the wind as it moaned around the strange brick house, and climbed the six or so steps back to the second floor.

THE PERSIMMONS

(Beijing, China)

In a cove reaching back between ridges
the persimmon groves:
leaves rust-red in October
ochre and bronze
scattering down from the
hard, slender limbs of this
slow-growing hardwood
that takes so much nitrogen
and seven years to bear,
and plenty of water all summer
to be bearing so much and so well
as these groves are this autumn.
Gathered in yard-wide baskets
of loose open weave
with mounds of persimmons just picked
still piled on the ground.
On tricycle trucks
pedalled so easy and slow down the lanes,
"deep tawnie cullour" of sunset,
each orb some light left from summer
glowing on brown fall ground,
the persimmons are flowing
on streams of more bike-trucks
till they riffle and back up
alongside a car road
and are spread on the gravel by sellers.
The kind with a crease round the middle,
Tamopan, sweet when soft,
ripening down from the top to the base.
Persimmons and farmers
a long busy line on the roadside,
in season, a bargain, a harvest
of years, the peace of
this autumn again, familiar,
when found by surprise at
the tombs of the dead Ming emperors.
Acres of persimmon orchards
surrounding the tumuli
of kings who saw to it they kept on consuming
even when empty and gone.
The persimmons outlive them,
but up on the hills
where the Great Wall wanders
the oaks had been cut for lumber or charcoal
by Genghis Khan's time.
People and persimmon orchards prevail.
I walked the Great Wall today,
and went deep in the dark of a tomb.
And then found a persimmon
ripe to the bottom,
one of a group on a rough plaited tray
that might have been drawn by Mu-ch'i,
tapping its infant-soft skin
to be sure that it's ready,
the old man laughing,
he sees that I like my persimmons.
I trade him some coin
for this wealth of fall fruit
lined up on the roadside to sell to the tourists
who have come to see tombs,
and are offered as well
the people and trees that prevail.

—Gary Snyder

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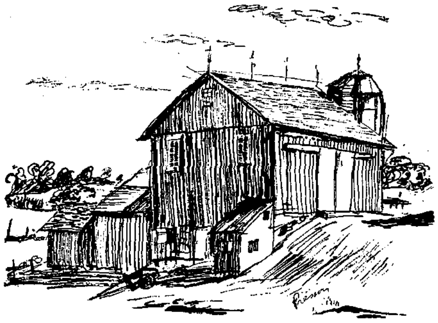
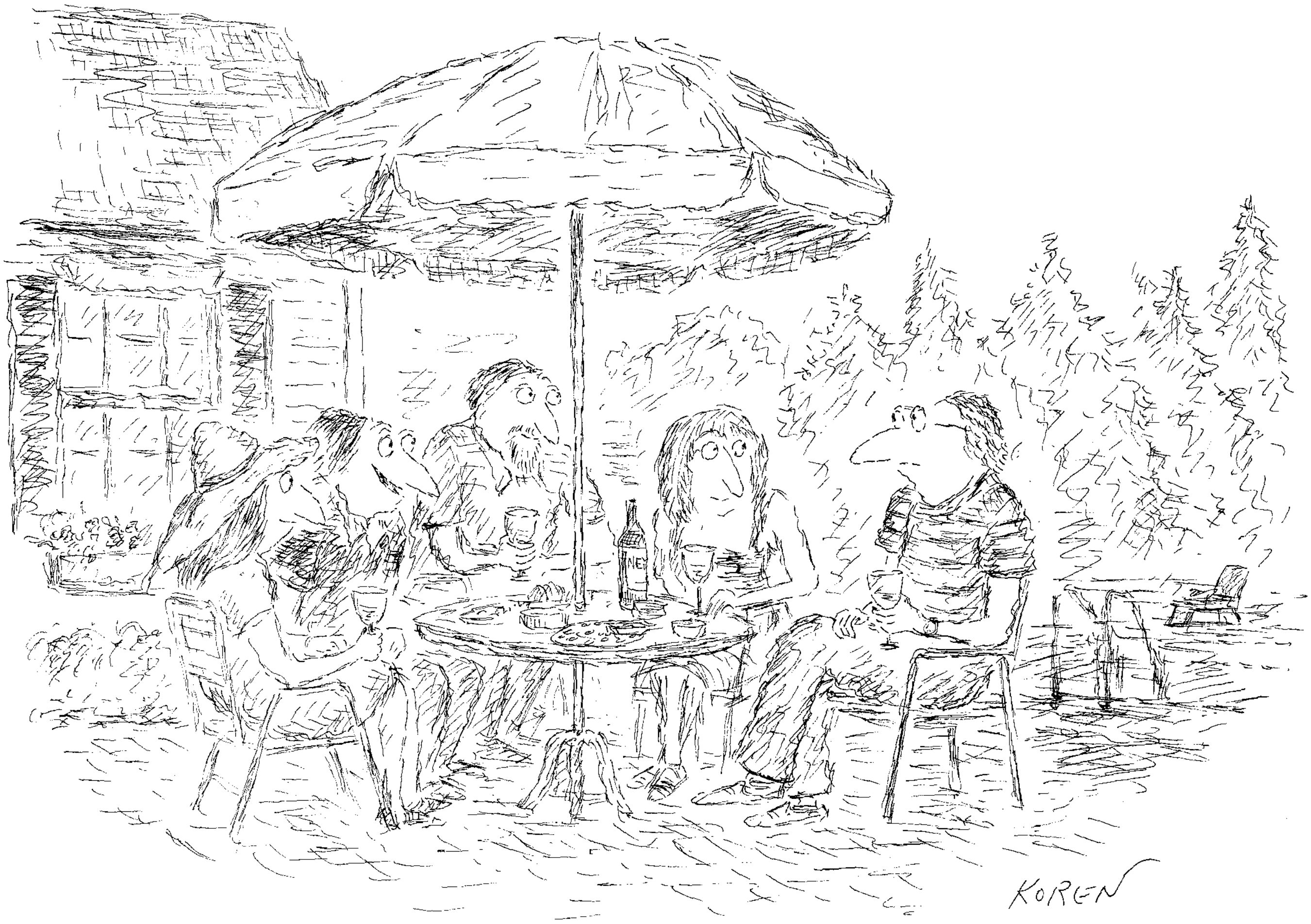
He remembered now that the bathroom was reached by turning immediately left out of the bedroom and then right at the bannister that protected the stairwell, and then left again, at the second door. He crept along and pressed this door open. The white toilet and porcelain basin had a glow of their own in the moonless night, so again he did without a light. His legs were trembling and his chest ached slightly, but he felt better for having emptied his bladder. However, emerging again into the dark hall, he couldn't find the way back to his bedroom. Walls as in a funhouse surrounded him. A large smooth plane held a shadowy man who actually touched him, with an abrupt oily touch, and he realized it was himself, reflected in a mirror. On the three other sides of him there were opaque surfaces panelled like doors. Then one of the doors developed a crack of dim blue light and seemed to slide diagonally away; Carter's eyes were adjusted to the dark enough to register wallpaper—faintly abrasive and warm to his touch—and the shiny straight gleam, as of a railroad track, of the bannister. He reversed his direction. There seemed many doors along the hall, but the one he pushed open did indeed reveal his bedroom. The wind was muttering, fidgeting at the stout English window sash, and as Carter drew closer to the bed he could hear Jane breathe. He crept in beside her and fell swiftly asleep.

Next morning, as he examined the site of his adventure, he marvelled that he had not been killed. The oval knob of a newel post at the turn in the stairs must have been what struck him on the chest; had he fallen a slightly different way, it would have hit him in the face—smashed in his front teeth, or ripped out an eye—or he could have missed it entirely and broken his neck against the landing wall. He had no memory of grabbing anything, or of righting himself. But how had he regained his feet? Either his memory had a gap or he had been knocked bolt upright. If the latter, it seemed a miracle, but Jane, when he confided the event to her, took the occasion not for marvelling but for showing him, as one would show a stupid child, how to turn on the hall light, with one of those British toggle switches that look like a stumpy rapier with a button in its tip.



Carter felt rebuffed; he had told her of his nocturnal adventure, while they were still in bed, in hushed tones much like hers when, thirty years ago, she would confide a suspicion that she was pregnant. The Egglestons, downstairs at breakfast, responded more appropriately; they expressed amazement and relief that he hadn't been hurt. "You might have been *killed!*" Lucy said,



"I heard you had a little problem with the law."

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with a rising inflection that in America had never been quite so pert, so boldly birdlike.

"Exactly," Carter said. "And at the time, even as I was in midair, I thought, What a nuisance for the poor Egglestons!"

"Damn white of you," Frank said, lifting his teacup to his face. He was in a hurry to be off to his hunt; he had been up for several hours, doing a painting that needed dawn light, and there were blue and yellow under his fingernails. "Not to pop off on us," he finished.

"It happens," Carter told him. "More and more, you see your contemporaries in the *Globe* obituaries. The Big Guy is getting our range." This outburst of theology was so unexpected that the three others stared at him with a silence in which the chimneys could be heard to moan and the breakfast china to click. Carter felt, however, unembarrassed, and supernaturally serene. The world to which he had awoken, from the English details of the orange-juiceless, marmalade-laden breakfast set before him to the muddy green windswept landscape framed in the thick-sashed and playfully various windows, reminded him of children's books he had read over fifty years ago, and had the charm of the timeless.

He squeezed his feet into Lucy's Wellingtons and walked out with Frank to admire the horses. This Norfolk earth was littered with flint—chalky, sharp-edged pebbles. He picked one up and held it in his hand. A limestone layer, porous like bone, had wrapped itself around a shiny bluish core. He tried to imagine the geological event—some immense vanished ocean—that had precipitated this hail of bonelike fragments. The abundant flint, the tufty grass so bursting with green, the radiant gray sky, the strong smells of horse and leather and feed and hay all bore in upon Carter's revitalized senses with novel force; there seemed a cosmic joke under mundane appearances, and in the air a release of pressure which enabled the trees, the beeches and oaks, to attain the size of thunderheads. The air was raw—rawer than he had expected England in April to be. "Is the wind always like this?" he asked the other man.

"Pretty much. It's been a tardy spring." Frank, in hunting coat and jodhpurs, had saddled a horse in its stall and was fiddling with the bridle, making the long chestnut head of the animal, with its rubbery gray muzzle and rolling gelatinous eyeball, jerk resentfully. The physical fact of a horse—the pungent, assaultive hugeness of the animal and the sense of a tiny spark, a gleam of skittish and limited intelligence, within its monstrous long skull—was not a fact that Carter often confronted in his other life.

"Doesn't it get on your nerves?"

"Does 'em good," Frank said with his acquired brisk bluffness. "Scours you out."

"Yes," Carter said, "I can feel that." He felt delicate, alert, excited. The center of his chest was slightly sore. His toes were numb and scrunched inside Lucy's boots. With a terrible shuffling of hooves and heaving of glossy mass, the horse was led from the barn and suddenly Frank was up on it, transformed, majestic, his pink face crowned by his round black hat, he and the horse a single new creature. The two women came out of the mustard brick house to watch its master ride off, at a stately pace, down the flinty driveway to the path through the wood. The trees not yet in full leaf were stippled all over with leaflets and catkins, like a swathe of dotted swiss. Frank, thus veiled, slowly vanished. "A grand sight," Carter said, feeling that some such entertainment, astonishing yet harmless and intangible, would be his steady diet here. He felt weightless, as if, in that moment of flight headlong down the stairs, he had put on wings.

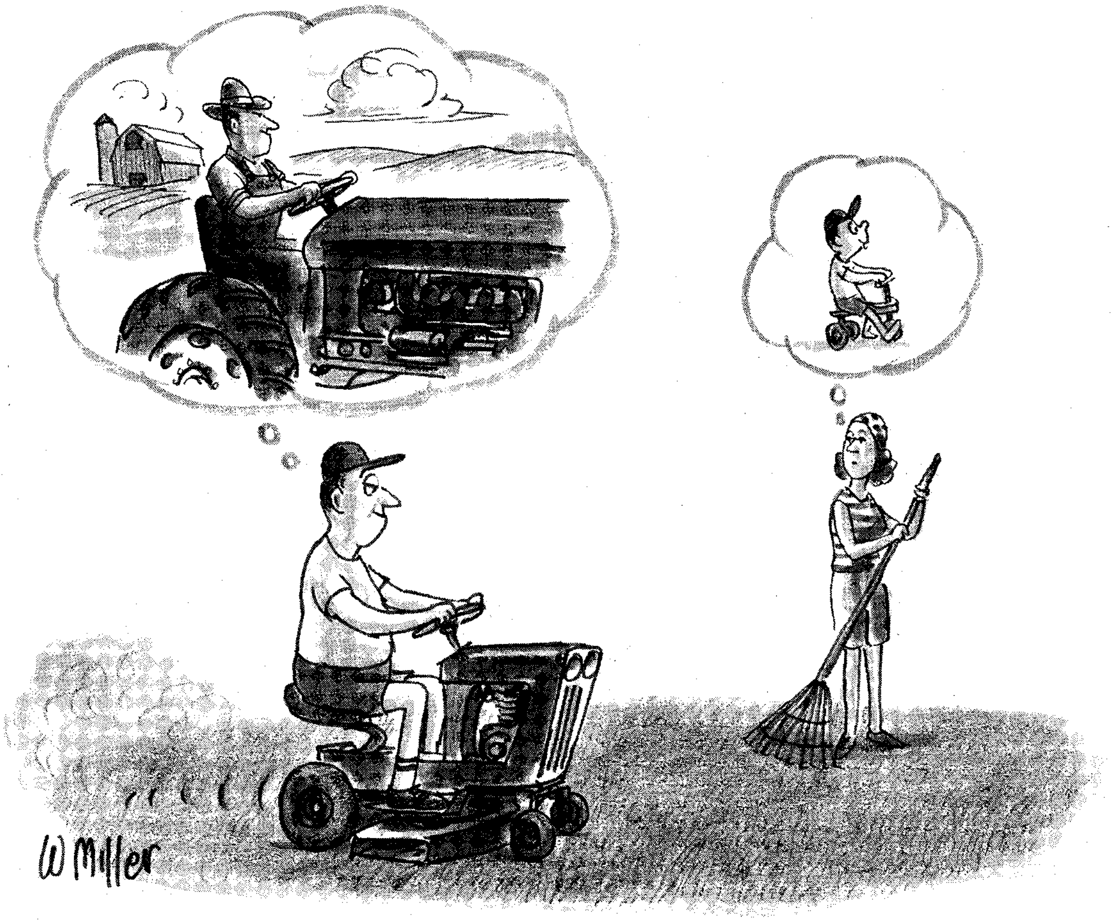
Lucy asked them which they would like first, the walk to the river or the drive to the sea. Then she decided the two should be combined, and a supply of boots and overshoes was tossed into the car. Carter got in the back of the little Austin—red, though it had looked black at the station last night—and let the two women sit up front together. Jane occupied what in America would have been the driver's seat, so that Carter felt startled and imperilled when she turned her head aside or gestured with both hands. Lucy seemed quite accustomed to the wrong side of the road, and drove with a heedless dash. "Here is the village, these few houses," she said. "And the church just beyond—you can't see it very well because of that huge old chestnut. Incredibly old they say the tree is. The church isn't so old."

On the other side of the road, there were sheep, dusted all over with spots of color and mingled with gambolling lambs. The river was not far off, and they parked by an iron bridge where water poured in steady cold pleats down the slant face of a concrete weir. Embankments had been built by stacking bags of cement and letting natural processes dampen and harden them. Lucy led the way along a muddy path between the riverbank and a field that had been recently plowed; the pale soil, littered to the horizon with bonelike bits of flint, was visibly lifting into the silvery, tumbling sky. The wind was scouring dark trails of soil upward, across the plowed miles.

"It's been almost a drought," Lucy said, her voice buffeted, her kerchief flattened against her freckled cheek. Her squinting eyes were a pale color between blue and green, and this beryl, beneath this sky, had an uncanny brilliance. "Oh, look!" she cried, pointing. "A little marsh tit, doing his acrobatics! Last week, closer to the woods, I saw a pair of waxwings. They generally go back to the Continent by this time of year. Am I boring you both? Really, the wind is frightful, but I want you to see my gray heron. His nest *must* be in the woods somewhere, but Frank and I have never been able to spot it. We asked Sedgewick—that's the duke's gamekeeper—where to look for it, and he said if we got downwind we would *smell* it. They eat meat, you know—rodents and snakes."

"Oh dear," Jane said, for something to say. Carter couldn't take his eyes from the distant dark lines of lifting earth, the Texas-like dust storm. As the three made their way along the river, the little black-capped tit capered in the air above them, and as they approached the woods, out flocked starlings, speckled and black and raucous.

"Look—the kingfisher!" Lucy cried. This bird was brilliant, ruddy-breasted and green-headed, with a steel-blue tail. It flicked the tail back and forth, then whirred along the river's glittering surface. But the gray heron was not showing himself, though they trod the margin of the woods for what seemed half a mile. They could hear tree trunks groaning as the wind twisted their layered crowns; the tallest and leafiest trees seemed not merely to heave but to harbor several small explosions at once, which whitened their tossing branches in patches. Carter's eyes watered, and Jane held her hands in their fat, borrowed gloves in front of her face. At last, their hostess halted. She announced, "We better get on with it—what a disappointment," and led them back to the car.



As they drew close to the glittering, pleated, roaring weir, Carter had the sudden distinct feeling that he should look behind him. And there was the heron, sailing out of the woods toward them, against the wind, held, indeed, motionless within the wind, standing in midair with his six-foot wingspread—an angel.

THE wind got worse as they drove toward the sea. On the map, it looked a long way off, but Lucy assured them she had often done it and back by teatime. As she whipped along the narrow roads, Carter in the back seat could not distinguish between her tugs on the steering wheel and the tugs of the wind as it buffeted the Austin. A measured, prissy voice on the radio spoke of a gale from the Irish Sea and of conditions that were "near-cyclonic," and Jane and Carter laughed, though Lucy merely smiled and said that they often used that expression. In a village especially dear to her, especially historical and picturesque, a group of people were standing on the sidewalk at the crest of a hill, near the wall of a churchyard. The church was Norman, with ornamental arcs and borders of red pebbles worked into the masonry. Lucy drove the car rather slowly past, to see if there had been an accident.

"I think," Carter offered, "they're watching the tree." A tall tree leaning from within the churchyard was swaying in the wind.

"Bother," Lucy said. "I've driven too far—what I wanted to show you was back in the middle of the village." She turned around, and as they drove by again several of the little crowd, recognizing the car, seemed amused. A policeman, wearing a rain cape, was pedalling his bicycle up the hill, very energetically, head down.

What Lucy wanted the Billingses to see in the village was a side street of sixteenth-century houses, all of them half-timbered and no two leaning at the same angle.

"Who lives in them?" Carter wanted to know.

"Oh, people—though I daresay more and more it's trendy younger people who open up shops on the ground floor." Lucy backed around again and this time, coming up the hill, they met a police barricade, and the tree fallen flat across the road. Just half of the tree, actually; its crotch had been low to the earth, and the other half, with a splintery white wound in its side, still stood.

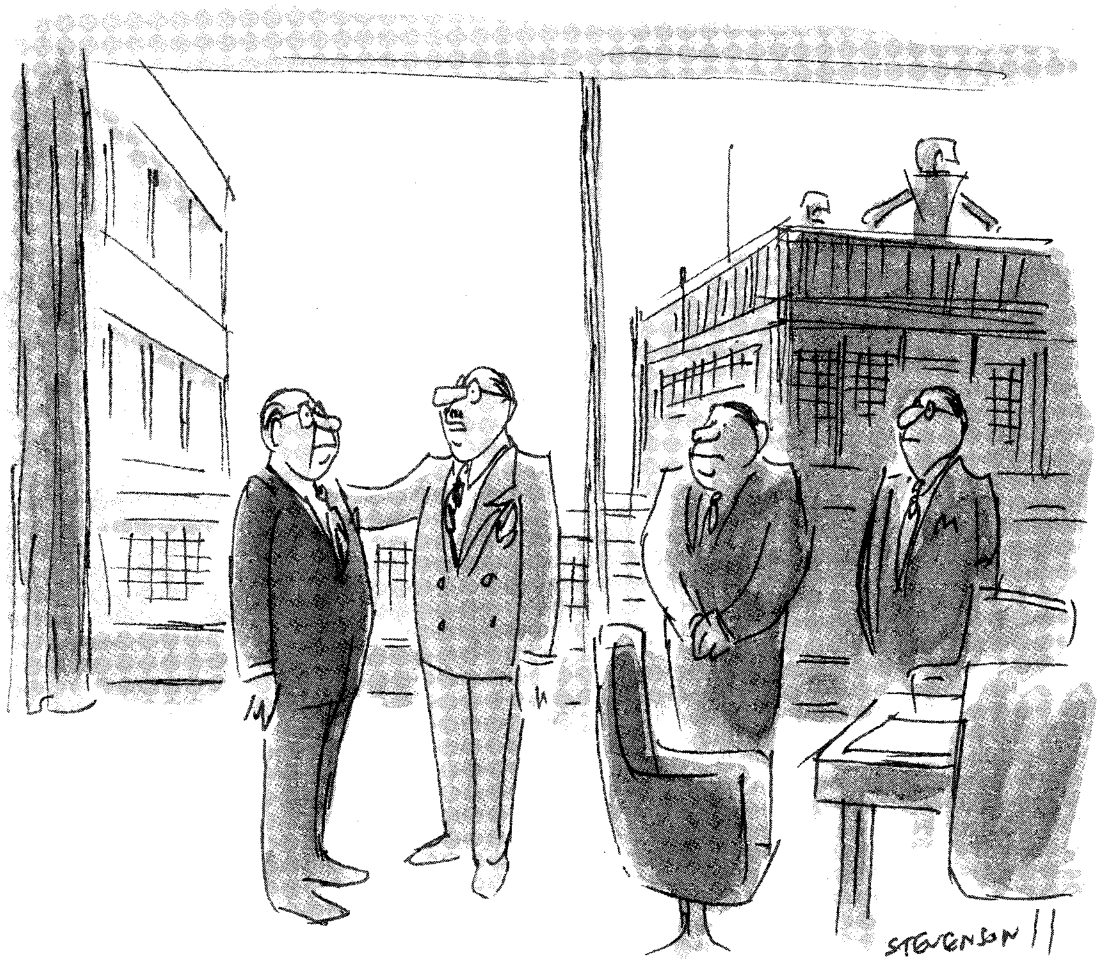
The three Americans, sealed into their car, shrieked in excitement, understanding now why the villagers had been amused to see them drive past under the tree again. "You'd think *some*body," Jane said, "might have said something to warn us."

"Well, I suppose they thought we had eyes to see as well as they," said Lucy. "That's how they are. They don't give anything away; you have to go to them." And she described, as they bounced between thorny hedgerows and dry-stone walls, her church work, her charity work in the area. It was astonishing, how much incest there was, and drunkenness, and hopelessness. "These people just can't envision any better future for themselves. They would never *dream*, for example, of going to London, even for a day. They're just totally locked into their little world."

Jane asked, "What about television?"

"Oh, they watch it, but don't see that it has anything to do with them. They're taken care of, you see, and compared with their fathers and grandfathers aren't so badly off. The *cru*elty of the old system of hired agricultural labor is almost beyond imagining; they worked people absolutely to death. Picking flint, for instance. Every spring they'd all get out there and pick the flint off the fields."

That didn't seem, to Carter, so very cruel. He had picked up bits of flint on his own, spontaneously. They were porous, pale, intricate, everlasting. His mind wandered as Lucy went on about the Norfolk villagers and Jane chimed in with her own concerns—her wish,



"Our family of products doesn't want you as its daddy anymore, Edwards."

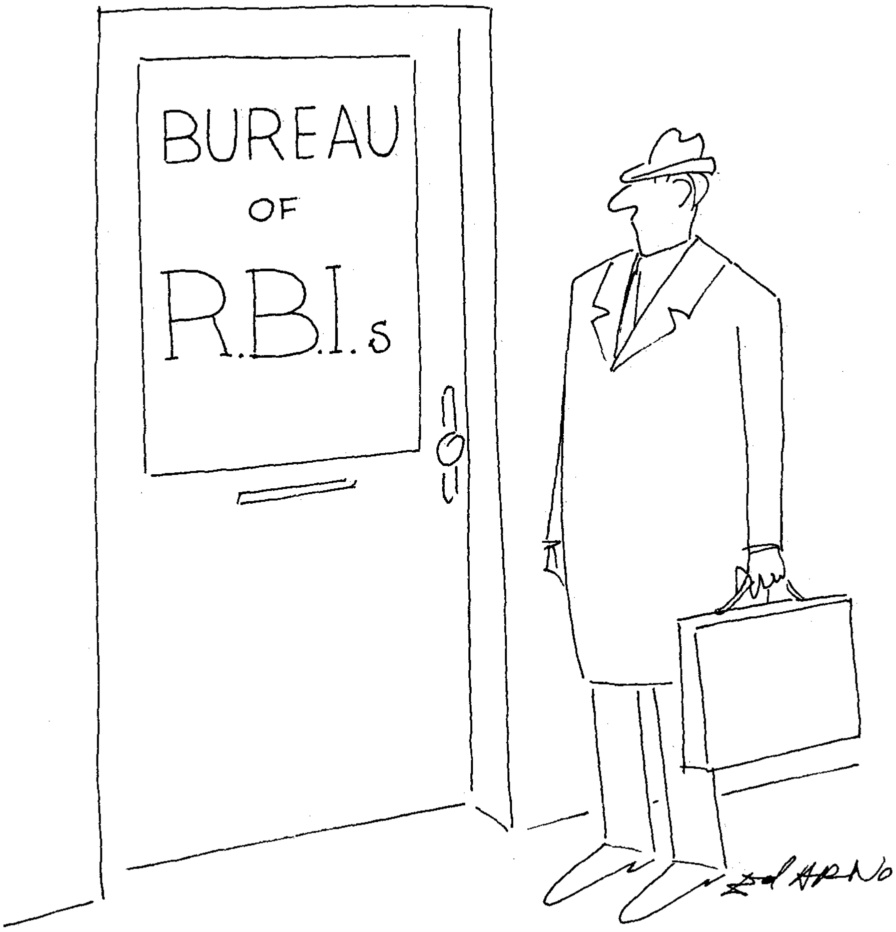
• •

now that the children were out of the house, to get out herself and be of some service, not exactly jump into the ghetto with wild-eyed good intentions but do something *use*ful, something with *peo*ple. . . .

Carter had been nodding off, and the emphasized words pierced his doze. He felt he had been useful enough, in his life, and had seen enough people. At work now—he was a lawyer—he was conscious of a curious lag, like the lag built into radio talk shows so that obscenities wouldn't get on the air. Just two or three seconds, between challenge and response, between achievement and gratification, but enough to tell him that something was out of sync. He was going through the motions, and all the younger people around him knew it. When he spoke, his voice sounded dubbed, not quite his own. There were, it had recently come to him, vast areas of the world he no longer cared about—Henry James, for example, and professional ice hockey, and nuclear disarmament. He did not doubt that within these areas much excitement could be generated, but not for him, nevermore. The two women in front of him—Lucy's strawberry-blond braids twitching as she emphasized a point and Jane's gray-peppered brunette curls softly bouncing as she nodded in eager empathy—seemed alien creatures, like the horse, or the marsh tit with his little black-capped head. The two wives seemed as stirred up and twittery as if their lives had just begun, and courtship and husbands and childbearing were a preamble to some triumphant menopausal ministry among the disenfranchised and incestuous. They loved each other, Carter reflected wearily. Women had the passion of conspirators, the energy of any underground, supplied by hope of seizing power. Lucy seemed hardly to notice, while talking and counselling Jane, that she had more than once steered around the wreckage of limbs that littered the road. Through the speeding car windows Carter watched trees thrash in odd slow motion and overhead wires sway as if the earth itself had lost its moorings.

Then, out of the bruised and scrambled sky, a rain pelted down with such fury that the wipers couldn't keep the windshield clear; it became like frosted glass, and the car roof thrummed. Lucy lifted her voice: "There's a lovely old inn right in the next village. Would this be a good time to have a bite?"

Just in dashing the few yards from the parking lot to the shelter of the inn, the three of them got soaked. Inside, all was idyllic: big old blackened fireplace crackling and hissing and exuding that sweet scent of local woodsmoke, carved beams bowed down almost to Carter's head, buffet of salmon mousse and Scotch eggs and shepherd's pie served by a willing lad and blushing lass, at whose backs the rain beat like a stage effect on the thick bottle panes. They ate, and drank beer and tea, and over Lucy's protests Carter paid.



Next door, an antique shop tempted tourists through a communicating archway, and while the storm continued, Lucy and her visitors browsed among the polished surfaces, the silver and mirrors, the framed prints and marquetry tables. Carter was struck by a lustrous large bureau, veneered in a wood that looked like many blurred paw prints left by a party of golden cats. "Elm burl, early eighteenth century," the ticket said, along with a price in the thousands of pounds. He asked Jane if she would like it—as if one more piece of furniture might keep her at home.

"Darling, it's lovely," she said, "but so expensive, and so big."

"They ship," he responded, after a few seconds' lag. "And if it doesn't fit anywhere we can sell it in town for a profit." His voice didn't sound quite like his own, but only he seemed to notice. The women's conversation in the car had obligated him to show that power, male power, did more than induce weariness in the holder. Elm burl: perhaps that was the charm, the touch of attractive fantasy. In America, the elms were dead, as dead as the anonymous workman who had laid on this still glamorous veneer.

Lucy, deepening her hint of a British accent, courteously haggled with the manager—a straggly fat woman with a runny red nose and a Gypsyish shawl she held tight around her throat—and got four hundred pounds knocked off the price. Carter's plunge into this purchase frightened him, momentarily, as he realized how big the markup must be to absorb such a discount so casually.

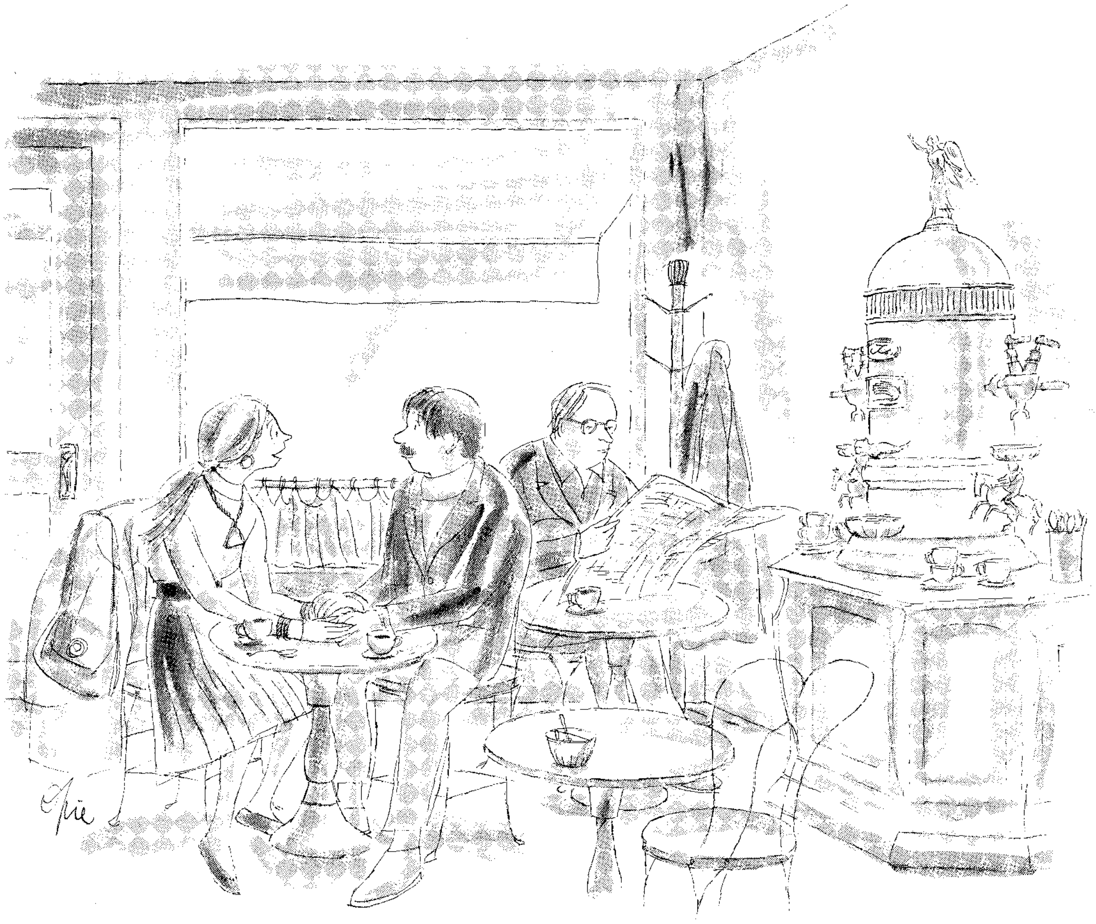
There were forms to sign, and credit cards to authenticate over the telephone. As these transactions were pursued, the storm on the roof abated. The three buyers stepped out into a stunning sunlit lapse in the weather. Raindrops glistened everywhere like a coating of ice, and the sidewalk slates echoed the violet of the near-cyclonic sky.

"Darling, that was so debonair and dashing and untypical of you," Jane said.

"Ever so larky," Lucy agreed.

"Kind of a game," he admitted. "What are the odds we'll ever see that chest again?"

Lucy took mild offense, as if her adopted fellow-countrymen were being impugned. "Oh, they're very honest and reputable. We've dealt with these people a few times ourselves."



"They're strong, capable potter's hands."

A MIRACULOUS lacquer lay upon everything, beading each roadside twig, each reed of thatch in the cottage roofs, each tiny daisy trembling in the grass by the lichen-stained rough field walls. Then clouds swept in again, and the landscape was dipped in shadow. Many trees were fallen or split. Little clusters of workmen, in raincoats that were pumpkin-colored instead of, as they would have been in America, yellow or Day-Glo orange, buzzed with saws and pulled with ropes at limbs that intruded into the road. Waiting to be signalled past such work parties took time, while the little Austin gently rocked in the wind as if being nudged by a hand. Carter caressed the sensitive center of his chest, under his necktie: his secret, the seal of his nocturnal pact, his passport to this day like no other. It had felt, in the dark, like a father's rough impatient saving blow. "How much farther to the sea?" he asked.

"Well might you ask," Lucy said. "On a day of smooth sailing, we'd be there by now." The cars ahead of them slowed and then stopped entirely. A policeman with a young round face explained that lines were down across the road.

"That does rather tear it," Lucy said. The detour would add fifteen miles at least to their journey. The landscape looked dyed, now, in an ink that rolled across the pale speckled fields in waves of varying intensity. Along a far ridge, skeletal power-line towers marched in a procession, their latticework etched with a ghostly delicacy against the black sky. A band of angels.

Jane consoled Lucy. "Really, dear, if I saw too many more charming villages I might burst."

"And we see the sea all the time when we're on the Cape," Carter added.

"But not *our* sea," Lucy said. "The *North* Sea."

"Isn't it just ugly and cold and full of oil?" asked Jane.

"Not for much longer, they tell us. Full of oil, I mean. Well, if you two don't really mind, I suppose there's nothing to do but go back. Frank *does* like an early supper after he's been on a hunt."

It was growing dark by the time they reached Flinty Dell. Exposing to view a small, drab Victorian church, the ancient chestnut had blown down—a giant shaggy corpse with a tall stump torn like a shriek, pointing at the heavens. The tree had fallen across a churchyard wall and crushed it, the outer courses of sturdy-seeming brick spilling a formless interior of rubble and sand.

Frank came out into the driveway to meet them; in the dusk his face looked white, and his voice was not amused. "My God, where have you people been? I couldn't believe you'd be out driving around in this! The hunt was called off, the radio's been cancelling everything and telling people for Christ's sake to stay off the roads!" He rested a trembling hand on the sill of the rolled-down car window; his little fingernail still bore a yellow fleck.

"In this bit of a breeze?" Lucy asked him, birdlike.

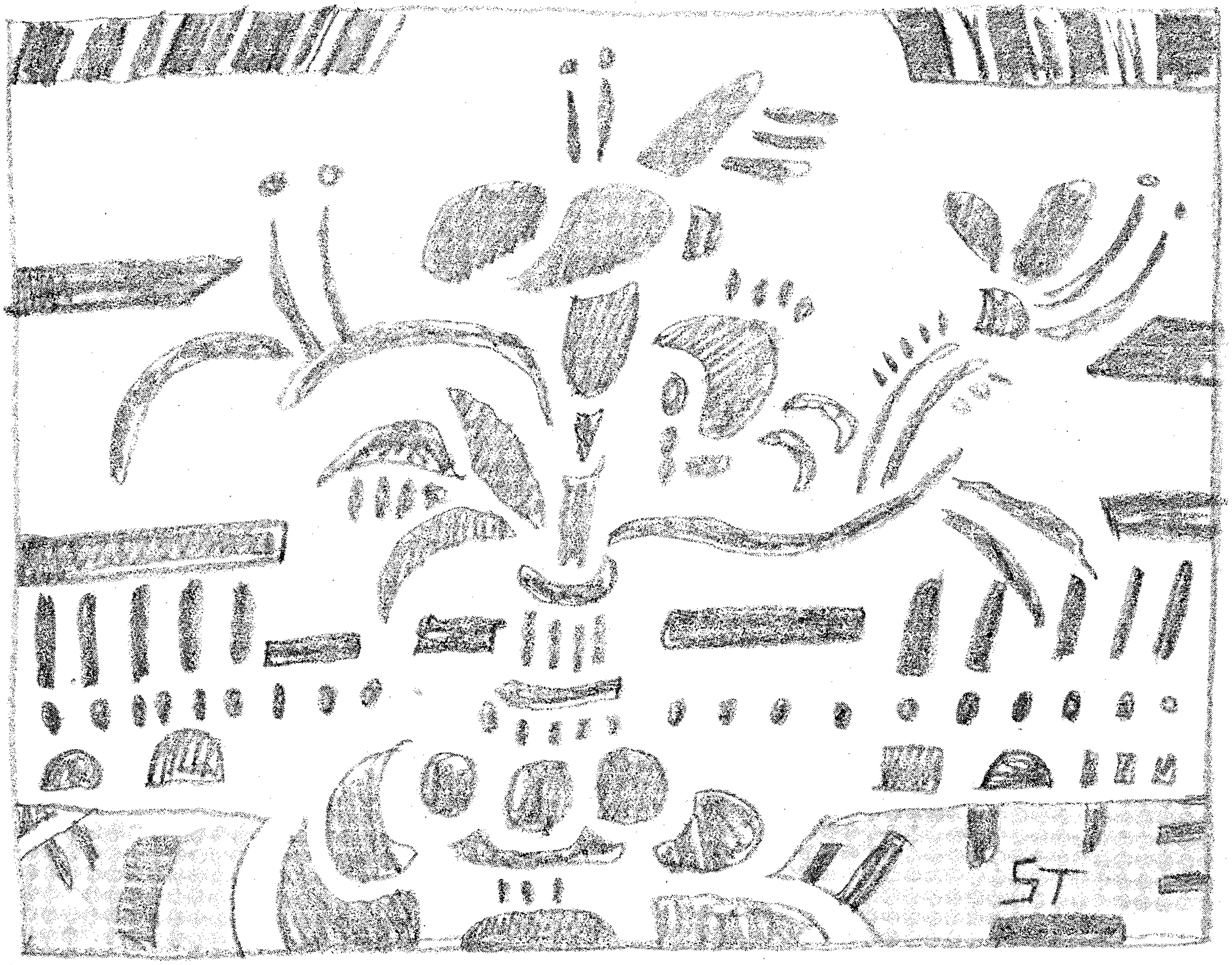
Jane said, "Why, Frank darling, how nice of you to be worried."

And Carter, too, was surprised and amused that Frank didn't know they were beyond all that now.

—JOHN UPDIKE

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

AS GORGEOUS AS IT GETS



I wanted a new fragrance, so I started mixing the finest oils and essences. I worked on one, and that came out lovely. I worked on another, and *that* came out lovely. I put them together and that came out beautiful.—*Estée Lauder on the making of her new scent, Beautiful.*

AWAY with those blue-and-white boxes! Mrs. Lauder wanted pink. Just as the new scent, Beautiful, was to be unveiled before several hundred eager employees at her company's sales meeting in May of 1985, Estée Lauder had had one of her legendary intuitions, and now the packaging was to be changed to a bright pink.

"Don't say hot pink or Shocking pink," her public-relations staff instructed me. "We consider those incorrect. This is Mrs. Lauder's personal choice of an audacious pink. This is Beautiful Pink."

Even as the field executives were flying in from all over the country to the three-day session at the Woodcliff Lake Hilton, in Woodcliff Lake, New Jersey, a shell-shocked inner circle was rallying to produce new samples—not only of boxes but of a host of matching sales accessories to pep up store counters at the time of the scent's September début. For most of the sales meeting's three hundred-odd participants—most of them women, well coiffed, well painted, and very ladylike in their style of dress—the bombshell brought only the slightest shift in the schedule of their seminars. "The New Heroine," the theme, or "color story," of Estée Lauder's new cosmetic promotion for the forthcoming fall was nudged forward; the blushing new Beautiful remained behind closed doors while last-minute transformations were carried out. As unperturbed and placid as some dowager, the "Christmas '85 luncheon" went right on waiting in a ruby-lit ballroom down the hallway, its silent tables all decked out with frosty twigs and shining balls.

"There's a lot of India in the air this year," June Leaman told a group assembled in one of the conference rooms to learn all about the latest color story. "And something country. But not rugged country. Country squire. Country estates. *Rich* country." She was a blonde in her fifties, a shade heavyset, perhaps, and with a manner at once warm and tough. She has one of the biggest jobs—senior vice-president, corporate creative marketing—in a billion-dollar corporation, and her womanly person bespoke, somehow, bulldog battles and pipers paid. "There are heroines all around us," she said. "Prime Ministers. Astronauts. Every one of us here leads a heroine's life." She produced a poster of Willow Bay, a young model, photographed on the streets of London wearing a fair amount of makeup and carrying a pair of bright-red gloves. "This is the New Heroine's beautiful national ad," she said.

Her audience broke into happy applause. There was a jingling of charm bracelets, a fluttering and a flashing of bright lacquered nails. Account executives, regional sales managers, training executives, they would be returning to their territories to pass the word to local store managers and to the seventy-five hundred saleswomen —"beauty advisers"—waiting to earn their commission behind the gleaming Lauder counters in the nation's department stores.

The company launches a whole new palette of colors for eyelids, cheekbones, lips, and nails twice a year; each new palette is wrapped in imagery, a special theme. "Greek Islands," "French Impressionists," "Primitive Worlds," and "Color Transparencies" have been some color stories of past years. "We're a company tuned to conceptualizing," June Leaman told me at the sales meeting. "We never say, 'Here's a nice little lipstick.' We say, 'Here's a great big exciting story and we want to present it to you.' "

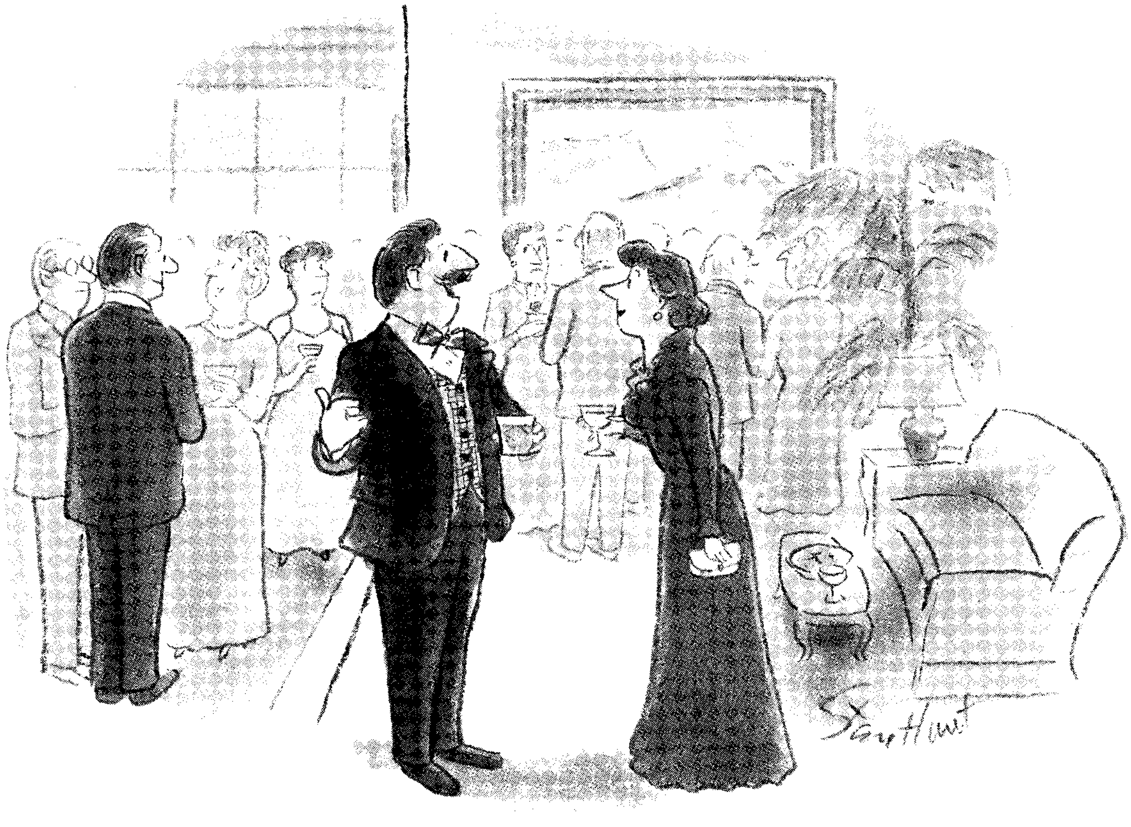
The newly heroic colors were displayed for the group to see: "Greenwood and Greylights eyeshadow . . . a concealer . . . three lipglosses, three cheek glosses, three new shades of smoke-stick, in kickers which will live for the life of the color story."

Sales of the scent called Estée Super Perfume (launched in 1968) were to be boosted by its being tied in to the new campaign. There were special little paisley-print pouches filled with Estée potpourri —an innovation that brought some happy "ah"s from the women, and little sighs. The door of the room was flung wide open then. "Look who's here," June Leaman said.

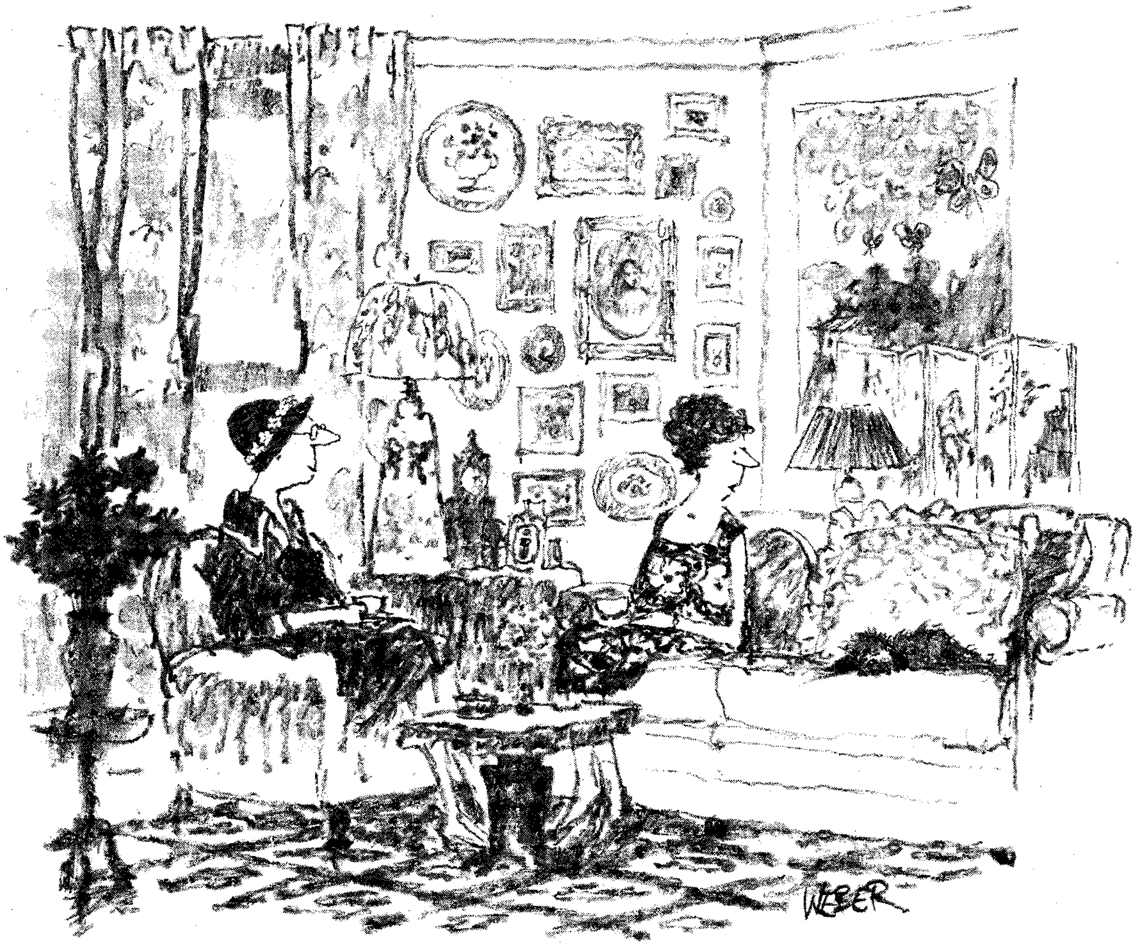
Estée Lauder took some steps into the room, and stopped. She stood there smiling and looking around at the women, who had risen to applaud her. A brass band and "Hail to the Chief" would scarcely seem nicer than this jingling clapping, this abundant returning of red-lipsticked smiles. Clearly, Estée Lauder understood the Ceremonial; you'd think she had watched the Monarchy at work. She lifted one arm and moved her hand back and forth, in her own version of the Royal Wave. She was apparently somewhere in her seventies, a well-corseted figure dressed in a chemise-style dress of red-and-black poppy-patterned silk, with a matching toque-style hat. She had corn-colored hair with flipped-up ends as firmly trained as an espaliered tree; a jaunty makeup; large white teeth; and brown eyes that were strikingly alive and clear.

"Listen, girls. It's easier to get to the top than to stay there," she said, in a New York voice. "You can have the finest product in the world, but if you don't go to sell it it's worth nothing." She wore big diamond ear clips and a diamond pin shaped like a swan. Her hat was draped around the crown and was covered with a red veil. Over one ear was a rosette effect, which seemed to nod for emphasis as she addressed the women—not always distinguishing them from the waiting seventy-five hundred back at home. "When you stop talking, you've lost your customer. When you turn your back, you've lost her. Touch a face. Touch a hand. Say, 'This is for you, this is what I want *you* to wear.' When you're finished, show her her face in a mirror. But don't forget, girls, hold the mirror up—up here. If you hold it down here, she looks terrible, and you've lost her."

The monologue gathered momentum as it rolled along, a stream-of-consciousness performance incorporating slogans, exhortations, memories, tales of glows natural or artificial, rose masks, a hundred and forty-four tubes of hand cream in Michigan some thirty years ago. "Beautiful, the most fantastic fragrance that ever hit the world. . . . Say, 'You know, Mrs. Lauder comes from a family of skin doctors.' . . . There was Germaine Monteil, Helena Rubinstein—all gone. I'm the only one left. . . . Try to walk in in a hat, it makes you look like someone. . . . When I got started, they were selling apples on the street for a nickel, but women came to me, because I touched their faces." She turned, wearing her hat, to the door. "Re-



"Yes, I'm Mr. Edlington, but you're probably looking for the nice Mr. Edlington over there. I'm the Mr. Edlington who's *impossible**."*



"I think Muffie liked Wellfleet, but it's difficult to know for sure."

member, there's no such thing as bad business. If you don't sell, it's not the product that's wrong, it's *you*," she said as she sailed out.

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AT the ruby-lit, wintery-velvety Christmas luncheon, Estée Lauder presented me with nice, woman-to-woman quotations as if they were hors d'oeuvres. She told me all about Beautiful.

"It's like when you were a little girl, you have a rich aunt, she goes to Europe all the time, she smells beautiful, she has wonderful furs."

Each place setting had a little gift package wrapped in Christmas paper and trimmed with small brass bells. There was a mimeographed card, in the handwriting of Bob Barnes—Robert J. Barnes, president of Estée Lauder U.S.A. Candles in glass pots flickered by each plate, their flames reflected in the shiny round balls.

"These are what I call table lights," Estée Lauder said, giving a candle a proprietary push two inches to the right. "I have them in Palm Beach." Estée Lauder has luxurious houses in New York City; eastern Long Island; Palm Beach, Florida; the French Riviera; and Eaton Square, in London. Particularly before she was widowed, in 1983, she was known to throw grand parties for rich, titled, and even royal guests. Not for nothing was "Upstairs, Downstairs" one of her favorite television programs.

"I'm very good at naming," she said. "I named Age-Controlling Creme. Night Repair. Re-Nutriv. All the lipsticks. I named Youth Dew, years ago. I think up names in the middle of the night. I call up my son, Leonard, and say, 'Please have it registered immediately.' "

There was a pause. She smiled, and put her hand over mine. Lowering her voice, she asked if I was married. "Look for a sweet person," she said protectively. "Forget rich."

Then Ira Levy, senior vice-president, corporate marketing, was on his feet, making expansive gestures at a slide-projection screen. A slight, quick man with a close-trimmed beard and an adventurous yet fastidious style of dress, he was wearing, to "present" Christmas '85, a look of childlike rapture. Levy likes to term himself a frustrated architect who happens to design cosmetic packages; the gold-tone lipstick case shaped like a post-modern column was a recent inspiration. Now he had supervised the creation of all kinds of novel containers for Lauder products to give as this year's holiday gifts. It seemed that the theme had to do with art.

"Painterly brushstrokes," Levy was saying, telegraphically. "We looked at Mark Rothko. We looked at Matisse." Deftly eliding, conceptualizing, conjuring a mood, he linked themes of Japanese simplicity and neo-czarist ornament which might, in clumsier hands, have seemed at odds. "It was Mrs. Lauder who said 'Let's make Christmas *looser!* Let's make Christmas *younger!*' " he told the sales executives. "Red is the symbol of our Christmas this year. Red is very important to Mrs. Lauder."

There was a concerted tinkling of the small brass bells as Estée Lauder rose to speak; it wasn't quite as heartwarming as applause.

"This is the first day of Christmas," she sang out, undeterred. "That's why I'm dressed like this. Today is Christmas. Today is the time to sell. Remember, it's easier to get to the top than to stay there. We have a lot of competition, but we are the original. We had our picture of the girl sleeping one way, for the advertisement for our Night Repair; another company gets some old cream and does an advertisement with a girl sleeping on the other side." She folded her hands as if in prayer, laid them first along one cheek and closed her eyes, like the model for Night Repair: Cellular Recovery Complex (a very successful Lauder product), then along the other, like the model for the competing cosmetic manufacturer. A wave of knowing laughter rocked the room. "Ha!

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The cockpit has all the power and elegance of an Armani suit, with sculpted seats ergonomically designed to hug your spine as easily as the Milano hugs the road. It's a car that can take the boredom out of endless straightaways and the tension out of maneuvering high mountain switch-backs. And all this power starts at an introductory price of $12,850** and accelerates to $18,000.**

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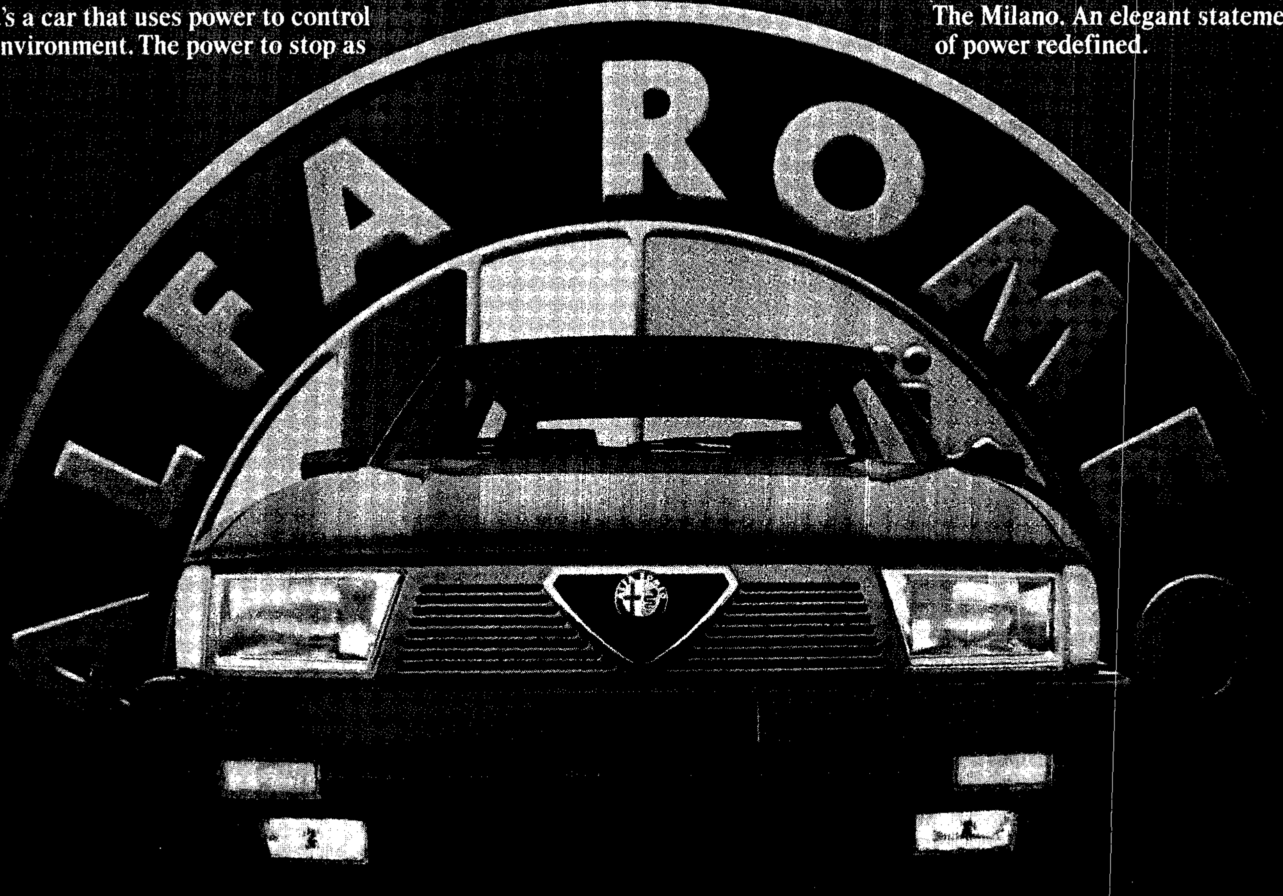

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They don't know what to do," Estée Lauder said, joining in the laughter and leaning forward to slap her manicured hands against the poppy-printed skirt.

MIGHT BE
FOR SALE

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SECRETS are the essence of the beauty business. Estée Lauder's age is as big a secret as the financial figures of her family-held corporation or the final-two-per-cent ingredient in the formula of Beautiful. With zest, she told the sales meeting that a published article had claimed she was eighty-five, and that she had wanted to demand a correction. Leonard Lauder, her elder son—he is fifty-three, and president and chief executive officer of the corporation—had dissuaded her. "He says, 'No, Mother, let them think you're eighty-five and you look so young and pretty. It's good for business,' " she said.

Up to his death in 1983, Joseph H. Lauder had been Estée Lauder's partner for over fifty years. Their son Ronald is eleven years his brother's junior; after serving for some time as head of Estée Lauder International, he left to work for the Reagan Administration, and is currently the American Ambassador to Austria. "He says, 'You can't have two bosses, Mother, and Leonard wants to be the boss,' " their mother told me once, with some regret. In the late nineteen-fifties, when Leonard joined his parents in the business, there was still a mere handful of products, including some made from recipes handed down by Estée Lauder's uncle, a refugee from Hungary. "It was a modest, fine business, with a husband in the factory, six people in the office, and a wife out selling on the road," Leonard Lauder's wife, Evelyn, has said. Since that time, the business has expanded ferociously and at an ever-increasing pace. Today, the corporation, Estée Lauder Inc., consists of Estée Lauder U.S.A.; Estée Lauder International; Aramis, making cosmetic products for men; Clinique, producing an innovative "hypoallergenic" line, introduced in 1968; and the newest Lauder venture, a company called Prescriptives. Lauder companies dominate the market for high-priced cosmetics in this country's department stores and are ranked around fourth on the world market.

Profits in the cosmetic industry are dramatic; competition is cutthroat; espionage, though rarely as blatant as that employed by the late Charles Revson, of Revlon, continues rife. Lauder keeps its corporate secrets, and Estée Lauder keeps her private ones. In the past, she excelled at garnering publicity (often, as she built her business, making up the faces of women who wrote stories about her) while still maintaining a mystique. Many customers vaguely accepted her as some European aristocrat, perhaps already dead; or they confused her with the beautiful young women who represented the company image in her advertisements. But at the time of the sales meeting an unauthorized biography was known to be in the works. And Estée Lauder had been going through family albums and getting help with the writing for a book that would present her own version of her life. Along with Beautiful and the Christmas gifts, some of her secrets would be coming out.

THE field executives filed into a room set up like a stylized laboratory, so they could understand how Beautiful came to be. There was a distillation apparatus, with the cutest wiggles of glass condenser coils and rose-oil-filled flasks. Evelyn Lauder was putting on a white coat for the session, with the rest. A brunette with a lively manner and a radiant smile, she is the vice-president of Estée Lauder Inc., and has worked for the company since 1959. She told me that her mother-in-law is a famous "nose." "She talks about seeing fragrance, tasting it," Evelyn Lauder said. She had herself developed a nose briefly—twice, when she was expecting her two sons. (The pair are in their twenties now: young Gary Lauder is a venture capitalist, while his elder brother, William, is about to join the family firm.)

"Beautiful is our eighth fragrance for women—the first since White Linen and Cinnabar, in 1978," Evelyn Lauder said. The most successful Lauder scent of all time was Youth Dew, which Estée Lauder created—first as a bath oil, on the theory that

Man Who Has Been Everywhere and Is Still Going

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women would have no inhibitions about buying that for themselves—in 1953. "Youth Dew is the largest-selling fragrance in the world," Evelyn Lauder said. "It has sold more than Chanel No. 5. More than Arpège."

It was afternoon, but the faces of the women looked as freshly made up as they had at a peppy breakfast session that morning, when Leonard Lauder challenged them to help put a gold lipstick in every handbag in the country. They sat listening while a young woman in a peach silk dress told them about a creative process involving carnations, ambergris, civet, olibanum, jasmine, and tonka bean. They learned that twenty thousand pounds of tuberose petals make a single, ten-thousand-dollar pound of essential oil. Rebecca McGreavy, senior vice-president, corporate public relations, had eased off her gold ear clips—an unbuttoned gesture quite out of keeping—and was taking notes. Atlanta-bred, with a face to fit an oval frame on the wall of some antebellum drawing room, she wears after a long career of high-level hovering a permanent expression of iron-willed hesitancy. It comes as a surprise that she does not carry short white gloves. "French *Vogue* gave a little party for us one May Day when we were in Paris," she whispered to me, dreamily sniffing at some dried muguet, which was No. 12 on a little tray. There was a clicking of fancy fingernails on miniature mason jars as the women all around her did the same.

"Close your eyes now," said the peach-clad leader of the olfactory meditation session. "Tell me what you smell."

Her audience put nose to jars filled with vermicelli-like strings of vetiver, and sniffed.

"Peanut butter," said a voice, dutifully free-associating.

"Mushrooms," said a second.

"Xeroxing fluid," someone said when patchouli's turn came.

"I smell a wet newspaper," someone else said, when it was myrrh.

Without the genius of Estée Lauder to concoct the secret formula, nothing smelled quite right. She came through the door now, to tell them that one ounce of Beautiful contained the essence of two thousand flowers. "And that's a fact. An honest fact," she said. She told these women about the rich aunt, too, and how the perfume got its name. "I was in Palm Beach. I tried it on one of my friends, she said, 'That's beautiful, what are you going to call it?' I tried it on another lady, she said, 'Oh, Estée, that's beautiful, what are you calling it?' I said, 'You said it.' She says, 'What?' I say, 'Beautiful. That's what I'm calling it. Beautiful.' "

FRAGRANT from their baths, in clouds of Beautiful, the conferees gathered later for their Beautiful Ball.

"The field executives have been asked to wear something pastel," Rebecca McGreavy had told me as I was packing to join them. "It can be short or long."

Rustling like pale water lilies in full-skirted chiffon, silk, or spangled net, they clustered happily in little knots. Crystal facets rainbow-flashed from earlobes under cunningly fixed evening hair. Like Degas dancers, they came to peek and whisper round the doorjamb of the waiting ballroom, made pink and white since ruby lunchtime, as by fairy wand. From Kansas City, Missouri; Orlando, Florida; Greensboro, North Carolina; and Bangor, Maine, they told each other they looked beautiful. Most had risen through the ranks.

"It's great to go back and say you were with Mrs. Lauder."

"She loves the beauty advisers, she never forgets them."

"She touched all our hands."

Estée Lauder was in a floor-length dress of hand-screened pink-and-white silk, with matching scarf, and carrying opera-length white kid gloves. "Don't they look pretty?" she said, waving graciously at the Degas women. "I'm the only one in the entire world to talk to the girls, you know. No one else can do it. They write me letters, too. They're very clever."

Alvin Chereskin, the president of the advertising agency AC & R, was sitting in the solarium of the Woodcliff Lake Hilton the following morning finishing his breakfast. He had a large, strong, bald head, and he sported a flamboyant breast-pocket handkerchief. He has worked in collaboration with June Leaman on Lauder advertising for the past twenty years. After paying tribute to his client Leonard Lauder ("People of great wealth with drive like that—it's rare. We're not talking about an Edsel

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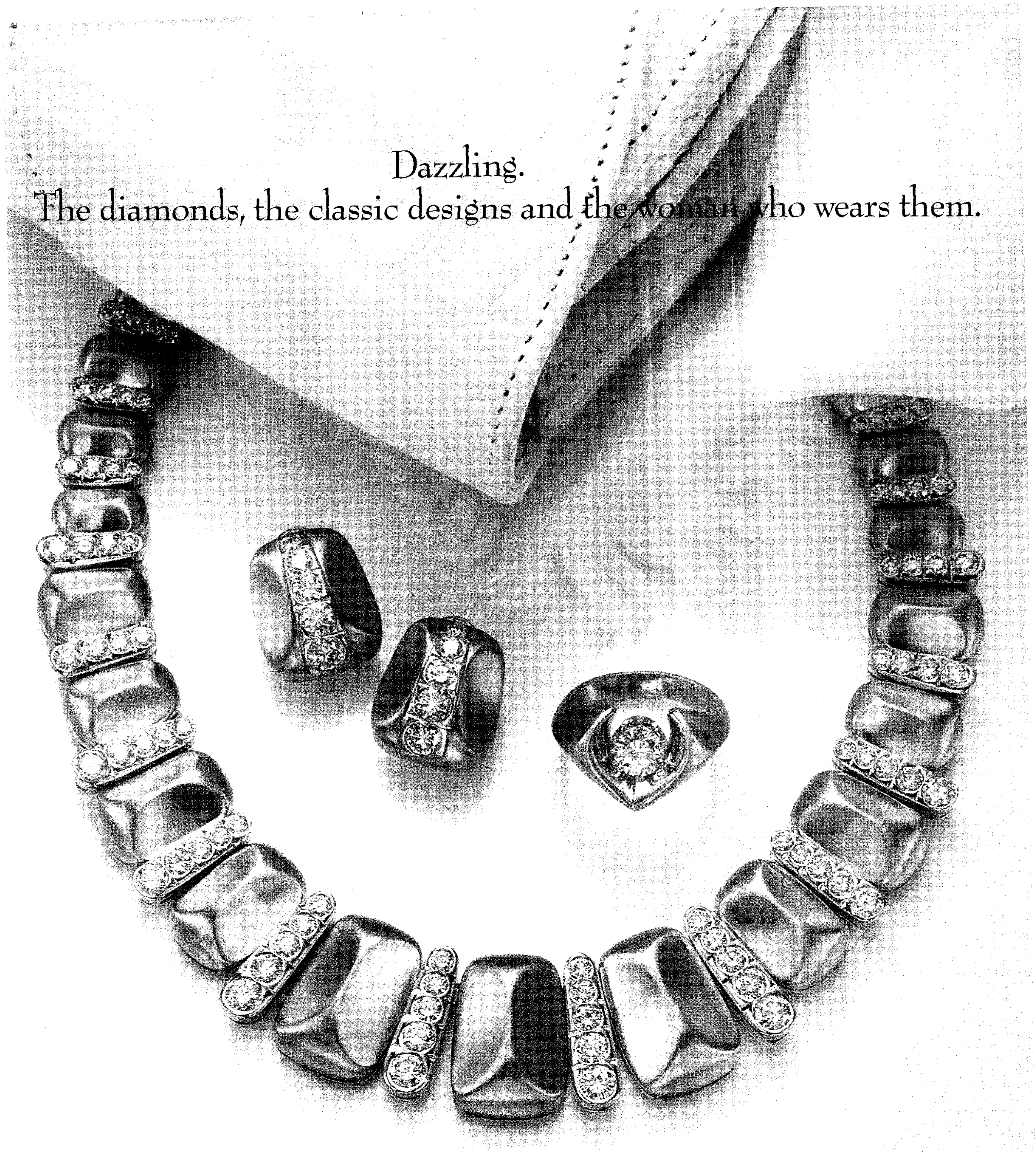

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here"), he told me that the cosmetic industry is one of the fastest-growing industries in the country. "And working women are going to make the industry even bigger," he said. He spoke rapidly, and sometimes stabbed the air for emphasis. "You know, I remember my mother—well, I remember her not looking too terrific sometimes. Then I remember how different she looked when she was going out for an evening. The hair, the dress, the makeup. Ta-ra! Transformed. That doesn't happen anymore."

Indeed, the women seated at the breakfast tables all around us looked as bright of lip and lid as they had the previous midnight at the ball. (Estée Lauder, who had lingered to the last with undiminished energy, was still secluded in her suite, presumably without her makeup on.)

"We've been talking about it for years, but Americans are finally discovering fragrance," Chereskin said. "They really are consuming that now. We're just such a *consuming* public in this country. Books, culture, travel, whatever—we love to spend on ourselves." Chereskin himself is a man with four homes, five cars, and a standing order for batches of books selected for him by Heywood Hill, the booksellers in London's Curzon Street.

I asked him whether wrinkles might not become socially acceptable now that all the baby-boomers were heading for middle age.

Chereskin took off like a rocket. "Let's face it, we all want to look good," he said, practically bouncing in his seat. "We don't want to get old." He reached out and gave my shoulder a little push. "Do *you* want to get fat? Don't you go to the dentist? We don't *want* to get old. Old means ugly. It means depending on other people. It means losing control. That's what frightens us. Oh, no. Staying young is going to stay with us, believe me."

THE stage was set. A department-store cosmetic counter stood at the far end of the hotel conference room, looking oddly stranded and out of context, like a chest of drawers in a Surrealist's desert. Banners of pink fabric hung from the ceiling above the counter and covered the back wall, like some electric dawn. The counter was flanked on one side by a person-size bouquet of mixed garden flowers and on the other by a dressmaker's dummy—a headless torso on a metal pole, draped in a pink smock like the smocks that the beauty advisers would wear during the week of the perfume's launch. Ranged on the glass top of the counter and twinkling from the lights below were bottles of Beautiful—eight "stockkeeping units," familiarly known as S.K.U.s. Four vaguely Art Moderne bottles of softened rectangular shape had lift-off gold metal caps and contained one ounce, half an ounce, or a quarter of an ounce of perfume, or 3.3 ounces of the weaker solution known as eau de parfum. Half-ounce or two-and-a-half-ounce sizes of eau de parfum appeared in bottles with taller, more ovoid silhouettes and with a new spray device, called a "spray-through" cap. There was, to complete the line, a perfume spray made of gilded metal chased with a helter-skelter texture, and a refill for it. The words "Beautiful" and "Estée Lauder" (the first with a white line underneath) stood out in bold upper case, white against the straw-colored liquid. Alongside the bottles, and looming over their pale, soft shapes like flashy dance-hall partners, stood the bold new boxes: pink, undeniably, and each with a rectangular tongue of gold-metal paper at top center. This touch had recently appeared on the green boxes of Lauder for Men, another new scent, which had been launched some weeks earlier, amid a million dollars' worth of free publicity generated by a luncheon thrown by Estée Lauder at the Helmsley Palace for some hundred of "The Most Handsome Men in New York."

The field executives sat in the room, which was heady with the scent of Beautiful and summer flowers. Images were spattering a screen once more.

"What is beautiful?" A playful, urbane voice was inquiring, through a mike. "A lake. A flower. A piece of fruit. A woman."

Alvin Chereskin paced back and forth in front of the screen, then stopped. "Our competition is almost fixated on the use of shock and gimmicks," he told the group, apparently referring to the designer Calvin Klein, who had just launched a scent called Obsession. The advertising campaign, photographed by Bruce Weber, had introduced to the pages of women's magazines hazy images of nudity and group sex. For the more prudish television networks, there had been commercials by Richard Avedon bowdlerizing the debauchery into sketches of attractive, fully clothed people involved in eccentric misbehavior. The line of evil chic begun with Saint Laurent's Opium, of 1977, had recently led to the introduction of Decadence, by the perfume division of Chesebrough-Pond's. And scheduled to appear on the market around the same time as Beautiful was Poison, by Christian Dior.

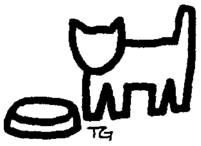
"The name Beautiful is an affirmation of the positive in an environment that dwells on the negative," Chereskin said as the room lights were dimmed and the darkness swelled with the sound of Joe Cocker singing "You Are So Beautiful." A closeup of the head of Willow Bay, half smiling and wearing a bridal veil, loomed into focus on the screen. (There was also a message reading "This is your moment to be Beautiful" and a picture of the bottle.) The watching women gasped.

"Oh, my gosh," said someone, in a Southern voice.

"This is twenty feet of tulle and lace and wonderful little pearls," June Leaman said. "Willow has finally come of age for us, with this photograph."

Willow Bay was twenty-one, and had been appearing sporadically in Lauder advertisements since she was nineteen. She was gradually edging out Karen Graham, a beauty now in her thirties, who for the past thirteen years had been the photographic model summing up the Estée Lauder image. A succession of young women have represented the Estée Lauder image over the past twenty-five years, but the eye behind the camera has remained always the same—that of the Chicago-based photographer Victor Skrebneski.

It fell to Monroe Alechman, Ira Levy's second-in-command, to tell of Beautiful's bottles and the last-minute package redesign. He was a slender man wearing purple socks and a nervous expression, and his exquisitely tailored suits (together with the flair as a dancer which he had demonstrated at the ball) turned him into a kind of Fred Astaire. He spoke animatedly about "art objects," "forms," and an "ideology reflective of Mrs. Lauder's concept." In conclusion, he asked valiantly, "Are we excited and looking pink? We are, we really are."



Estée Lauder, the impetuous colorist, was today wearing the same dress she had worn for the Most Handsome Men—it was a white silk Bill Blass, with a red feather print—and had a little red veiling cap on the espaliered hair. "He didn't tell you the whole story," she said, resting a hand on a freestanding four-foot-high version of the pink-and-gold box. "I got them all crazy yesterday. Everything was so different. 'This is how the box will be, Monroe, do you hear?' " She laughed. "It's because I'm Hungarian; I love life," she said. "I think you should start telling your customers about Beautiful right away. And when you spray them put the sample on their right hand. Your right hand is what you eat with, it's what you comb your hair with. They'll smell it more if you put it there. You know what I say is only good sense."

Then, lightheartedly, like a bride herself, she made her exit, first tossing at the happy group the Palm Beach naming, the rich aunt, and the two thousand flowers.

BEHIND doors all down the hallway, other seminars were taking place at the same time: on the training of the beauty adviser; on getting free publicity; on the arcana of "gift with purchase," known as G. with P.—free samples for a customer who spends a certain amount—and "purchase with purchase" (P. with P.), or special, often non-cosmetic products promoted to a customer who buys cosmetics. The executives sat around skirted tables (a couple of the women took the chance to kick off their high-heeled pumps) and tossed around ideas about marketing promotions with names such as Great Assurances, Major Achievers, and Instant Rewards. Like some splendid insect queen, Estée Lauder descended on the rooms, sparked laughter and applause, and left again. Bob Barnes flung wide the doors before her, urging the groups to their feet for jingling ovations, and closed the doors behind her at the end. He was a solid, compactly built, India-rubber sort of man in a conservative navy-blue suit.

"Call your customer on a rainy day," she told one roomful. "Don't call her on a nice day, because she won't be home."

"I was supposed to be in Europe," she told a different group. "But I stayed to be with you. I'm leaving next week to be with Prince Charles and Lady Di. We're sponsoring him in a polo match. I hope he appreciates it. I hope he wins."

At Estée Lauder, everything ties

Fall's classic look

Black-and-red is the ideal combination for Fall... understated yet with a dash of color. Here, our new exclusive red worsted wool double-breasted cardigan with gold tone buttons and black collar. Sizes small, medium or large. $85 To complement, our black wool flannel 33″ straight skirt with full lining, on-seam pockets and back zip. Sizes 6 to 16. $80

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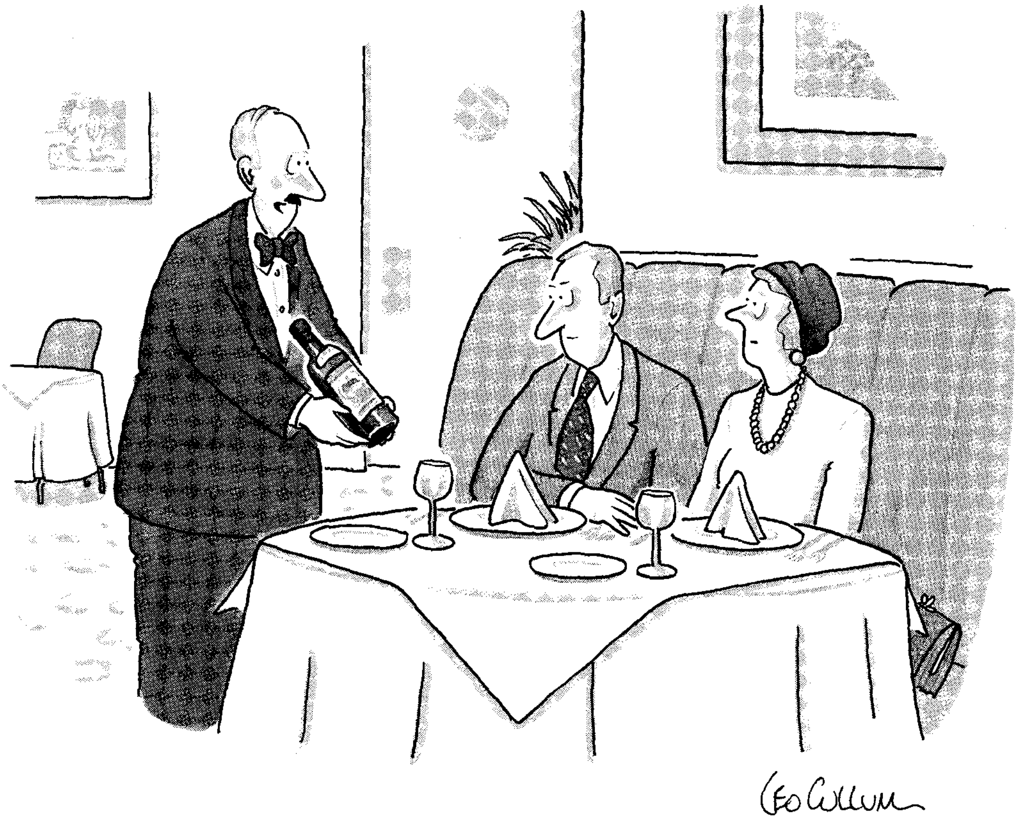


"This is a big wine. I recommend you order some big food."

in. Beautiful, and Christmas, and the new Skin Perfecting Creme: Firming Nourisher, and the story of the founder's life—all were moving onto the market in an interdependent convoy, like a string of barges.

"Be sure to tell your customer it has Firmex and that it works together with Night Repair," she told her listeners.

"I wasn't a New York person, I came from a small town. But I fought! . . . 'Face-lifting without a knife,' it was called, in German, a special facial pack . . . 'The House of Ash Blondes,' that's where I got my start. It was cash before delivery in those days. Now it's an empire!"

One of these rooms had a stranded sales counter, too. Seeing Estée Lauder bustle into position around the end of it and stand behind it moving some jars and bottles a few inches this way or that was like seeing a brain surgeon scrub up. And her dialogue with an imaginary customer seemed to reflect youthful dreams of acting on the stage. "You say, 'I have a glow of a base that's so perfect you're going to love it. I have something that's going to make you look young and fresh.' She says, 'What's that?' As soon as you say 'young and fresh,' you've got her. Keep talking. Don't look down. Look right into her face. And when you give her a sample don't just hand it to her or throw it into her shopping bag. Give it to her like it's precious. Say, 'This is for you. This is what I want you to try.' "

Barnes came bouncing into the hallway at her heels, rubbing his hands.

"That's the kind of stuff they love!" he said, his eyes alight. "That's what I want. Sell! Sell! Sell!"

THE spotlight of attention was the most flattering of cosmetics: as Estée Lauder stepped among the eager, waiting faces, the years fell away. In the no man's land of the hallway, she seemed to age. She sat down on a banquette—carefully, so as not to crease the feather-printed skirt—and called for a cup of coffee. She patted the place beside her, and I sat down as well.

"My father came from a lovely family," she said. "My mother always said to me, 'Your hands! Take care of your hands.' In Europe, when a man kisses your hand he knows all your background from it. My mother was always brushing her hair. Even as a young girl, I only wanted beauty. All for beauty. I don't know where I got that from." She looked dreamy, weary, misty-eyed.

"Fetch me one of those Blockbusters!" she said, rallying and summoning a nearby aide. It was a P. with P. for the new season—a white plastic box about the size of a briefcase, with multiple molded compartments, like an airline dinner tray. Estée Lauder set it on her lap, prized open the lid, and looked down. There were virginal sample quantities of cosmetics—a palette of blue, brown, lilac, green, rose pink, red. "Look at that. How lovely that is," Estée Lauder said. "We lose a lot of money on it. It sells for nineteen ninety-five. At retail, it's a hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar value." She swept her hand over the colors, pointing out a glow.

"All Mrs. Lauder's promotions have a glow," the aide said.

"I always say glow comes from health, from underneath the skin," Estée Lauder said.

We sat side by side, looking down at the white plastic tray. "Isn't that beautiful?" she said. Then she dispatched the aide for a bottle of Night Repair. "Restores damaged cells. Only a few drops, that's all you need," she said. "Sells for forty or fifty dollars. Saks can't keep it in stock." She pressed the little brown bottle into my hand and closed my fingers over it. "Put it in your pocketbook," she said.

"THE creation of anything at Estée Lauder is more of a team effort than anyone can understand," Leonard Lauder said to me. "No one woman can say, 'I see pink!' or whatever. That's not the way things work anymore."

There had been hints at the sales meeting that the new scent had not been christened Beautiful without a lot of anguish among the management team, just as Beautiful had not turned pink with ease. We were sitting in Lauder's office at corporate headquarters, on the thirty-seventh floor of the General Motors building, on Fifth Avenue. Enough weeks had passed for the ruffled feathers to have settled down.

"We have had the actual fragrance for some time," he said. "With this one, we had some difficulty with the name, the presentation, the positioning in the market, the packaging." He had his mother's warm brown eyes and her

La Masculine

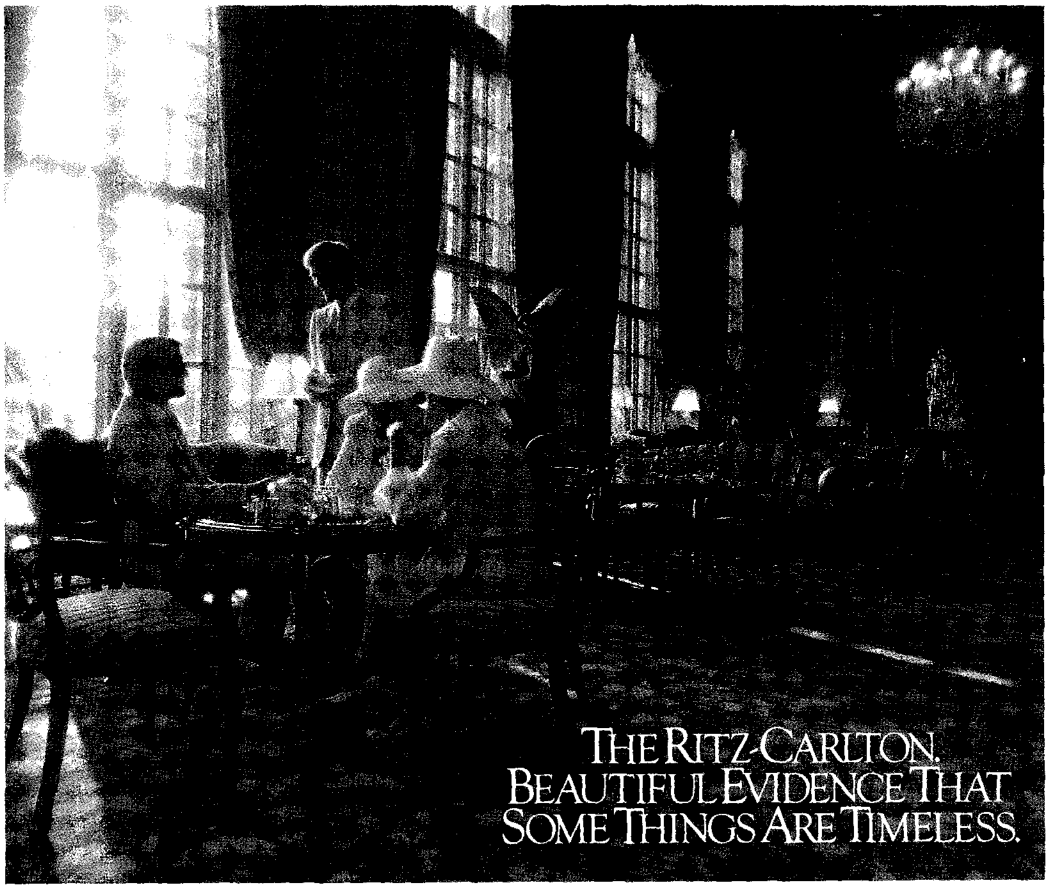
LASSALE
THE HERITAGE IS OBVIOUS.

© Seiko Time Corp., 1986

smile, which in his case turned up at the corners, for a puckish touch. A habit of shooting his eyebrows upward had left a tracery of wrinkles on his broad brow. For all his charm, he seemed a determined man.

"It was Carol Phillips, the president of Clinique, who first thought of the name," he said. "Mrs. Lauder reacted positively to Beautiful right away, and I have learned to rely on her original instincts. We checked it out in the world market. Evelyn Lauder was always in favor of Beautiful. I liked Beautiful because, one, it was audacious, and, two, it had a built-in position. Position? That means the creation of a concept that will properly present a product to the consumer. A classic position would be the Volkswagen bug: a small car, maintenance-free." He spoke fast, sometimes punctuating with a professorial "Now." "Obsession has a built-in position: it's sexy. Our own White Linen has a built-in position: it's crisp. We had code-named the new fragrance Project Elle, but we didn't really want to use Elle, because it was the name of a magazine and because we felt that the market had gone beyond that. We also considered E.L., but we felt that that was too conservative. We had the two-thousand-flowers idea, something like Mille Fleurs, and we had Été, the French word for summer, but that was too close to White Linen and it looked like a misspelling of Estée."

Lauder's private life—whether jogging, operagoing, reading, art collecting, or skiing in Aspen, where he has a house—seems somehow purposeful and hungry, like his style at work. Even the oblivion of sleep is harnessed, like the waters at a hydroelectric dam. "The fragrance was approved sometime in January," he said. "Mrs. Lauder felt good about it. Evelyn Lauder felt good about it. They called me up—woke me up, as a matter of fact. I was in Europe, and they got the time wrong. After that, the name was this for a while, then it was that. In March, I was in Aspen, Mrs. Lauder was in Palm Beach, everyone else was in New York. I said, 'Look. I'll be in New York on Wednesday. By Friday, I'll make the decision.' Mrs. Lauder said, 'Fine, I'm tired of all this.' She's a good trouper. We're a good team—if you lose, you're still going to go ahead and get behind the product. On Friday at five, I went over to a space we have at 660 Madison with Ira Levy, June Leaman, Evelyn Lauder, Bob Barnes. I still liked the audacity of Beautiful, and I decided on that. Now, we also decided on the blue-and-white packaging that day. But somehow on the way to the package it lost a lot of its original energy and strength. And after about the fiftieth time I looked at the package I was feeling really uncomfortable with it. Mrs. Lauder said it seemed O.K. to her, but I was still uncomfortable. Then, on the Saturday before the sales meeting, I took a nap. While sleeping, I dreamed of a new package theme: the theme of Lauder for Men, but done throughout our fragrance line. Yes, I just had a dream! Like Jacob in the Bible. I have learned to listen to my dreams. It doesn't happen very often, but whenever it does the result has been a fabulous commercial success. Once, I dreamed that our competitor had a new product that had never been done before. I woke up all upset. Then I realized it was only a dream, and they had no such product. So we made it ourselves, and it was a great success. I called Mrs. Lauder to tell her about my dream for Beautiful. I said, 'I want to do a blue-and-white package but with a pink liner and a gold



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tongue, like Lauder for Men.' And she said, 'Fine, but I want to make it pink on the outside, too.' ”

“WHEN she said 'pink,' it was like being hit in the stomach,” Ira Levy told me, in his office, at around the same time. “Mrs. Lauder *hated* pink for years. But Mrs. Lauder is amazing. She has the ability to galvanize people. She's kept *me* galvanized for twenty years. She sees everything, you know. When she's in Europe, even if she's only in her car being driven down the King's Road, you may be sure she has her nose pressed to the glass. The other day, she was telling me about being at the races at Longchamp and watching some Baronne—de Rothschild, I think it was—get out a big white compact. Round like a saucer, Mrs. Lauder said it was, like Rita Hayworth's compact. I knew everything about that compact from the way she told me—about how the woman took out the puff and just went like this.” He did an imitation of Mrs. Lauder's imitation of the woman expansively applying her powder puff.

Packages for Estée Lauder skin treatments and makeup have traditionally been a discreet robin's-egg blue (referred to reverentially as Estée Lauder blue) ornamented only by the founder's forceful signature, in gold. But the packages for Estée Lauder Sun, a 1985 line of products to promote or prevent suntanned skin, had dramatically broken through the tranquil aquamarine line. “Mrs. Lauder said, 'I want bright yellow!' ” Levy said, with an imperious gesture of his whole arm. “ 'No. Brighter. Like the *sun!*' ” The line had been a commercial success, giving the company courage. “If this were two years ago, and you'd shown me that pink, I would have said, 'It's not right for Lauder, it'll upset the balance of nature on our counters.' But design is about change. Just think: if this were 1972 and we were to show a bridal ad, Gloria Steinem would be leading a march to the barricades. But this is what is around us now. We are bourgeois, but with zappy accents: the new bourgeoisie, in their co-op lofts, with very proper, conservative table linen, serving—oh, scallops on a bed of pumpkin purée with shiitake mushrooms, or something.”

Levy told me he had been among the majority of the inner circle of management who had resisted the name Beautiful. “I found it hard to focus on it, I was embarrassed by it,” he said. “For a woman to wear a fragrance called Beautiful . . . I kept saying, 'But what if she's *not* beautiful?' I liked Été for a name. It related to Estée, and to summer as a state of mind.”

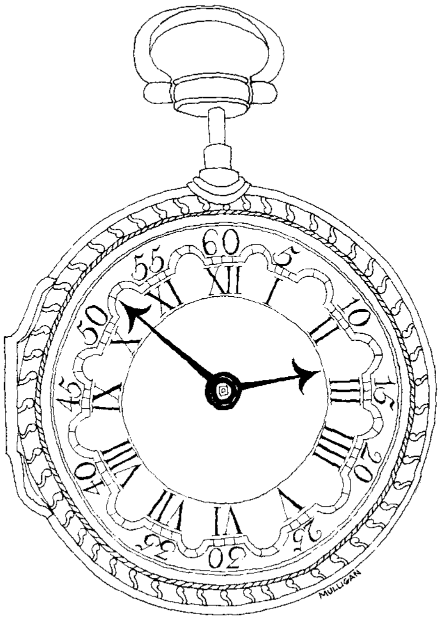
Time heals all, and he was able to give an amicable shrug. “That's the creative process here,” he said. “We're allowed to develop our own positions and then fight it out. Of course, this is a political place. It's like a court. But I happen to like life at court.” He had a twinkle in his eye. I could easily picture him in doublet and hose.

He began flipping through the pages of a book of photographs of life and art in Japan, soaking up the images with a look at once ecstatic and businesslike. There was a page with a blue, blue sea and fishing nets in lines like jewels, and a second page with a blue-and-white wave design.

“That's what was going down the line,” Monroe Alechman said, pausing as he passed through the room to glance over Levy's shoulder. “The rest is history.”

“I have tried very hard to get the focus on the simple kind of beautiful, the more Japanese kind of beautiful,” Levy said. “The Japanese have this word '*shibui*'—a concept of taste, harmony. The beauty of thoughts and words, like haiku. Minimal things, like the Imperial Gardens.”

The broken pediment at the top of the A.T. & T. Building was outside the window beyond his head. He had recently finished working on his dream house in Connecticut, based on his own neo-Palladian ideas. “I sense that I am changing,” he said. “I am turning my eyes in the direction of the spiritual now. Perhaps it is because I am in touch with nature. Just this morning, when I woke up and looked out on the patio I saw three deer.”



REBECCA McGREAVY and her public-relations staff were kept busy in the summer months before the launch.

“The most fun thing of a launch is getting the fragrance into the hands of people who'll enjoy it,” she told me, in her magnolia-blossom voice, describing one aspect of a formidable machinery. Estée Lauder was still in Europe; I looked into her empty office, with its Louis XVI furniture and its opulent silk curtains and its generous Central Park view. There was a portrait of a happy-looking Estée Lauder dancing with her husband, taken by the photographer Norman Parkinson. He had also photographed her for the story on Beautiful to appear in October's *Town & Country*. Mrs. Lauder had been in Paris at the time of the new portrait, attending a Beautiful orientation meeting of Estée Lauder International's general managers. There had been the pink-and-white dress with the scarf, and what Rebecca McGreavy called “a floral tribute even more lovely” than the New Jersey version, and Parks, as he is called, running around the Plaza Athénée in his funny little embroidered hat. For the sitting, he had linked up scarf and flowers most imaginatively. “He got a little carried away with the scarf,” Rebecca McGreavy said.

On an end table by a plump silk-covered sofa was a framed snapshot of Estée Lauder arm in arm with George Bush. There were also photographs of her beaming away with the President.

Phyllis Melhado, the public-relations officer for Estée Lauder U.S.A., came to join us. She has a mass of dark wavy hair, which she wears sometimes (as on this occasion) pulled back and sometimes on her shoulders, loose and free; her hobby is horseback riding. The two women looked at each other, then back at me.

“Shall we begin in the little room, do you think, Phyllis?” Rebecca McGreavy said.

A windowless room some twelve feet square had been specially consecrated to instructing the fashion press about the new scent. Pink walls cast a glow on us and on the yellow-filled bottles that stood on a glass tabletop next to another lavish arrangement of flowers. A white peony had let fall some petals onto the glass, and a pinch of egg-yolk-colored pollen. The scent was overpowering.

The birth of Beautiful would be marked by an advertisement financed jointly by Estée Lauder Inc. and the Neiman-Marcus stores, which would run in newspapers in Texas on Sunday, September 15th. Department stores all over the country would be running their jointly financed newspaper advertisements between September 22nd and October 13th. The company's bride would simultaneously begin fluttering into the magazines of the nation and the world, like confetti. Along with what Rebecca McGreavy called the "salvo of advertising," the heavy artillery was to be mobilized: Estée Lauder herself would sally forth to the cities of Washington and Dallas sometime after Labor Day.

"Don't call them 'personal appearances,' " Rebecca McGreavy said. "Mrs. Lauder will merely *be* in those cities at the time of the launch."

Evelyn Lauder, for her part, would go to Boston and Chicago, giving interviews and appearing at Jordan Marsh and Marshall Field's. And, between them, Rebecca McGreavy and Phyllis Melhado were personally instructing several hundred women—the country's writers on topics of fashion and beauty—beginning with those from glossy magazines with months-long lead times and moving on through the weeklies to the daily papers.

"We don't really have to *teach* them," Phyllis Melhado said.

"It's an interplay," Rebecca McGreavy said. "It's fun to present Beautiful, because of their enthusiasm. Beautiful as a fragrance has been *loved*."

The pair seemed to vibrate with excitement in the little room; they tripped over each other's sentences.

"When they walk in here, they always go, 'Ooh, isn't this beautiful.' "

"We let them stand there and look. Then we say, 'Mrs. Lauder says it takes two thousand fresh flowers to make a single ounce of Beautiful.' "

"We spray it on them. We spray it on us. We talk about the bottles, and the packaging."

"All the while oohing and ahing about the way our wrists smell."

"We stroke the bottle and say we think of it as a touchstone."

The two had had to make some changes in their wardrobes.

"Phyllis and I love to wear red. But you can't really wear red next to pink," Rebecca McGreavy said.

"Rebecca found a pink dress," Phyllis Melhado said. "I'm sticking with white for now."

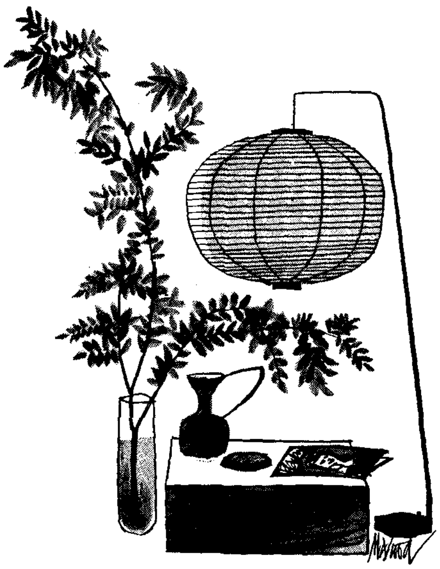
Down the hallway, in what the two women referred to as the big room—a much larger, conference-size room, set up to present Beautiful to the representatives of retail stores—we met up with Bob Barnes. He sat down at another glass-topped table and folded his arms; he wore a heavy gold signet ring with a yellow stone.

"Everyone in America is going back to being married," he said. "They are respecting the American flag more." He unfolded his arms and brought his hands together with a manly clapping sound. "We really think we have some tremendous tie-ins here," he said. "If a lady ever looks good, it's going to be on her wedding day."

The table was set with a silver coffeepot, pretty pastries, and books artfully opened at Redouté roses and Harry Winston gems.

"This is positively the biggest, strongest promotional effort we have ever made," he said. "Lots of electronic media. Lots of direct mail. Inserts in all the magazines and in catalogues. Presidential letters." These last were letters sent out by store presidents to charge-account customers asking them to try the scent. Estée Lauder provided a draft, which might be "signed" by the presidents or by Estée Lauder herself. "One store wants four hundred thousand," Barnes said. "They are so enthusiastic they want to tell the world."

There was a store counter along one wall, in full Beautiful regalia. Not just the bottles, boxes, and smock by now but all the "collaterals," or promotional accessories—pink-and-gold paper shopping bags in four-inch and fourteen-inch sizes; plastic countertop display stands shaped like tongues of hot-pink flame, to hold test-spray bottles; the gold-cased Re-Nutriv lipstick, Polished Performance nail lacquer, and Tender Blusher, of the special Beautiful Pink cosmetics collection; and a huge glass urn, shaped and spigoted like a samovar, for the procedure known as "dramming."



"When a customer comes into the store, she is handed a small vial and what we call a referral card," Rebecca McGreavy explained. "She takes the vial to the counter, where it will be filled with a sample of eau de parfum from the urn."

"We were the originators of dramming," Barnes said. He had folded his arms again and was looking over at the pink-and-gold panorama with some satisfaction. "It creates interest around the counter."

Willow Bay was half smiling at us from her photograph on a silvery store easel. The bride would appear in both print and television advertisements. And the song "You Are So Beautiful," rearranged and sung in what Barnes called a "more refined way" than Joe Cocker's, would be heard on radio and on television. This unity was very much of a plus, Barnes said—something different from the competition.

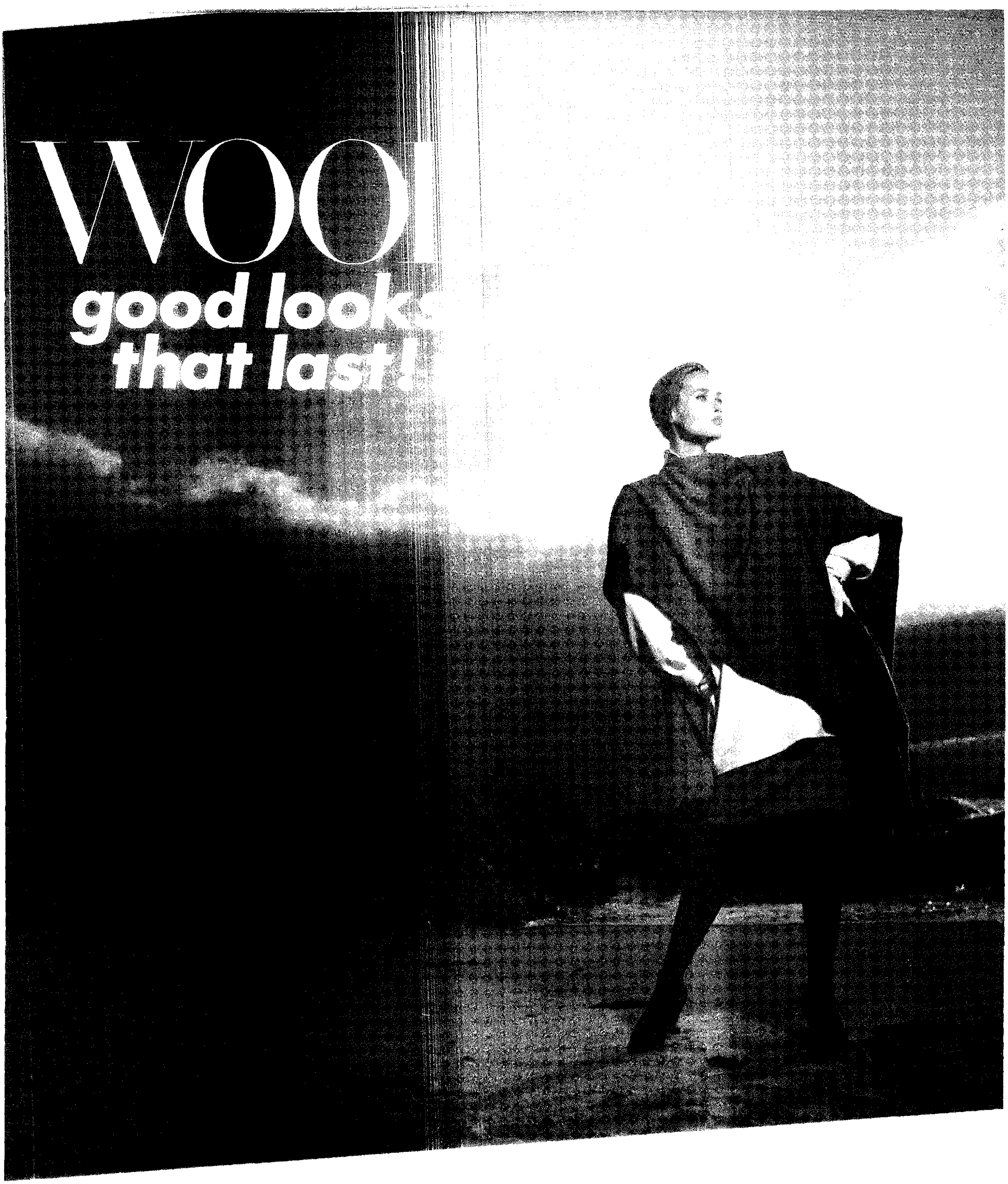
I asked how Obsession had affected Beautiful.

"Beautiful was in the works before they even came out with Obsession," Barnes said testily. "We've never been sensational or faddy." He had been holding the earpieces of his reading glasses together in one hand; now he opened them wide and chewed briefly on one end. "I guess you could say we are returning to things that are nice," he said, with care. "Emphasizing the positive instead of the negative."

"Mrs. Lauder believes that people are recommitting themselves to lovely traditional things," Rebecca McGreavy said, and smiled.

"TA-RA! Ta-ra!"

Alvin Chereskin, his head covered by a fancy silk handkerchief knotted at the four corners, stepped out from the portico of the mansion with the bride on his arm. The rest of his outfit made one think of some Hollywood director of the Josef von Sternberg era. For the television commercial, Estée Lauder Inc. had rented the mansion at a daily rate from the



There's more to wool than meets the eye or hand. Wool is comfortable because it breathes, one of the reasons it feels so good. Wool tailors so well and keeps its beautiful appearance, wearing after wearing... season after season. Whatever your style, you'll enjoy dressing more when you wear wool.

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owner, a grandson of the industrialist and philanthropist Henry Phipps. The grand curving staircase had been used in the past for a Christmas Blockbuster commercial; the balustrade of the Italianate garden for White Linen; and the reflecting pool (with rented swans) for an advertisement for Estée Super Perfume. The rumble of the Long Island Expressway could be faintly heard from somewhere off beyond the ha-ha and the arboretum.

Willow Bay, in a fifteen-thousand-dollar bridal gown and with what was by now far more than twenty yards of tulle secured to her head with a tiara of fresh rosebuds, was emerging from a lengthy seclusion with the makeup man. Some fifty people were milling on the sloping lawns: camera and lighting people; teamsters, grips, and gofers; June Leaman (back from a trip to Provence, and wearing a T-shirt that said "Fondation Maeght"); Chereskin's copywriter and his executive art director (wearing a pink Lacoste, in honor of "the product"); a real French director, wearing Indian-style pajamas and a long ponytail; a five-year-old girl named Nicole Ganz, dressed in lace and rosebuds, as a flower girl; and Nicole Ganz's mother, in jeans. Every single one of these people, in these dog days of summer, was more or less tinged by a tan. Except Willow Bay. Her skin was milk-white, fine, translucent, like something from another world. A pale hint of lavender vein swam branchingly under the bisque, at her temple.

"You'll find most cosmetic models don't tan," David Leonard, the makeup artist, told me. "We have too much trouble matching the face and the hands if they do. And we're always working a season ahead." He had prepared the young woman by rubbing foundation on her pale neck and her chest, which was so thin you could see the soft ridges of the upper ribs. He had powdered the long, slender arms, with their down of fine blond hair. He had painstakingly painted and overpainted the canvas of her face, concealing from the world at large a tiny scar, as from a tomboy childhood, next to the outlined bow of a Beautiful Pink-lipsticked mouth.

"She looks very matte," June Leaman said. And she was fretting about a line of black pencil that Leonard had drawn along the roots of Willow Bay's lower lashes. "Her eyes are narrow. She can look squinty, if we're not careful. Especially when she's backlit."

"Action!"

Willow Bay came running out from under a tree in an ectoplasmic drift of tulle. Her course took her closely past the film camera and a cluster of ten-foot silk panels and tinfoil screens, for directing and diffusing the light of the hot summer sun.

"When she hits those silks, there will be a moment when she's beautiful," Chereskin said. He went back to shouting directions through a megaphone, grudgingly deferring to the French director and bellowing for scissors in order to add or subtract lengths of tulle.

"See that lace? The sunlight coming through? I want it. It's rich."

"Action!"

"Better!" Chereskin shouted encouragingly. "Better! Better! Nice."

A fluffy white cloud came puffing into the blue sky above the Doric columns of the white gazebo that stood at the top of the sloping lawn; he fell in love with the effect. A perfect Gainsborough, or perhaps a Constable, he said. After all, he had trained as a painter, and hadn't set out to be an advertising man. The bride ran over

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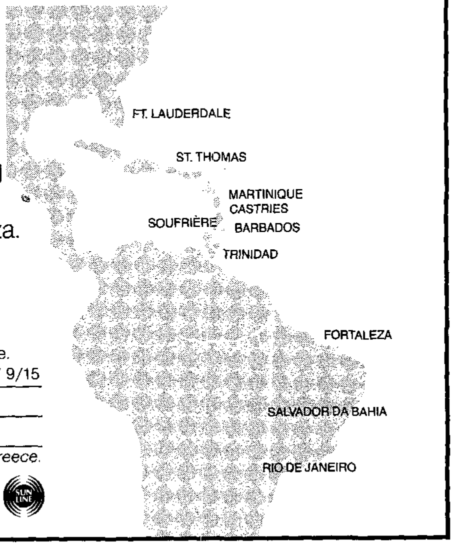


the lawn again. ("Like a white heifer," Willow Bay said later, with a grin. She is an intelligent young woman, with a college degree.)

"I've had two weddings, and neither of them was remotely like this," June Leaman said, looking on from a lawn chair. The pale arms were pumping, the knees pushing up under the snowy skirts. It would look more romantic when the film was run in slow motion.

"Willow is really of the eighties," Chereskin said, dropping into a canvas chair and mopping at his face. "She's a big girl, with today's androgynous look. She's not even perfect-featured. But who's perfectly beautiful these days anyway? Elizabeth Taylor was probably the last of the great beauties. Even the legendary Hollywood beauties were very careful about how they were filmed or photographed. Probably had it all written into their contracts. Did you know that Claudette Colbert insisted on being shot from one side, her best side? If you can find a shot of the wrong side of Claudette Colbert's face, I'll give you a hundred dollars."

The French director had to consult Chereskin about the storyboard. "Zee little girl, she is also running?"

Now, like a foal at the flank of its mare, the child came trotting in white satin slippers next to the speeding bride. Rosebuds ringed a fluff of spun-gold hair; multicolored ribbons from her posy streamed behind her as she ran.

"She likes it when she can look pretty," the child's mother said, watching. "I called yesterday to make sure she was really going to be on camera this time. Last time, they had another little girl, who was Nicole's double, and they went with her. Nicole kept asking when it was going to be *her* turn. She's old enough to understand rejection, and I can't put her through that again."

Between takes, the child was burying her button-shaped, kitten-pink nose in the bouquet, then looking out of the corner of her eye to see if any grownups were watching her.

"She goes to two or three auditions a week," her mother said. "I tell her all the kids can't get the job, and she understands that. She's done five or six commercials. Peanut Clusters. Shuffletown toys. She was an extra on Hi-C."

Nicole came skipping over to her mother and reached for the biggest of the strawberries on a nearby plate.

"Was that fun, the running?" the woman asked, fluffing her daughter's lace sleeves and setting the rosebuds straight on her head. "I saw you follow your direction very well." Firmly, she separated her daughter from the strawberry, which was dripping juice.

"Did you see when I looked up at the bride?" the little girl asked.

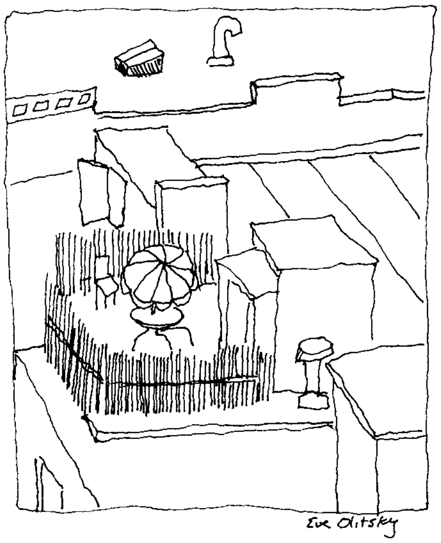
"I DON'T think decadence is wrong," Alvin Chereskin was saying. "I think it's kind of kicky and cute."

We were now indoors, where the remaining split-second scenes were to be shot, in a tall, white-curtained second-floor room with a Biedermeier mirror standing on a parquet floor. Powerful movie lighting, more reliable and more flattering than mere sun, was directed in through the windows from platforms planted on hydraulic stilts on the gravelled garden path. Chereskin leaned his elbow on a mantel in a pause while the lighting people trimmed their arcs.

"Obsession was brave, different, daring," he said. "It took a stance. But it was Obsession by Calvin Klein. You couldn't have Obsession by Estée Lauder."

As a creative man, Chereskin had to push the limits, just the same. He had wanted to try some scenes with an unclothed bride, gauzily veiled, contemplating her own beauty in the mirror. "Sex! What is that but *life*, after all?" Chereskin asked. "We're all of us selling sex, because we're all selling life. Of course, Calvin is going beyond sex. He's trying to legitimize things normally hidden. But all of us have some little black hole deep in the psyche. You can't control your fantasies, your dreams. We're all voyeurs, to some extent."

Indeed, a Peeping Tom was standing outside the upstairs window now, manning his film lamp and peeking from behind big, wilting branches of camouflaging shrubbery. But the idea of gauzy nakedness, even with a flesh-colored bodystocking, had been vetoed in advance by the taste committees at the television networks.



June Leaman was resolutely opposed as well. "Alvin's like a dog with a bone sometimes," she said. "I have to say, 'Alvin, let *go*.' "

Willow Bay, wearing her bridal veil over a rather graceless beige silk undershirt and French pants—a compromise, but visible clothing, at least—waited in an adjacent cool green room. She sat crouched on a little footstool, her arms locked around her skinny knees, and looking wraithlike under a pyramid of tulle that ended in a cascade of spume all around her on the green rug. David Leonard sat knee to knee with her, whispering like her confessor and from time to time reaching with his tail comb under the tabernacle of the veil to tweak at some lock of hair.

The heat of the lamps had cracked the mirror. Desperate telephoning went on. The only substitute had already been requisitioned for the set of "All My Children." Lieutenants were sent off in search of a local glazier. Chereskin, saying he was very superstitious and Russian peasant about these things, slumped in a chair, threw his handkerchief over his face, and moaned.

The mirror was repaired. Willow Bay stepped up to it on cue, widening her eyes and crowning herself with the rosebud tiara and the veil. The camera rolled and stopped, rolled and stopped again. June Leaman stood in the doorway out of camera range and glowered. "If I were a woman turning on the TV, I'd wonder what the hell that girl was doing, standing there in her underwear," she muttered. She had earlier assured me that Chereskin's flight of fancy would not make it to the final cut. "I don't want to get any angry letters. And we feel that the pendulum is swinging back to traditional values. Group sex, ménages à trois—with the return to religion, all that will vanish. You don't find the born-again Christians going for that sort of thing."

THE manufacturing plant, warehouse, and distribution center of Estée Lauder Inc. in Melville, Long Island, are within a stone's throw of the Long Island Expressway, too—

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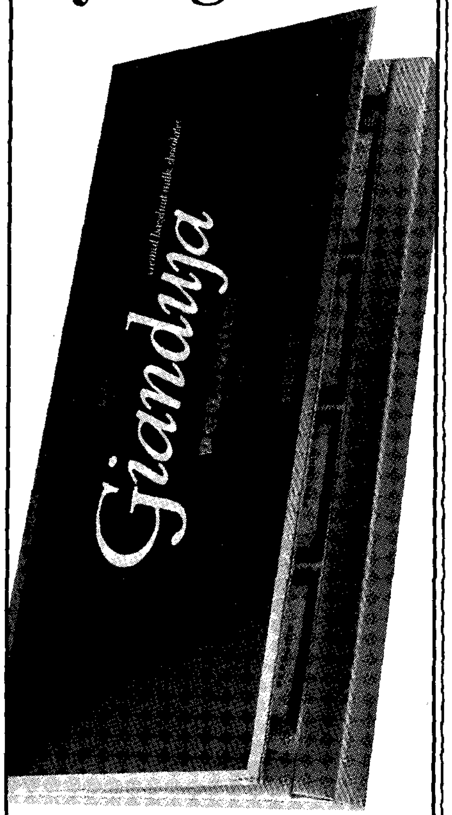

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close enough that when Estée Lauder is being driven to her house on the Island she can catch a satisfactory glimpse of her name lit up high on the factory's wall. "I think, Is this all *mine*?" she told me once. And years ago, she said, there was just a little factory in New Hyde Park, New York, whose handful of workers she would visit each day at four o'clock, bearing cakes and cookies.

At the Melville plant, by the third week of August, Beautiful was out of the starting gate and running neck and neck with the bride. Manufacture was well in hand, and distribution a matter of some urgency.

"Everyone is against the wall with something new," Jack Doran told me when I went out to visit the plant. Doran, a vice-president in charge of day-to-day operations, was a feet-on-the-ground sort of fellow with a dense thatch of ginger hair and a background in Pennsylvania and the steel business. He had been responsible for ushering Beautiful—mixed, bottled, capped, packaged, and attended by its collaterals—down the plant's production line in a schedule that was simultaneously digesting the seasonal bulge of Christmas goods. "There's a new mold for the glass shapes, and there's the color for the metallized packaging," he said. "The testers, the banners, the shopping bags—a lot of handwork, and these things are not cheap. Then, it's always impossible to predict what will catch the consumer's eye, and orders may be bigger than our forecast. We have to be sure the converters who make the bottles and the caps are ready, and the people who do the lettering. Some of the parts come from France."

Doran handed me a white disposable cap before we walked out on the factory floor, and he donned one himself; it looked as though some maverick pancake had landed on his thatch. He opened a door onto a room where lipsticks were being born. Roller mills like giant mangles ("Same as they use in the paint industry," Doran said) were slowly turning and turning—grinding powdered pigments and blending them with castor oil. The gluey mixture—red-red, orange-red, blue-red, pink, and coral—spread across the rollers, dripped slowly, slurp-slopping, into waiting pans, then came around to be rolled all over again. Along the sides of the room stood shiny round-bottomed stainless-steel caldrons, some waist high and some so tall they had metal access stairs alongside. Each caldron was labelled with a hand-scrawled sign saying "Ginger Flower," "Plum Brandy," or "Rose Mist." Men in red-smudged white shirts and pants and with pancake hats like our own moved with a scuffing of work shoes on tiled floor to mount the stairs and peer into the hot lipstick mixture, or set it swirling with big mechanical paddles. The air was blanketed with acrid, waxy-smelling steam. Here and there stood drums, barrels, and outsize ice-cream cartons—part of a constant traffic of bulk-packed raw materials and finished products travelling between the factory and the automated warehouse, some hundred yards away.

"This is your creams-and-lotions lab—your big stuff," Doran said, sidestepping what looked like a huge black oil drum but was marked "Swiss Treatment Shampoo," and entering a cavernous space filled with even larger kettles, larger drums, and swimming-pool-size tanks. Here was a purposeful temple, a humming engine room of beauty, served by fat coiled pipes, broad expanses of metal platform, hoists, meters, gauges, paddles, and computerized consoles with flashing lights. Seven hundred and fifty gallons of Skin Perfecting Creme was steaming away on one side, like a huge pot of hot, pale custard. On the other, a matching pot of Greaseless Body Lotion had progressed to the stage of cooling down; condensation sparkled from the kettle's silvery rounded bottom, like big cold tears. A white-clad man was beginning a fresh operation in a third kettle, as yet empty: taking telephone-book-size slabs of white beeswax, cracking them in half against the rim, and tossing them in with an echoing boom.

Doran and I moved on to another large chamber, this one unmanned, and crowded, like some moonlit African village, with tall, silvery conical-roofed storage tanks. "There are from one thousand to three thousand gallons in each of these tanks," Doran said. "These are for the alcohol-based products—your astringents, colognes, perfumes." Somewhere, there was a tank of Beautiful. De-ionized water and alcohol—far and away the largest ingredients of all such liquid beauty products—were pumped in from special tanks placed safely outside the building. This room was built to be explosion-proof: it had blow-out roof hatches and a non-friction floor. The air in here was pleasantly but indefinably sweet.

Free samples of Beautiful were to be distributed to the factory workers that evening as they left for home, Doran said.

I asked if he expected them to be excited, and he gave something like a shrug.

"You've always got some new product coming out," he said. "Fall colors, summer, sun, Christmas. They get a free gift every two months, plus they get to buy things in a boutique at discount."

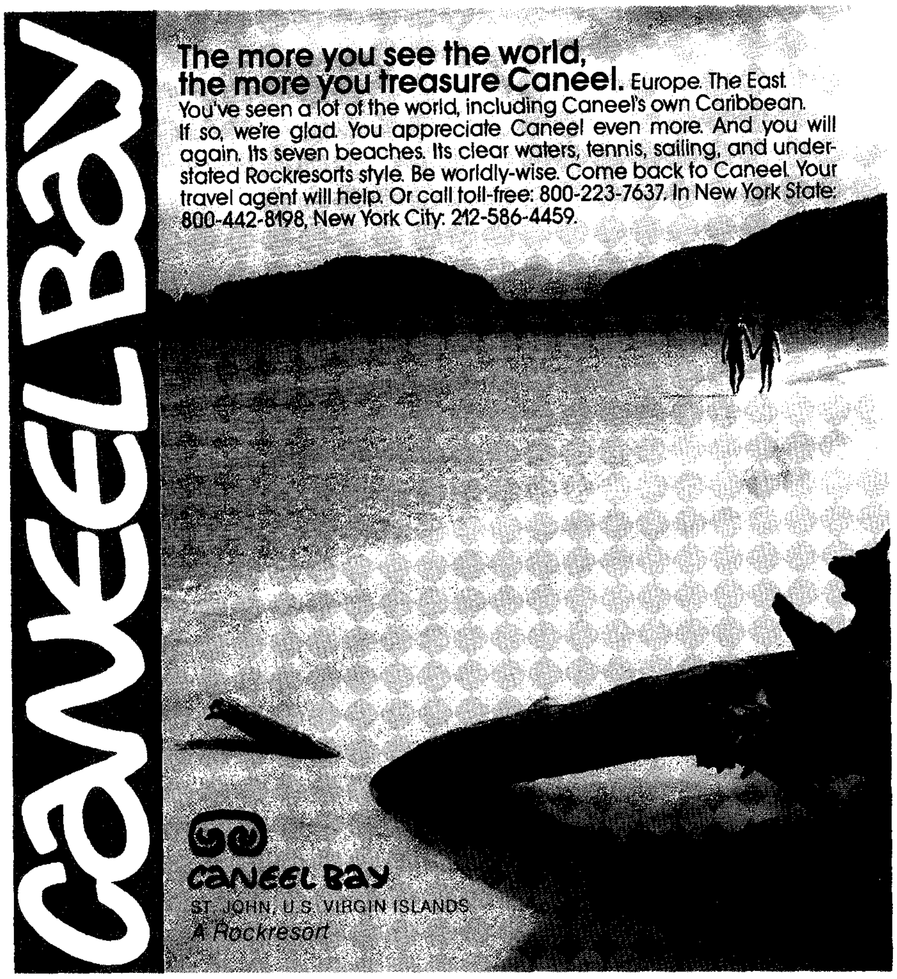
A floor below the manufacturing operations, a run of Beautiful came rumbling and clicketing down the rollers of an assembly line. Some two dozen workers, almost all of them women, stood shoulder to shoulder or sat on high stools, chattering and joking as they worked. They wore cheap blouses and jeans by Calvin Klein's competitors; their names were written under the larger name of Estée Lauder on I.D. cards (with less than Skrebneski-level photographs) pinned to the bosoms of Lauder-blue smocks. A young beauty with large dark eyes and an angelic heart-shaped face under her white cap sat at the head of the conveyor deftly unpacking empty bottles from cardboard nests and setting them upright to begin their journey down the line. The bottles first met a machine that breathed a cleansing puff of air into each with a repeated *pfff-shush*, *pfff-shush* sound. Then they snaked into a figure eight under an upturned carboy filled with bubbling yellow eau de parfum. A machine that bristled tubes and pistons hissed and spurted over the bottles, mechanically filling them and extracting air.

"Most alcohol products use the vacuum-fill method," Doran said. "Your heavy viscous you pump."

Hands in yellow-tinged white cotton gloves fluttered over the full bottles, setting on the gold-metal caps and then, with a half-twist and a polish, dispatching them down the line once more.

"Those caps are like jewels," Doran said, looking on.

Dozens more fluttering fingers unfolded pink-and-gold packages, gave the bottles a final rub, then nestled them in pink tissue and stashed them



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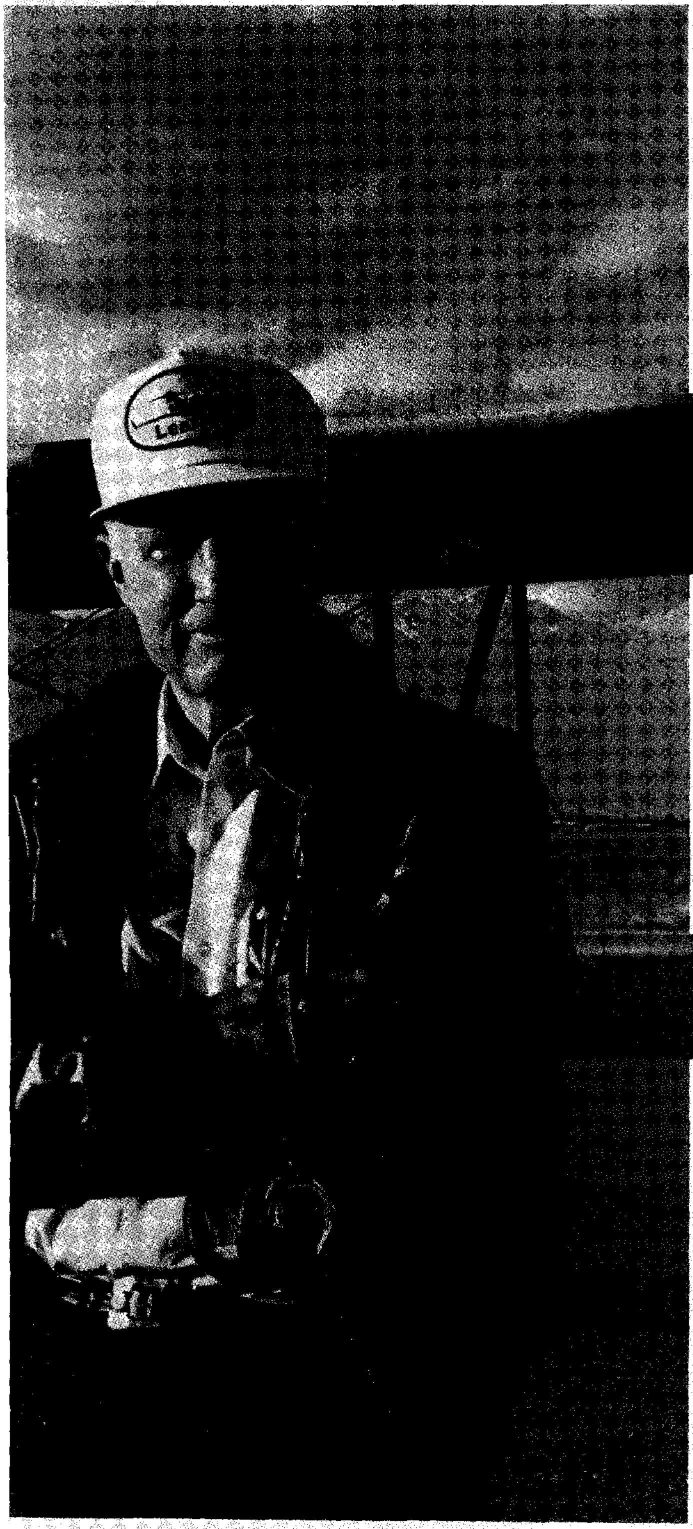

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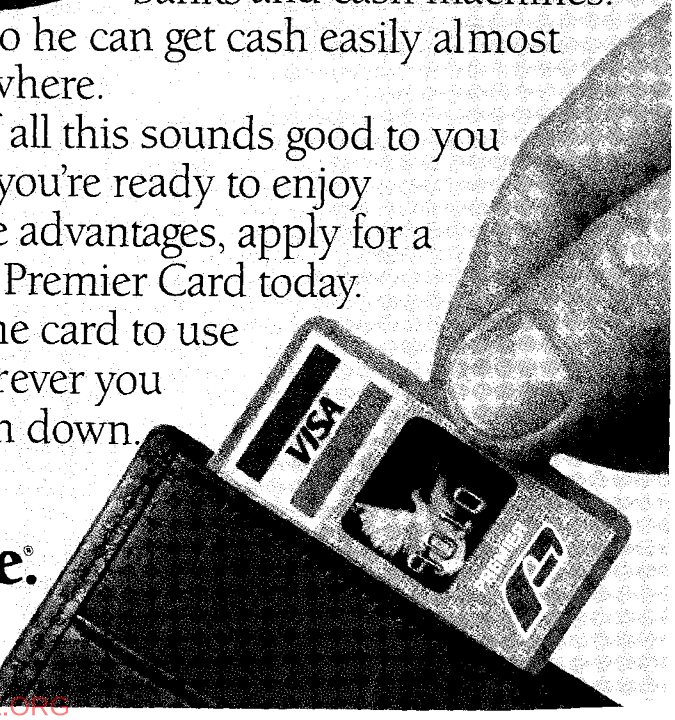

It's everywhere you want to be.®

away. There was an unfamiliar bottom note of cardboard in humid weather, but no mistaking the smell of Beautiful by now.

“NOBODY works in here, so there’s no need for lights,” Doran said. We were in the automated storage and retrieval warehouse, standing with our hands on the guardrail of an observation balcony and peering into the gloom. The space yawned over our heads and in front of us like the interior of a cathedral by night. Aisles of tall metal shelving stretched away like river cliffs; shapes of drums, crates, and boxes loomed from their places near us, then vanished into the darkness farther off. Giant robotic cranes waited like attentive dogs for computerized signals to ferry or retrieve. Suddenly, a metal monster would go skidding away down the darkened aisles on some mission, humming and hissing and flashing colored lights. There were eighteen thousand component units in here, Doran said as we stood watching the robots come and go. I thought of the beeswax and the lanolin; the mineral, avocado, and castor oils; the pigments, preservatives, and powders; the Orange No. 5 and the Blue No. 1; the bottles, caps, jars, and tubes; the umbrellas, tote bags, and coat hangers given as P. with P.s; the little bottles of foundation christened Fresh Air, Perfectly Natural, and Country Mist guarding their secrets inside the robin’s-egg boxes with the big gold signatures; the Tender Blushers, and the Luscious Creme Mascaras, with their little spiral brushes like those for some dollhouse chimney flue; the virgin bullet shapes of lipsticks, sheathed and waiting in their gilded postmodern tubes.

“Beautiful?” Doran said when I asked him where he thought it might be. “It could be in five or six different aisles. Stacking is random in here. If you put all of one product in one aisle and then something happened to lock you out of that aisle, you’d be out of business. The computer knows how to find the product, and that’s what counts. Beautiful is just another number.”

THE editing room in midtown Manhattan was also dark, but it was very small and it was crowded with real, live people: Alvin Chereskin, his art director and his copywriter for the Beautiful commercial; the producer; and Jeff Cahn, the film editor—a bearded, bearlike man

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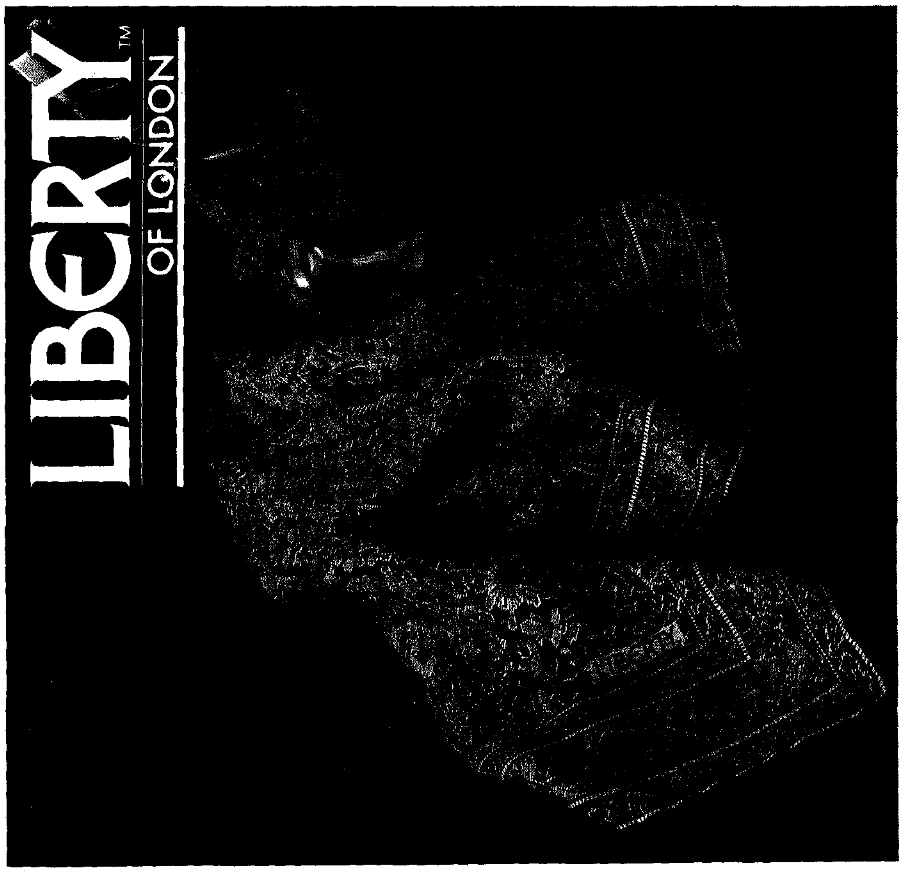

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in a Hawaiian shirt patterned with palm trees. Six thousand feet of film was shrinking down to forty-five, for the thirty-second spot. Everyone sat staring at the small screen, where white-draped brides and frisky flower girls were unrolling like a line of postage stamps or recklessly flinging themselves into reverse. The child looked more innocent on camera than in life; with Willow Bay, the opposite was true.

"Now, that, that's glorious. As gorgeous as it gets in life," said one of the voices in the dark when a closeup of the bride came around.

"But you can see the scar," Jeff Cahn said.

"The scar! Oh, my God, he noticed the scar!" the art director said, with a wail.

Chereskin sat on a stool behind Cahn's broad back and poked at the palm trees with a finger from time to time.

"Sky! I want to see more sky!" he said. There was a cranking sound of rewinding film. Sky showed blue, and a miniature white gazebo, like something off a wedding cake.

"But where's my cloud?" Chereskin said. There was no cloud in sight. "Oh, what a disappointment. You're killing me."

He punched Cahn on the shoulder, rocked miserably on his stool. The child in closeup lifted a sun-washed face, the kitten nose, the spun-gold hair beneath the rosebud wreath, and Willow Bay looked down. There was a gasp in the dark.

"Almost a Botticelli," Chereskin said.

Somewhere along the line, the underwear scene had been quietly dropped. Instead, the model's head was three-quarter face in closeup, with a widening eye and the curve of a blooming cheek. It seemed that Chereskin liked her with her nose tilted up, while Skrebneski liked her with her chin down; the two men were forever struggling over that.

"To me, this is a very nice shot. Almost a nun," Alvin Chereskin said, placing the pads of five splayed fingers directly on the screen, right over the young woman's face.

"The eye," he said over the background of the cranking sound. "I must see the eye. Nice. Nice. Gorgeous. Better. The smile, the flowers, the crown—Leonard will love it. Next! No, I just want the eyes. I don't need the mouth. I don't need the whole face. Picture this right after a spaghetti commercial. Spaghetti, spaghetti, spaghetti, then all of a sudden —bam! ta-ra! ta-ra!—an eye. The eye will work."

"We need four and a half seconds for the store tag," someone said, referring to the punch line of the spot, telling consumers in softened mood where to go to buy the product. "We need to lose two seconds."

"We've got to take the eyes out," Chereskin said, decisively. "Would you believe it, those damn eyes go in and out. This is giving me heartburn."

"YOU are so beautiful to me-ee-ee. Can't you see, You're everything I hoped for, Everything I need. You are so beautiful to me."

Marc Cohn, a baritone dressed in the style of "Miami Vice," stood in the sound booth at the recording studio, behind a dangling microphone. His voice swelled, his eyes screwed closed, his hands clung to the headphones around his ears.

"I can do that bit in falsetto, but it's not going to sound tender," he said, breaking off and speaking to the people at the soundboard beyond the glass. The music was being put in in layers: I had passed three string players with their instrument cases going out as I came in; I could hear a saxophone's preparatory tootles down the hall.

"Beautiful commercial," Cohn murmured, lingering after he was done to watch a run-through of the video together with the sound.

The Botticelli closeup of the bride and the child had also vanished; when Leonard Lauder and June Leaman saw the edited tape they had been unanimous in rejecting the shot, on the ground that the child's beauty competed with that of Willow Bay. "A little blond kid will kill anybody," June Leaman said later. "It could have been Garbo. The kid couldn't stay."

WHEN Estée Lauder arrived at the Dallas–Fort Worth airport shortly after Labor Day, she walked away from the group that had come to greet her and from the entourage that had travelled with her, and headed for the baggage carrousel. She stood like a terrier at a rabbit hole watching for her luggage to come thundering through the rubber-flapped chute. In spite of her scattered mansions, Estée Lauder does not appear to enjoy travelling around by air. She is suspicious of airlines' promises to depart or arrive

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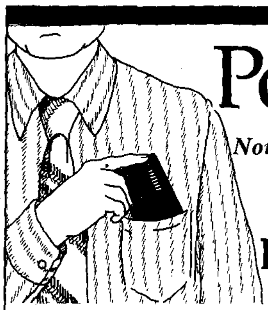

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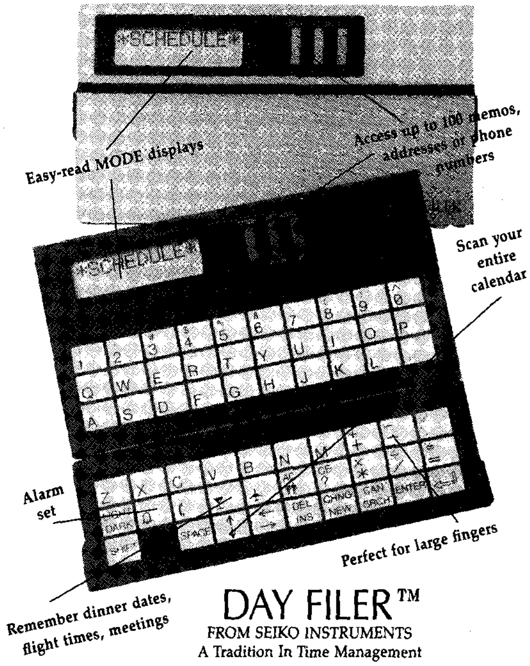
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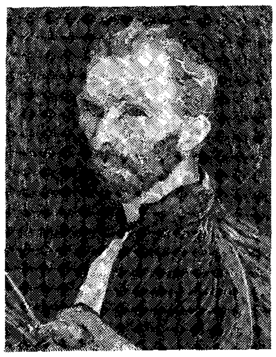

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THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

on time, and seems cautious about entrusting them with her personal property, packed with the aid of a personal maid into many unmatched and homely-looking suitcases.

Estée Lauder's "merely being" in Dallas at the time of the launch of Beautiful had all the trappings of a three-day Royal Progress. On the flight from New York, there had been her maid and her security man, and Rebecca McGreavy, doing her hovering at heightened intensity, like a lady-in-waiting to the Queen. At the airport, a string of limousines was at the ready, as were Toni Hopkins, a vice-president and divisional merchandise manager of Neiman-Marcus, and Robert Tetley, a vice-president of Estée Lauder U.S.A. and its field sales manager for all of Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Mississippi, and Arkansas, as well as parts of Alabama, Kansas, and Tennessee. Tetley was a tall man with wire-rimmed spectacles and a high-pitched nervous giggle, which sat oddly with his gangling, large-wristed style; he described himself when I met him as an "ol' Texas country boy."

Like other stores across the country, Neiman-Marcus had months earlier received extensive corporate guidelines on the look of its advertisements, window displays, and counters for the launching of the new scent. Some enthusiastic local deviation from the party line was to be counted on, just the same. The last time I saw Ira Levy, he had been still trying, at the eleventh hour, to rein in possible excess. "I remember I had lunched with Mrs. Lauder at the Carlyle," Levy said a couple of days before she left for Dallas. "We were looking at this floral arrangement. She said she wanted that feeling for the new fragrance—a whole garden in a vase. You know the way those florists at the Carlyle can do it—African violets wired to four-foot-high stems, that kind of thing. First, I thought, Isn't this wonderful? Then I thought, But in some parts of the country they won't know how to do it with— let's just say with any great splendor. It'll turn out dusty. It'll look horrible. Then we had that sales meeting in Paris and a luncheon at the Pré Catelan. There was this *humongous* great flower arrangement, with pink ribbons trailing about! It was terrible—the confirmation of my worst fears. I'm still trying to get things back to the original simplicity. Since the ad, the music, things have really come together for me. But I'm still nervous about how the show will play on the road."

A HUNDRED and fifty beauty advisers eating breakfast while dressed in smocks of audaciously pink polyester bengaline cast quite a glow. It fought to a standoff the banquet ghosts in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Adolphus, in downtown Dallas. The women gathered for this first of a nationwide burst of "Beautiful Breakfasts" represented the original Neiman-Marcus, adjacent to the hotel, and also Neiman-Marcus stores in malls in suburban NorthPark and Prestonwood and in Fort Worth. (The breakfast was one of only a handful that would be honored by Mrs. Lauder's presence, the others being scheduled a couple of weeks later in New York. Mostly, the events would form part of a regular pattern of instruction in selling new products, led by the training directors of an elaborate Lauder network.) Bob Tetley said that some of the Fort Worth girls had had to leave home at four-thirty that morning in order to board the bus. The breakfast group looked happy enough, unified by pink and by their valorous makeups. They were more motley than the Woodcliff Lake executives: some looked young and bubbling with ideas from hairdo magazines, while others looked older beneath their bright-dyed hair. Perhaps the ashtrays, with their red-tinged butts, also held some dented, country-music dreams.

Each setting had an orchid and a small pink shopping bag with samples of lipstick, nail lacquer, and eau de parfum. The centerpiece on each table took a very broad stab at florally expressing the simple, spiritual theme.

"The flowers would *not* have been our choice," Monroe Alechman said gloomily, shooting his cuffs. "The Japanese would commit hara-kiri."

On a dais was the four-foot-high pink-and-gold box (known as "the exploded box," this would serve as a separate sales point in stores, away from the Lauder counter), laid out with the S.K.U.s. Next to them, on an easel, was a newcomer to the display: the forthcoming autobiography. Rather, it was a mockup of the autobiography, since the book itself was not yet in print. It was entitled "Estée: A Success Story," and its jacket was shiny and red. (I later learned that there had been almost as much to-ing and fro-ing on the book's title as on the name of the new scent. "It was

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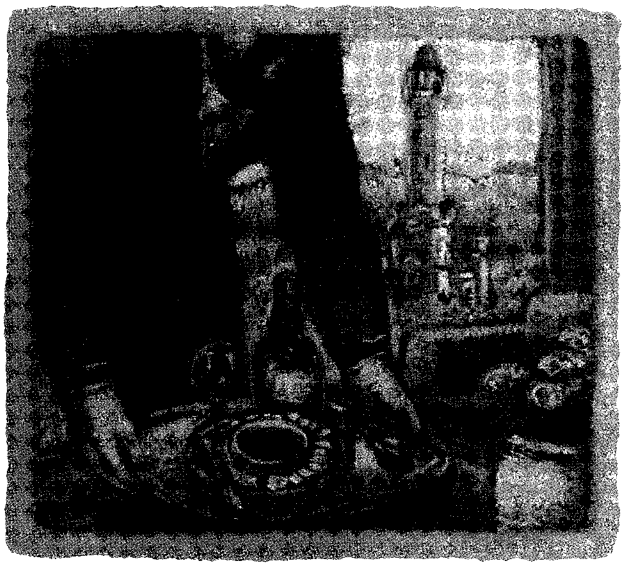

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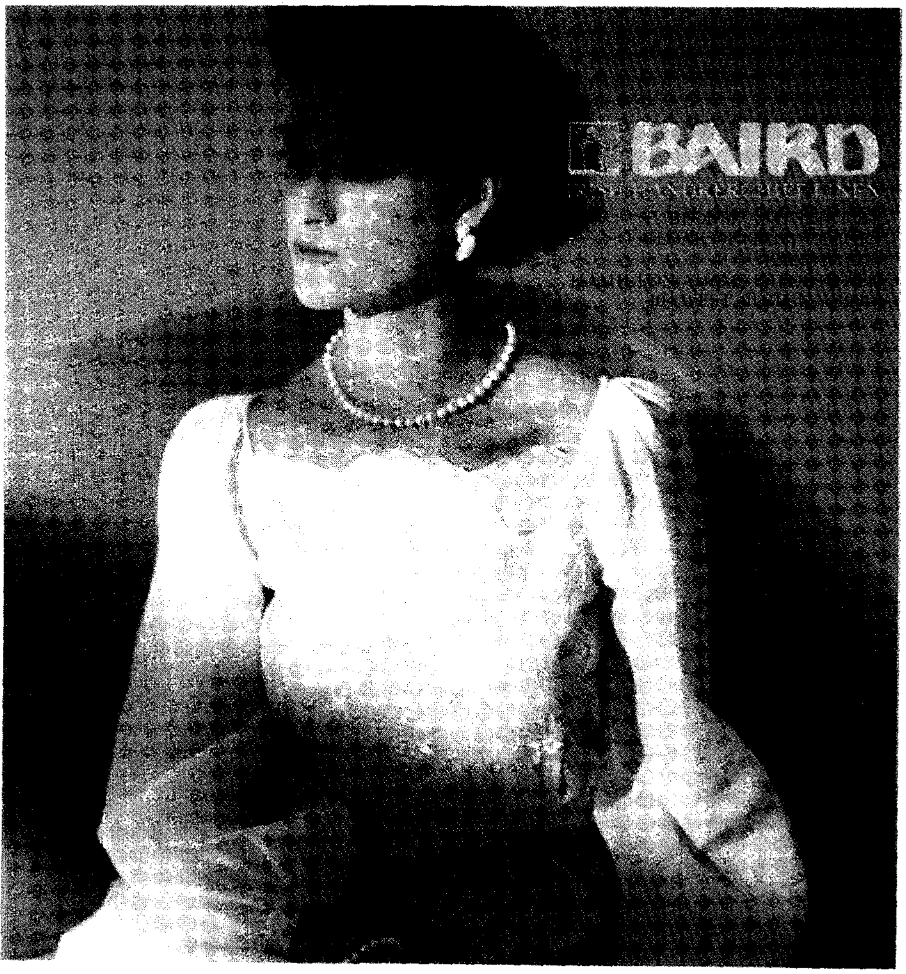

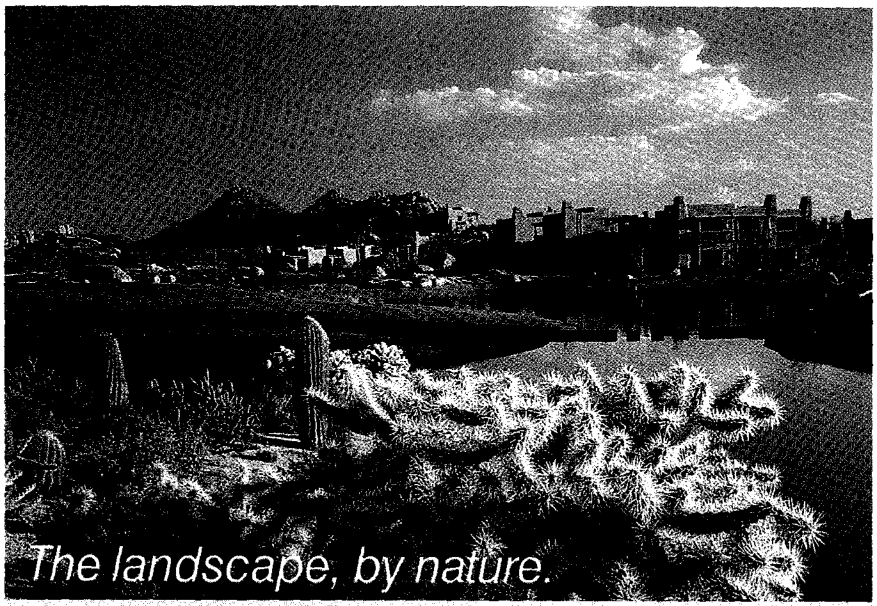

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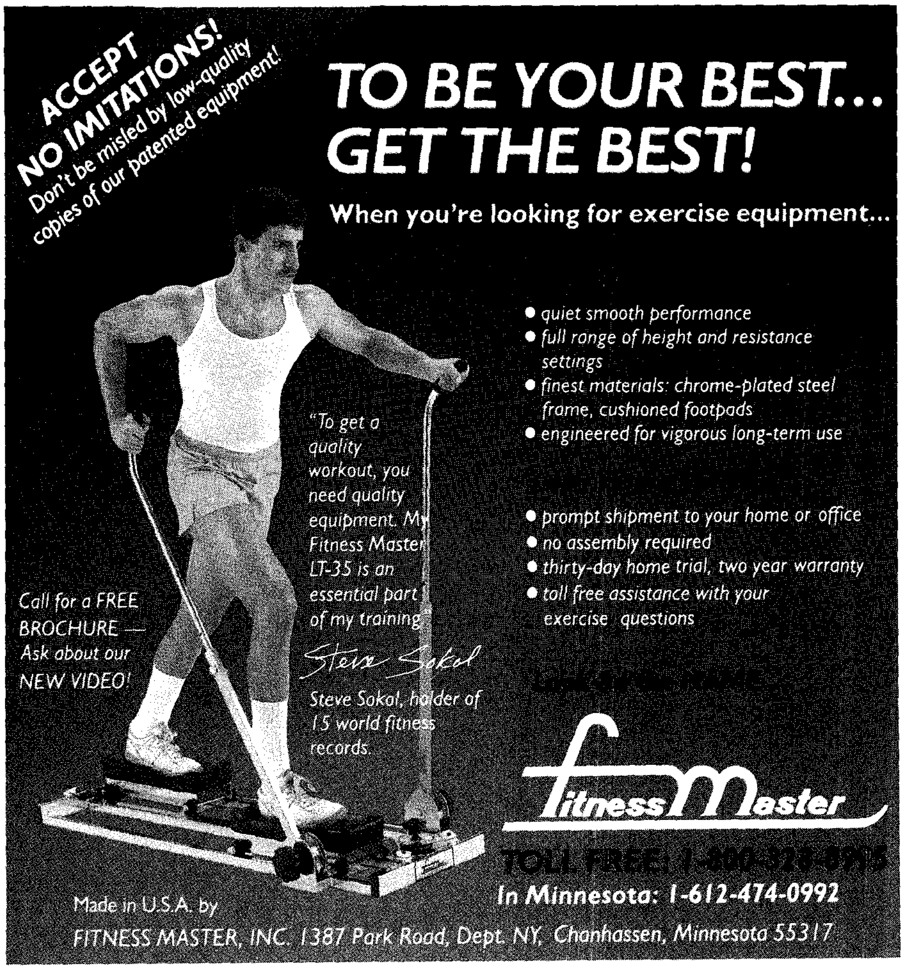

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going to be 'Our Success Story,' then it was 'My Success Story,' then Mrs. Lauder said ' "*A* Success Story," that's enough,' " my informant said.) Much of the front of the book was taken up by a photograph of Estée Lauder in the poppy-print red dress and hat, standing in front of a Chinese cabinet. She wore a serene expression, and was very softly lit.

She sailed into the ballroom now, to an ovation encouraged by Tetley. She was wearing a red silk dress, a matching hat with rosette and veil, and the familiar diamond earrings and pin. I observed that the print was slightly different from the first outfit I had seen; this one had leaves, black on the red, instead of poppies.

"We suggested that it would be a good idea for Mrs. Lauder to wear a dress of a color and pattern similar to the ones on the book," Monroe Alechman said, in an undertone. "To keep tying it in, the way we do a product launch."

"This is the first appearance by Miz Lauder in any store outside home base in ten years!" Tetley said from the dais. Estée Lauder was champing at the bit; she rose happily to stand beside her mirror image on the book. Both red selves clashed somewhat with Beautiful Pink.

"Pink is shocking, blatantly impactful," Alechman said. "It is almost as powerful as red."

"Listen, girls!" Estée Lauder said after romping through the Palm Beach ladies and the two thousand flowers. "I just returned from France. I saw the show at Hubert de Givenchy, and at the end he had a bride, and—what do you know?—he'd put her in pink! I thought, How did he know I was doing pink!"

As she was dressed for it, she said, she would show them her book.

"Every one of you can be an Estée Lauder!" she continued. "I want to thank each and every one of you for wearing your pink. You're beautiful. No matter how old you are, you can always feel like a bride. Now I'm going to show you my new commercial. It's going to be on every television throughout the world!"

Willow Bay came floating out of green-dappled light on a screen, to the sound of the crooning Cohn. A hundred and fifty potential Estée Lauders sat in the darkened room resting their chin on their hands and sighing at the almost immediate end.

"Play it through again!" came Estée Lauder's voice from the dark.

One of the young women from the NorthPark table had put her orchid behind one ear. "I'd like to look like her on *my* wedding day," she said, gathering the gifts and her purse and preparing to start for work. "I liked the little girl running. I thought she was real cute."

Estée Lauder left word that waiters clearing the fast-emptying tables might keep some of the uncollected free samples for their girlfriends and their wives. Then she headed for the waiting car. "Hard work never killed anyone," she said gaily, opening her pocketbook as she settled against the cushions in the back. She took out a gold metal compact—it was one of the "Anniversary" compacts, and was monogrammed with a big, bold "E"—and tilted its mirror until she could see to correct the angle of her hat. She uncapped a postmodern lipstick tube and—deftly, as she had for countless times in her successful life—applied fresh red color to her mouth. "I just put on my dress, my hat, you see," she said, lifting one hand to give the rosette a little pat. "I call this my ready-to-go outfit. I wore it to Yasmin Ali Khan's wedding—a lovely affair. My friends said, 'Estée, how clever of you to wear red.' "

Rebecca McGreavy and Toni Hopkins flanked her; she never looks happier than with younger women whom she trusts.

"A dime out of every dollar!" Tetley was saying excitedly, swivelling around in his seat beside the car's driver, a long way up front. It seemed that cosmetics accounted for twenty-five per cent of the business at Neiman-Marcus Fort Worth, and Estée Lauder alone accounted for ten per cent. "That's more than Neiman-Marcus NorthPark, more than Bloomingdale's Fifty-ninth. More Estée Lauder business than any other store in the United States, during the Christmas season."

Estée Lauder listened with half an ear, looking out the window. We passed a thermometer in front of a bank; it registered a hundred and two.

"In business, you reap what you sow," Estée Lauder said, continuing along her stream of consciousness. "The Lauder family keeps plowing the profits back in. And what we gave away God always gave back to us. Gift with purchase was my idea, I was the first to think of that. I never copy. The others copy me. . . . Skin Perfecting Creme is magnificent. . . . My new bath fragrance, we haven't got the name yet, but it will be green. Something like Green Water, but not Green Water."

Wasn't there a Green Water by Jacques Fath, someone said.

"Jacques Fath!" she shot back. "He's dead. I'm talking about Estée Lauder's Green Water."

THE long black car swung across the sparsely filled parking lot of the shopping mall, under the big Texas sky. Neiman-Marcus Fort Worth was just starting its day. Inside, the store was cool and pale. A handful of shoppers sleepwalked up and down the escalators or pushed with halfhearted clickings at racks of clothes. A full-length white mink coat with Lurex trim stood like a sentry over a scampering little cluster of plaster legs and feet on tiptoes, dressed in bright-colored panty hose. ("Mrs. Lauder loves to go shopping," Rebecca McGreavy once told me. "Unfortunately, it's not really possible for her anymore.")

While Estée Lauder secluded herself with the fashion editor of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, I wandered down a corridor into a room set aside for brides-to-be. There was a pile of dog-eared copies of *Bride's* and a sign about the Neiman-Marcus wedding service: a store employee will dress the bride and come to the ceremony with sewing kit and fresh handkerchiefs, for fifty dollars. On the wall, a photographic portrait of a blonde in a family veil fixed her and her nuptial hopes forever, beneath an aspic-like patina. She might have been twin sister to the young Estée Lauder who sat for her portrait (with veil and glow) at the time of her wedding to Joseph Lauder. Her first wedding, that is: her book would shortly reveal that she had had two weddings, to the same man, divorcing and remarrying him when Leonard Lauder was a child.

The corral of Estée Lauder counters lay at the store's strategic heart and was today a blaze of pink smocks, pink flowers, and pink-and-gold packages.

"Estée Lauder does two million eight hundred thousand dollars in this store each year," Tetley said. Young women in pink dresses and glittering shoes were picking pink fabric flowers from dainty baskets on their arms and proffering them to passersby, who held the flowers to their noses and sniffed.

"Few things hold the fragrance well," Monroe Alechman said. "This fabric does. Feathers do. I think Yves Saint Laurent used feathers for Opium."

A man with artistically dishevelled white hair and dressed in a tuxedo with a greenish tinge was steadfastly playing "You Are So Beautiful" on the violin, over and over, competing with the Cohn rendition on a nearby video.

Alechman glanced at the musician, then looked away. "We suggest that the musician be *young*," he said in a lowered voice. "This is too down. It's missing a bounce, a lift. Reminds me of White Shoulders or Tabu."

A smock-draped customer was sitting on a high stool through it all, tilting her face trustfully to the ministrations of Riba Gregg, a makeup artist at the Lauder counter.

"She comes in twice a year for us to do the new color story with her," Riba Gregg said, standing over the woman and flicking at her cheeks with a soft-haired brush dipped in blush.

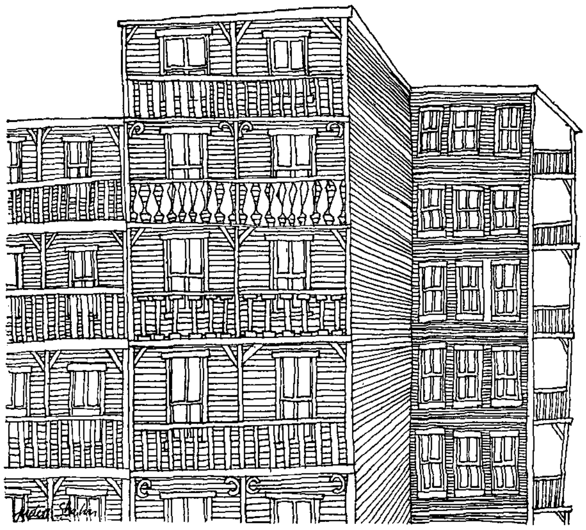
The woman gave a self-conscious smile and nod.

"She knows what happened for her in her business after she changed her look," Riba Gregg said firmly.

The woman nodded again. "Everything I hoped for," she said.

Riba Gregg stepped back, surveyed her work with satisfaction, then turned away to a file. She pulled out a big chart with lots of schematic faces of women and a record of what her clients had bought on past visits.

"Got your neck cream?



Your eye cream? Be sure to use your eye cream. You using the polisher at least twice a week?"

It was agreed that the woman could wait to replenish her nourishing cream until the new Skin Perfecting Creme came in.

At a signal, the violinist stopped. The pink smocks clapped, some customers looked bemused, as Estée Lauder came down among them on the escalator, radiant in her hat. The violinist tucked his instrument under his chin and, with a gallant sweep of the bow, launched into "You Are So Beautiful." She listened, with cocked head.

"Skin Perfecting Creme," she began when the music had stopped. "Tell your customers, a moisturizer and a firmer. . . . The perfume is magnificent, the cologne is lovely. Try to sell the perfume first. . . . This is my book. Gift with purchase was my idea. Even the banks are copying me now."

She rounded the end of the counter, beckoning to the several dozen pink-smocked women, who squeezed behind the counter with her for a group photograph. She stood, a patch of red in a sea of pink, pushing some samples a few inches along the countertop, then folding her hands and resting them on the glass. The women chattered, giggled, shuffled, and grinned, jostling around her like birds on a perch.

"Y'all behave yourselves, you girls. This is my boss lady, you hear?" Tetley said, joshing and giving a laugh.

"Don't take me with my mouth open," Estée Lauder told the photographer.

IN the car, bound for the next store, Estée Lauder was clearly enjoying herself.

"It's all coming back to me," she said. "I used to go from Corpus Christi to San Antonio by bus. Sometimes eight hours, ten hours in the bus, all over South Texas. I built my business slowly. People say I'm lucky. They don't know how hard I've worked."

She looked thoughtful for a moment, almost sad. She glanced over at Toni Hopkins and gave her an affectionate pat. She touched the gold pin, shaped like a wheat sheaf, in Toni Hopkins' lapel. "I gave her that," she said.

Estée Lauder's connection with Neiman-Marcus is one of the longest ties of her career. For years, her prod-

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ucts have been in the store's Christmas catalogue, famous for its fantasy and excess.

"What was it they did that year—a swimming pool filled with Aramis?" she asked.

"Surely it was a bathtub, and it was filled with Azurée," someone said.

It was Stanley Marcus, now chairman emeritus of Neiman-Marcus, who, with phenomenal skills in selling and publicizing, built the regional department store founded in 1907 by his father and aunt into a world-famous institution. Stanley Marcus's son, Richard, remains chairman and chief executive officer of what has grown to be a twenty-two-store chain, but the business was sold in 1964 to what is now the Carter Hawley Hale group, which also owns Bergdorf Goodman.

"I'm still sorry the family had to sell out," Estée Lauder said. Families with control of corporations as large as Estée Lauder are a very small group throughout the world. Estée Lauder first did business at Neiman-Marcus in 1948. "Two feet of space they gave me. It was New Year's, I did a radio interview. 'Start the year with a new face,' that's what I said, and I said, 'How does a cream know if it's dark outside?' There I was in the store first thing that morning. The people kept coming in, I touched their faces. I wore a hat with a pink rose. I always wore a hat. One woman, she says, 'Does this lipstick wear off?' So I said, 'Madam, if this lipstick never wore off I'd be out of business!' " She roared with laughter, slapped her knee, lifted her hand and set her hat straight. "I ran out of lipstick, and I said, 'Sell the tester! Go ahead and sell the tester!' Stanley Marcus must have heard there was some woman selling and selling, and he came down from his office to see. He saw us selling, talking, touching one woman's face, and ten other customers standing around."

Tetley was turning round again, his arm crooked over the back of the front seat, and he was laughing. "Estée Lauder is a company run by people who really know this business," he said. "Ninety-five per cent of the fine companies have been bought up now. By drug companies, mostly. Federal regulations were eating into their easy profits. So these boys saw big profits in the cosmetic industry. They move in, do a lot of advertising, and try to get their money out fast. Eli Lilly bought Elizabeth Arden, Squibb bought Lanvin-Charles of the Ritz, Warner-Lambert bought Richard Hudnut,

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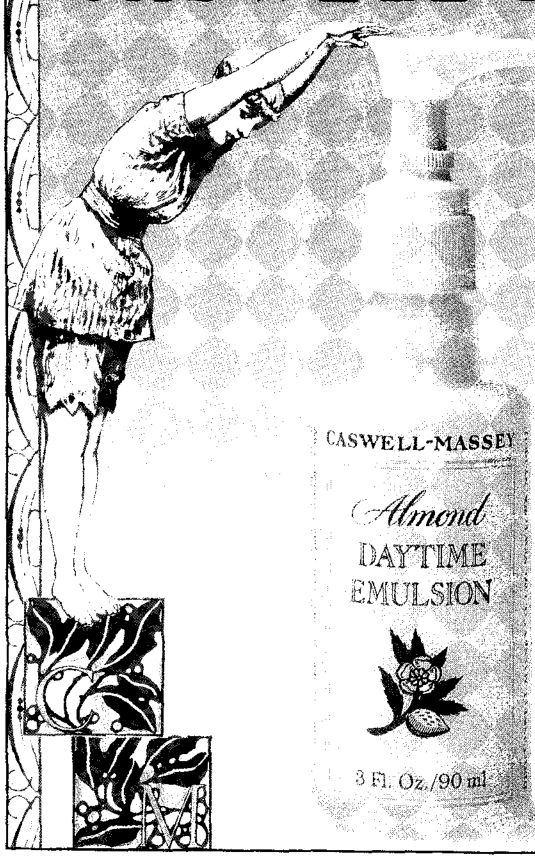

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Sterling Drug bought Dorothy Gray, and Colgate-Palmolive bought Helena Rubinstein."

"These people, they don't know about the cosmetic business," Estée Lauder said, interrupting him. "They don't care about people. We're a cosmetic business run by people who know the cosmetic business."

The car had stopped at the porte cochère of another Neiman-Marcus. Everyone got out and stood in a hot, dry breeze, looking in at windows with mannequins in bridal gowns and foot-high bottles of Beautiful.

The store manager had come out to greet the party. "I think Raymond did a good job, don't you?" he asked, referring to his window-display artist.

Here they had hired a harpist—a pale-skinned, pale-haired young woman dressed in a pink crinoline-style dress. Her arms waved back and forth like seaweed as she twingled out "You Are So Beautiful." (For variety, on her music stand there were arrangements of "You Light Up My Life" and "Come, Thou Almighty King.") Applauding pink-smocked women and pink shopping bags stood shoulder to shoulder in ranks. There was Willow Bay on her easel, and an easel advertising Coco, Chanel's new-season entry in the great fragrance stakes. "The New Heroine" and her red gloves taunted Lancôme's "Colours with Sophisticated Folly" across the aisle. Here were Princess Marcella Borghese's mud treatments, and the "anti-aging breakthrough," from the company called Clarins. And here were fragrant ovals of bath soap, and hairbrushes, and special creams to cure the stretch marks left by pregnancies and diets; rose-printed shower bonnets and curler covers; cosmetic purses; apricot satin eyeshades; and full-face masks of jelly-filled translucent plastic (to heat or cool), with slits for eyes, nose, and mouth. There were ornate perfume atomizers, with little nets around rubber bulbs. And there were all the fragrances so carefully positioned in the market in previous years, now crowded half-forgotten on a single countertop tray.

A broad opening (separate from the entrance that the Lauder party had used) gave onto the cloistered passage of the mall. The passage was lined with small stores, like a European village, but a village sealed off beyond heat, dust, rain, or time. A shining new car was parked at a carefree angle next to the storefront of a travel agent and a sign reading "Compliments of

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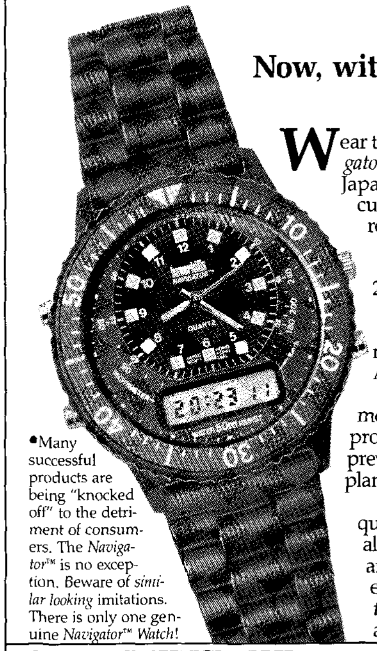

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W. O. Bankston, Lincoln-Mercury-Merkur.” Except for an occasional tapping of heels down the passageway and the distant plucking of the harp, it was very quiet.

Two women in pink smocks came out of Neiman-Marcus and turned back to face the display windows flanking the opening. Here the absent Raymond had really gone to town. Two mannequins in blond wigs, elaborately embroidered wedding gowns, and top-heavy white-veiled Edwardian-style millinery seemed to be wading ankle-high through billows of gauze. Everywhere there were showers of petals, giant bottles, and sparkling gilt letters spelling “BEAUTIFUL.”

“Oh, my! Isn’t it . . .” the first pink smock said.

“Beautiful,” said the other, and they both began to giggle.

Next door, the front of an electronics store called Video Concepts gaped like Ali Baba’s cave. Inside, twenty television sets, all tuned to the same soap opera, flickered in silence where they roosted one on top of the next; all up and down the row, a heavily made-up young couple conducted a wordy quarrel in a king-size bed. On a large TV screen to the right of the entrance there was showing some sort of documentary about a primitive tribe. An elder with gray-black skin and with a bone through his nose was talking earnestly in his own language into the camera while a trickle of white subtitles ran across his chest. On an even larger screen, to the left, a commercial for Kraft salad dressing was on: a lava flow of orange rippled from an enormous bottle onto a jungle of greens. Three small Chicano boys in striped T-shirts and sneakers came quietly down the passage and stood side by side, silently staring at the slow orange flow. The tallest child hooked a fraternal arm over the shoulders of the smallest, who wore a “Reagan-Bush” button almost as big as his head. The trio wheeled for a moment to watch the other screen, where some naked tribesman could now be seen stalking something in the bush, and then turned back to the left-hand screen.

Estée Lauder came out of Neiman-Marcus in her ready-to-go red, accompanied by the store manager. She paused; then she also turned her back on the mall, to stand looking through the glass at the two brides. The three boys went right on facing in the opposite direction—their shoulder blades, under the T-shirts, were sharp as little wings—and gazed unblinkingly as a mammoth Snickers bar snapped in two and began to ooze caramel glaciers over peanut rocks.

“Aren’t these divine?” one of the pink smocks said, of the brides.

The tribal elder was looking miserable. “White man came with guns,” the white word trickle read. “Make noise like thunder. Eat us up. We say, ‘Oh, this is cannibal sky-spirit.’ ”

The second pink smock said that each of the wedding dresses cost ten thousand dollars.

“They’re a real fantasy,” the store manager said.

Estée Lauder was using the window glass as a mirror, smoothing her skirt and checking on the angle of her hat. A number of customers had gathered inside the store and were waiting with the beauty advisers, their voices a distant feminine buzz.

“For ten thousand dollars, you want a real fantasy,” Estée Lauder said.

“BYE! Bye!”

“Thanks a lot, girls!”

“Bye!”

“Don’t forget to buy my book!”

Waving, signing, selling, smiling. Yet another Neiman-Marcus, and a very long day.

“Hard work never killed anyone,” she said again, heading back to her hotel. “Everyone loves a winner, though. You always have to smile. Smile and the world smiles with you, cry and you cry alone—it’s true what they say. I found that out after Joe died.”

Tetley was looking pleased.

“We need more of this impact-type stuff,” he said. “Gets the stores all excited.”

ASIDE from the rosy hubbub around the Lauder counters the next morning, the original, granddaddy Neiman-Marcus in downtown Dallas was very calm. A woman with hard-worn features under black-dyed hair was sitting in the precious-jewelry department chatting with the salesman and picking out some purchases. In the hat department, a man was looking over a display of Panama hats hanging on hooks up the wall; they seemed to skim out in chalk-pale formation, like a flight of geese.

Rebecca McGreavy was looking reverent. A team from one of the national television networks had shown up and was making Estée Lauder’s eyes and lipstick shine in the camera

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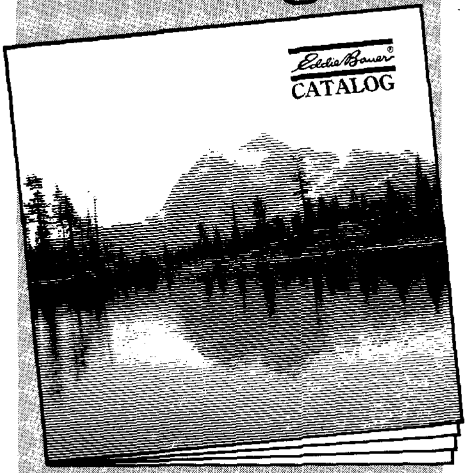

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light as she stood poised at the top of the stairs.

“They just told us to get here and shoot as much footage as we could,” said the team’s correspondent, a curly-haired young man in blazer and cowboy boots. “Sure is a change from covering hurricanes.”

Estée Lauder, in her red net coif, looked out over the sea of loyal pink smocks and came slowly downstairs, smiling to left and right.

“Gloria Swanson,” the curly-haired man said under his breath.

Customers came into her presence with boxes of Beautiful for her to sign, in gold. (“The saleswomen call their most *special* customers to let them know Mrs. Lauder will be here,” a Neiman-Marcus aide said. “We would never advertise it in the newspapers.”)

“You bought three?” Estée Lauder said to a customer. “That’s wonderful. But you should buy it by the dozen, for Christmas.”

The cameraman and the sound recordist crouched next to some pink azaleas, silently recording the stream of consciousness as it unfurled. The correspondent stood twirling a pencil between his fingers some way off, looking amused.

“You can keep on playing ‘You Are So Beautiful,’ ” she told the pale harpist, who had been hired again for today. “It’s my song.”

A triumphal exit to the waiting limousine was forestalled by a flurry near the Panama hats and the appearance of Stanley Marcus at the top of the stairs. He had a squarish, white-bearded head and a short, roundish figure dressed in a three-piece gray suit, with the red rosette of the Légion d’honneur (for service to French fashion) in his lapel. For the camera and for posterity, Stanley Marcus and Estée Lauder greeted each other with an embrace. It was wonderfully done —a pair of elderly merchant monarchs who had tested each other’s titanic shrewdness for decades formally exchanging a kiss of peace.

Next, Marcus and his son were hosts of a kind of state luncheon for Estée Lauder and Beautiful. A hundred and fifty local society ladies cooed conversationally, with their hot-pink shopping bags of gift-wrapped samples (2.5 ounces of Beautiful eau de parfum and 3.3 ounces of Lauder for Men cologne) propped against the legs of the restaurant’s Louis XIV-style chairs.

Marcus’s youngest brother, Lawrence, a retired executive of the family store, told the women at his table about having his portrait painted by an artist famous for his silk screens of American Indians on Hermès scarves. “The interesting thing about him is he’s a mystic,” he said.

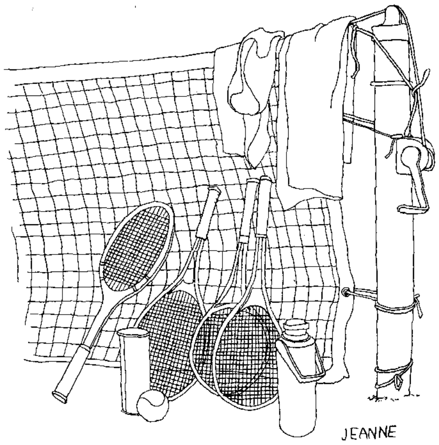
“I’m interested in mysticism myself,” said Juanita Miller, the wife of one of Dallas’s great tycoons. (“We own some shopping centers,” she had told me when I was describing the previous day’s progress through the malls.) She said she needed a portrait of herself to hang in the new symphony hall.

“My little boy would like to speak to your husband,” a dark-haired woman said to Juanita Miller, from her place across the table. “It’s for some kind of merit badge—he’s a Boy Scout, he’s twelve years old. He says he wants to be a developer when he grows up, like Mr. Miller.”

Stanley Marcus, over at his table, rose from his seat, at Estée Lauder’s left, and made a speech, keeping his hands in his trouser pockets and choosing his words with care. “Estée is an amazing woman,” he said. “She saw her opportunity in what was at the time a field of giants.”

I caught up with him later, when—after being exposed to the real Estée Lauder, to “Estée: A Success Story,” and to thirty seconds’ worth of Willow Bay—his guests were drifting away.

“Estée Lauder came in without an introduction, forty years ago,” Marcus said. “Barged her way in. She was a cyclone on the selling front. She’d outsell *me* any day. Great salespeople all have the same quality: they believe in the integrity of their product, and they believe in themselves. The important thing in selling, I always say, is satisfaction. If I sell you something that gives you satisfaction, you will come back. I hate to think that I might be the last of a species, one of the last remaining real merchants, but it’s probably true. In my time, the important thing was being able to sell. Today, it’s all computerization of goods. And instead of running one or two stores people have twenty-two, or a hundred and eighty. Human beings can’t cope with that, and they have to turn to computers. Computers can do wonderful things. They can tell you how many lipsticks or umbrellas you have in stock. But computers can’t tell you whether you are satisfying people.”



I asked how he liked the name Beautiful.

“Well, you can’t get much more generic than that,” he said, looking wry. “Will it be a success, though? No question. There’s too much invested in it for it not to be. The old idea ‘A good product will find its own level’ isn’t enough anymore in a market as sophisticated as the American market. Marketing a fragrance is just like marketing an automobile. And Estée Lauder has always had a wonderful sense of timing. She has always known how to anticipate what the public wants.”

I said that Leonard Lauder’s instincts seemed sound as well.

“That is one of the greatest of all her accomplishments,” Marcus said. “To be as strong a woman as she is, to be the mother of an equally strong son, and not have the two of them kill each other.”

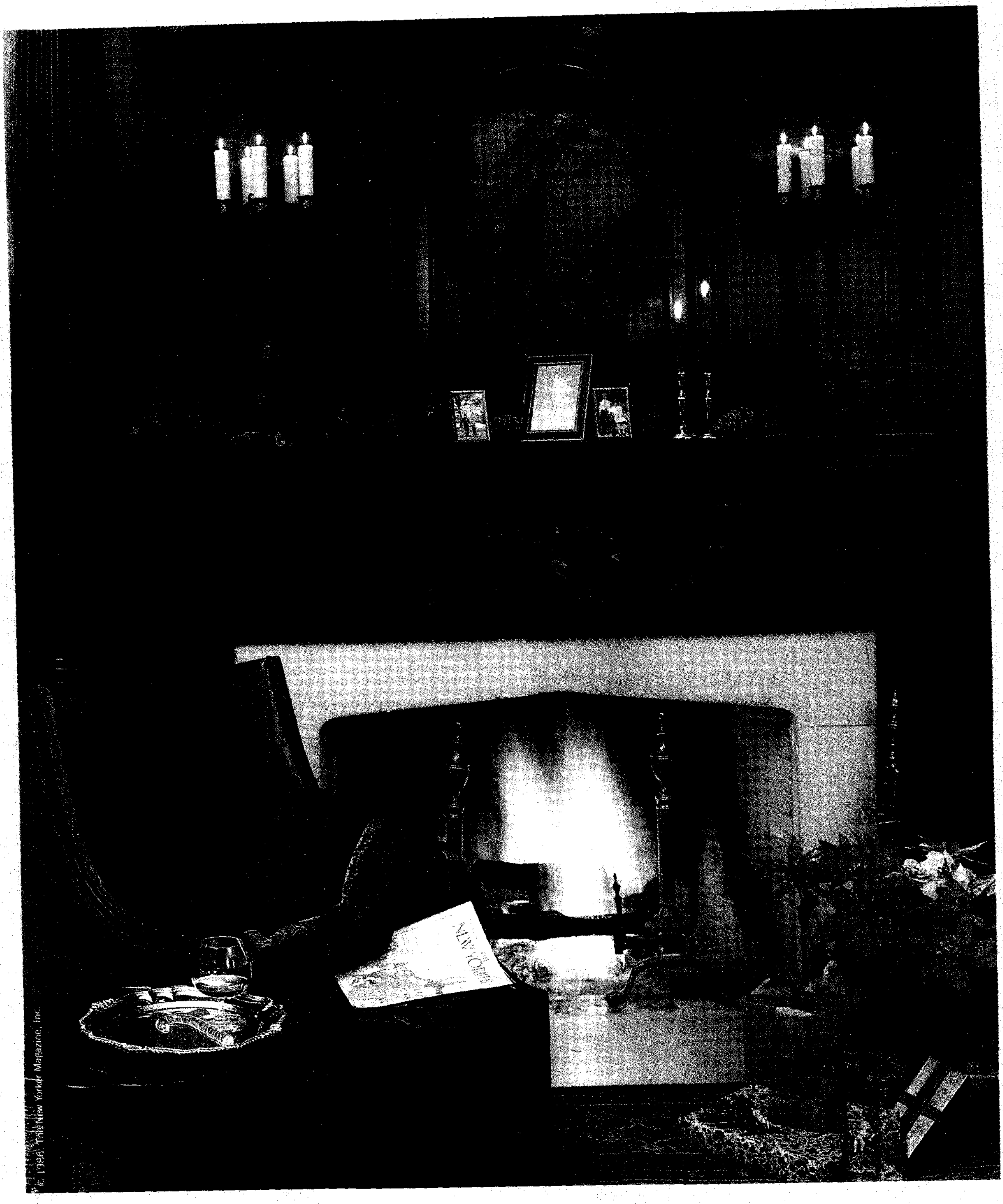
Young women in ladylike silk dresses were gathering up the unclaimed pink shopping bags. Marcus pulled a watch from a fob pocket, then crooked a finger at one of the young women.

“Better let me have one of those for my wife,” he said, snapping the watch’s case shut.

“Just one?” said the young woman.

“Better let me have a couple.”

“YOU know that what I say is common sense,” Estée Lauder often tells her employees or her customers. Her giant international empire might be said to rest on two commandments: “Trust me” and “Eat.” Only a few days after launching Beautiful in Dallas, Estée Lauder was back in New York launching a new men’s scent, called Tuscany, with a well-attended Italian dinner at La Colonna. Many of the women were dressed like figures in Renaissance paintings, in black or red. Norman Parkinson was in black velvet and was escorting Nancy Tuck Gard-



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ner, the beauty, health, and special-projects editor of *Town & Country*, in strapless red. Andy Warhol had his red spectacle frames and his black-and-white badger-striped hair. The American Ambassador to Italy was there, and the chairman of Bloomingdale's. There were thirty-five general managers of Estée Lauder International, visiting from all over for a general meeting: men, for the most part, with blown-dry hair and freshly scented jaws. There were Estée, Leonard, and Evelyn Lauder, and a full court muster of Bob Barnes, Ira Levy, Rebecca McGreavy, Alvin Chereskin, and June Leaman.

"I'm really into girls' scents," Warhol told me, in his whispery voice, when speeches were over and the food was served. His face was like a woodland creature's, under a stork's nest of hair. He had not yet heard of Beautiful. "Beautiful?" he said. "Are you serious? That's the name? I love it. Are they giving a party for it? When? I have about ten bottles of Poison, yes. I love it. And Coco. I have one bottle of that, but I want to get another bottle before I open it. Obsession, that's *great*." He had been able to count five hazy figures in Calvin Klein's controversial group-sex advertisement, he said.

Fred Langhammer—an Odin-like figure with close-cropped blond hair and pale-blue eyes, freshly arrived from his native Munich to serve Leonard Lauder as his second-in-command—now engaged the artist in talk about tycoons they both knew, in Germany and Japan. Langhammer had worked for many years in the Far East, where he made great strides in selling Clinique to the Japanese. Traditionally, the Japanese cosmetic market, like the European, is more for skin-treatment products than the American market, which is still predominantly for colors—lipstick, eyeshadow, and so forth. And fragrances, which make up more than half of all cosmetic business in this country, account for only three per cent of Japan's. This is said to be because the Japanese eat a predominantly vegetarian diet, and so their bodies smell more sweet.

Like Leonard Lauder, it seemed, Langhammer took his ease with a certain purposefulness. He was a martial artist and had climbed in the Himalaya. The previous year, he had gone with his son to Africa, and they had slept in the bush without a tent. "We built a big fire. We could hear the lions and hyenas roar," he said, in his German-accented voice.

Andy Warhol looked alarmed. "How old is your son?" he asked.

"He is nine now. Then he was eight," Langhammer said.

Across the table, Evelyn Lauder was talking animatedly about how Beautiful got its name.

"I was the one who fought," she was saying. "I was the one who said, 'Let's *do* it!' And that's a true story. I really pushed. Leonard was in the bathtub, and I took the soap and wrote 'Beautiful' across the mirror in that big script, like the old Revlon script."

"How do I get a sample?" Andy Warhol asked.

Evelyn Lauder produced from her evening purse the refillable quarter-ounce gold perfume spray. He fumbled with the cap, then sprayed some on one hand and behind one ear.

"You can keep that," she told him.

I asked Warhol how he felt about looking older.

"Wrinkles, you mean? Oh, I hate that. I go for collagen treatments once a month."

I quoted Colette, who said that a woman, at least, must after a certain

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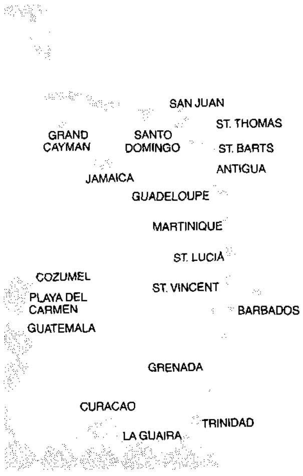

age choose between her face and her figure.

Warhol said that that was true—that fat women didn't need to worry about wrinkles. "I like old women to be skinny, though," he said. "Really skinny. Like toothpicks."

As people were beginning to get up and leave, Warhol suggested that he and I should found our own cosmetic company. "With stuff you have to keep in the refrigerator, then throw out at the end of the week," he said. "Like butter. I always use butter on my hands."

ONE noontime the next week, Estée Lauder stopped traffic on Fifth Avenue at Fiftieth Street by crossing on foot in her red-and-black ready-to-go, accompanied by Willow Bay in her bridal gown and train. They had paid a brief surprise visit to the beauty advisers at Saks, and were en route to the official Beautiful Luncheon, in the restaurant downstairs at Rockefeller Center. Estée Lauder came down one flight of steps—toward what is the skating rink in winter—and posed for photographers, one arm lifted high above her head, spraying the Indian-summer air with Beautiful. Some models stood behind her, dressed in amazing flower costumes. Beside the gazelle-like creature wearing a skirt hoop of white picket fence and a hat like a pot of narcissi on her head, even the ready-to-go seemed to pale. And Willow Bay—who had been helped into her wedding togs several dozen times by now, for photographs, filming, publicity, and a Chicago fashion show—was beginning to look a little like Miss Havisham.

Estée Lauder descended the next flight of stairs to join the guests gathered on the patio under special bright-pink sun umbrellas. A young woman dressed as a rose, her face like a dewdrop at the center of a two-foot-high bud of padded pink satin, followed her with her eyes. "It didn't seem this heavy when I put it on," she said.

The model standing on her other side looked very young and very bored. She showed an exquisite profile under a swooping four-foot circle of creamy pleated silk. I asked if she was an Oriental poppy.

"I've no idea," she said, with a heartfelt sigh.

The notion of inviting "New York's Hundred Most Beautiful Women" to the luncheon had been mooted but swiftly rejected, as too likely to offend uninvited friends. In-

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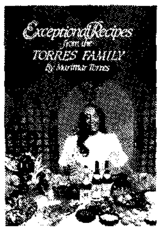
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stead, the serviceable guest list included people from Saks (which co-sponsored the event), from the Parks Council (which benefitted), and from the advertising and magazine-publishing worlds, and also women friends of Evelyn Lauder; the dress designers Mary McFadden and Kasper; the sociable Andy Warhol and Jerome Zipkin, the man-about-town; an angelic-looking five-year-old, who turned out to be the Botticelli child's double; and the Lauder court muster. Many of the last were dressed wholly or partly, and with various levels of enthusiasm, in pink. ("Phyllis and I have decided that pink is really the new neutral," Rebecca McGreavy had told me not long before.)

Alvin Chereskin, in a pink shirt, was standing among the pink umbrellas with head tilted back, looking up. Tourists leaned over the parapet above the sunken space where he stood. The ring of their downturned, curious faces hung hovering over the bright-colored gathering like faces watching lords and ladies from medieval battlements in a Book of Hours. Above them, sun rays ricocheted from the gilded statue of Prometheus. Higher yet, a rank of multicolored flags rippled out from tall poles against an azure sky. A fluffy white cloud drifted by.

"Gorgeous," Chereskin said. "The luck of the Lauders, you see."

It was after her guests were at table that Estée Lauder made her entrance, slow-stepping and smiling, with "Estée: A Success Story" held like a sacred tome in front of her, at bosom height. Willow Bay, wearing an expression both modest and ironic, followed some paces behind in her veil and gown.

"I kept putting *it* on this lady in Palm Beach, then on another," Estée Lauder told the group. She ran through the rich aunt and the imitative banks. "I didn't get there by dreaming about it! Hoping for it. Wishing for it. I got there by working for it!" she said.

"Everyone loves a winner," Kasper said, under cover of the applause.

Willow Bay and Jerome Zipkin were paired at Estée Lauder's table. I looked over and saw the two profiles turned to each other, close and sociable, as if they were weaving plots: to the right was the porcelain cameo of the beautiful young woman, pink-washed from the light of her rosebud crown and half-concealed by a slanting scrim of white wedding veil; to the left were the cynical, worldly-wise features of the man, who had spent several times her time on earth lifting his fork and gossiping at thousands of tables like today's.

At the end of the meal, Bob Barnes was standing like a rock in a flowing stream of Beautiful Pink shopping bags filled with perfume samples and sweeping up the stairs, out into the world. He had his hand flat on his heart, as if on alert to pledge allegiance to the flag. Reports of early reorders from Neiman-Marcus, he said, were more than encouraging. "It's going to be big numbers," he said. "It's blowing out."

THE morning after Saks Fifth Avenue's double-page advertisement for Beautiful ran in the *Times*, on the last Sunday in September, Estée Lauder was to visit the store. The appearance was not advertised to the public.

"Mrs. Lauder has confirmed the visit," an executive of the store told me. "It is part of her schedule for today, and that is as official as it gets."

During the weekend, Estée Lauder had made some store visits that had been truly unexpected. Attended only by Rebecca McGreavy and her security man, she had descended for spot checks on the Lauder counters at Bloomingdale's and Macy's. At the first, she had been roused to indignation by the discovery of a beauty adviser using lavish amounts of Skin Perfecting Creme. Wasting the product in the course of demonstrating to customers is a hobbyhorse with her. "We're in the selling business, not the makeup business," she often says. At Macy's, the visit had unmasked a more heinous crime: a model hired to spray Giorgio scent, a competitor, had been violating the air rights around the Estée Lauder space.

Saks had pulled out all the stops: flowers, smocks, cocktail music on a white piano, big bottles in the window, videos with the indefatigable bride. (The commercial had made its television début some days before, with the store tag urging customers to Macy's.)

Bob Barnes looked at the display with satisfaction. "It really pops," he said.

The pink plastic ripples of Beautiful testers kept cropping up, like Trojan horses, on the counter space of the competition. Young men in dinner jackets and young women in Shocking pink dresses (obtained at Lord & Taylor, because Saks had nothing suitable in stock) strolled and wheeled around the aisles with basketfuls of scented pink fabric flowers on their arms.

d.ehrenberg

"Ladies!" one young man sang out. "Estée Lauder is coming! Mrs. Lauder, spraying today!"

A young woman named Mona Stack, as skinny as a whippet, with a cap of straight blond hair, stood mechanically handing out the flowers to passersby.

"This work? I do it when I'm broke," she said to me. "I have to pay the rent." Her hand dipped into her basket and handed over another scented flower. "I think it's nice when they have the men as well. I think the ladies like them coming up to them. Are you familiar with Decadence? I did the promotion for Decadence as well. They had the guys in tuxedos for that, too."

Estée Lauder arrived, slid around the counter end, and moved things here and there. She started off with some preliminary arm-high spraying; it seemed styled after the benedictory sprinklings of a Pope. A crowd had gathered, and it thickened by the minute, as if ants had got word of a crumb.

"Set up stanchions, quick!" someone said, and Estée Lauder was framed behind her counter by chromium posts and sausages of velvet-covered rope. A line formed all down the length of the counter and started slowly shuffling past her.

"Step right up!" rang the voices. "Estée Lauder! Giving away free samples! At the counter right now!"

A youth in a dinner jacket gently tucked the hand of a fat woman under his arm and escorted her to the end of the slow-moving line.

"More petals!" someone stage-whispered. "We need more petals up front."

Estée Lauder was dressed in her red-with-black-leaf-print dress and hat. Around her, the counter was a dazzle of pink and gold and sparkling light. Many of the women looked shy and humble as they drew near for her to spray them on the right hand. She handed them first a little pink card with a vial of Beautiful on it, then a little green card with a vial of Lauder for Men. "This is for you," she murmured as she bestowed the pink. "And

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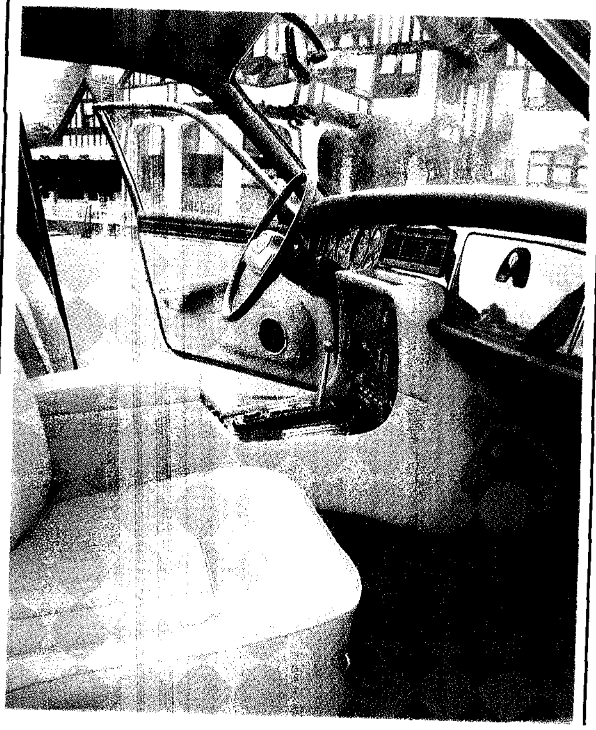

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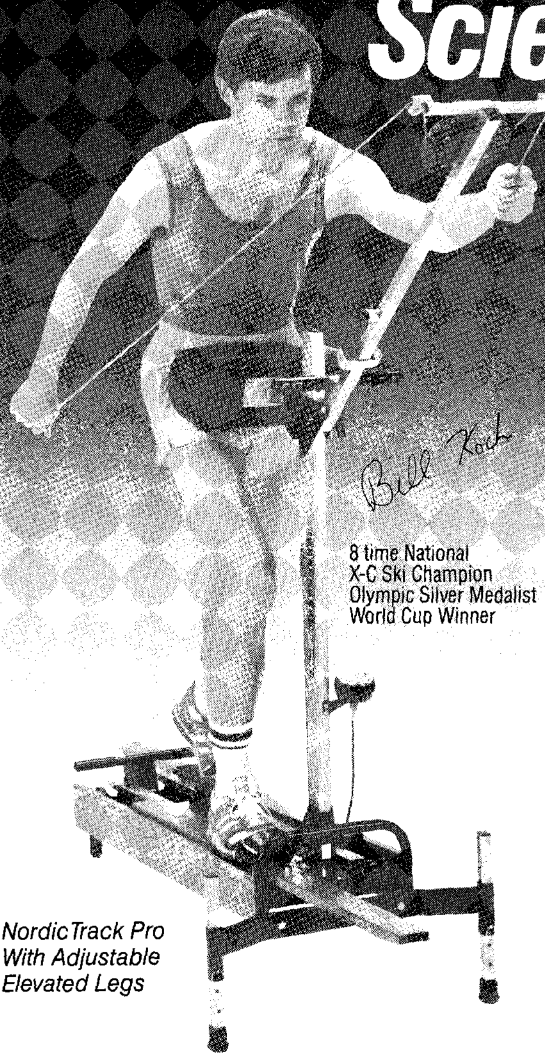

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1. **NordicTrack**
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141NY Jonathan Blvd. North, Chaska, MN 55318 this is for the man in your life," she murmured with the green.

The women grew fidgety as their turn drew near; they checked their appearance in mirrors, got out their pocket combs.

Barnes stood planted among a little semicircle of executives on the marble floor some yards away. With his folded arms and his big gold ring, he was a timeless figure, looking on as Estée Lauder gave her benedictory *pffft-pffft*, her twin murmured phrases, like a celebrant at Mass. The phrases took their place in a symphony: women's voices, the tinkling of the white piano, the market cries of the basket people, Cohn on the video. The air was thick with Beautiful.

Two gray-haired old women ambled off, stowing their samples in capacious bags and waving their wrists under their nostrils.

"It's a little . . ." one began.

"Pungent," said the other.

A young woman was advancing slowly through the crowd, jerkily pushing a stroller with a sleeping child in it.

"I know the information desk is in here somewhere," she said. "Today, of all days, I'm supposed to meet a friend."

The toddler was slumped oblivious in the stroller sling as it passed the knee-high shelves of bright-pink boxes, the gold letters spelling out "ESTÉE LAUDER" and "BEAUTIFUL." Light from the cabinet shone on a pair of round pink cheeks and a small mouth bubbling with some far-off dream.

"They all said I looked prettier than my picture," Estée Lauder said after she had called a halt. "Of course, *my* friends would never wait on line like that."

She got into her limousine and made for Macy's.

"They all said they used my products," she said. She gave a laugh. "Some of 'em didn't look so hot."

Rebecca McGreavy said that everyone in the world wanted to interview Mrs. Lauder now.

"It's because I'm the only one left," Estée Lauder said cheerily, adjusting the angle of her hat. "They think I'm going to drop dead soon."

Even on a Monday, Herald Square was teeming. Crowds crisscrossed the broad sidewalks in front of Macy's windows, trampling reader-and-adviser flyers and dodging the cartons of three-card-monte shills. Every one of the Broadway windows had been dedicated to the Beautiful idea; it would be held over for a second week, too. Within each window in the line, mannequins with big fake jewels and black cocktail dresses stood frozen in cell-like rooms with padded walls of pink bengaline. The fat gold letters of "ESTÉE LAUDER" and "BEAUTIFUL" rested on mirrored floors alongside anarchically downed chandeliers. Could this be Beautiful's darker, riskier, more decadent side?

"Say, they've got *some* traffic in here," Bob Barnes said as Estée Lauder and her entourage forded Macy's main floor. She took up a position—standing in front of her counter, for a change—and once again set to with her spraying and her murmured distributions of pink and green. An enormous crowd gathered immediately, scarcely needing the urging of another lively troupe of dinner-jacketed men and basket women that they should "step right up." A queue quickly formed all down the length of the long bay of counters. Women in pink smocks stood inside the ring of counters, smiling red smiles on the women who were shuffling slowly past them. Other pink smocks peeked out at the procession from a vantage point behind big glass dramming urns filled with amber-colored Private Collection, White Linen, Cinnabar, and Estée Super Perfume. On they came: a teen-ager as thin as a shoelace, all in black, with purple hair; a woman with an eight-months-pregnant belly; an old woman with a Job Lot Trading Company shopping bag, leaning on her cane; black women; white women; women in polyester pants, with spectacles on plastic chains; a woman chewing gum, and another eating ice cream from a little cup; women speaking Haitian French, and Korean, and two friends speaking Arabic and wearing the chador. Eagerly, each one stepped closer to the woman in the red hat and to her magic vials, her pink and green. They came for a brief mist of Beautiful at the hands of Estée Lauder, née (her book would tell) Josephine Esther Mentzer, of Corona, Queens.

—KENNEDY FRASER

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Durham* (*N.C.*) *Morning Herald*]

Helms said that the State Department was trying to discredit him because it doesn't like his strong stands against communism.

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THE ART WORLD

Gods and Heroes

TENNIS fans who saw John McEnroe defeated in the first round of the U.S. Open last month may not have been aware that McEnroe's alter ego in classical art, the "Laocoön," was on exhibition at the Queens Museum, only a few hundred yards away. Not only the "Laocoön," moreover, but twenty-one other examples of famous sculptures and sculpture groups, including the "Borghese Warrior," the "Venus de Milo," the "Medici Venus," three pediment friezes from the Parthenon, and nine mighty works by Michelangelo. The sculptures are in a permanent exhibition called "The Heroic Spirit: Classical Sculpture from Ancient Greece to Michelangelo," which went on view at the museum last April, and they are not, of course, the originals. They are plaster casts, on loan from the Metropolitan Museum—plaster casts of exceptionally good quality, taken directly from the originals more than a century ago, in most cases—and the tale of their origin, their disappearance from view, and their recent resurrection could serve as an object lesson to McEnroe and to us all.

Plaster casts. The words carry an apologetic sibilance, and the associations are terrible: cheap reproductions, broken legs. And yet, for the first quarter century of the Metropolitan's existence, hardly anyone supposed that the museum could spend its money half so wisely for any other class of objects. When the Met was founded, in 1870, its trustees accepted without much question the common belief that the great works of earlier periods in art were locked up in European museums and private collections, never to resurface on the open market. Salomon Reinach, later the much-respected director of the Musée des Antiquités Nationales, near Paris, lectured us to this effect in a letter to *The Nation* in 1885. "The idea of endowing a city like New York with a collection of original sculptures and paintings by old masters is to be completely put aside," Reinach advised. America was a young country, and "not having known the drawbacks of monarchism, it must be content not to know its advantages either." This naïve assumption would be disproved soon enough, but the Metropolitan's founders swallowed it whole. How, then, were they to achieve their stated objective, which was to build a collection that would illustrate the entire history of art, "from the earliest beginnings to the present time"? One alternative, they decided, was plaster casts.

During its first decade, the museum couldn't afford even that modest undertaking, but in 1883 a New York businessman named Levi Hale Willard died and left a hundred thousand dollars to the Metropolitan, to be used exclusively for the purchase of architectural casts and models. Three years later, Henry Gurdon Marquand, a trustee who subsequently became the Met's second president, gave ten thousand dollars to start a collection of sculptural casts. A Department of Casts was established, more money was raised, and Edward Robinson, who was then the curator of classical antiquities at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, was engaged as a special purchasing agent. (Robinson was lured away permanently in 1905, when he became the Met's curator of classical art.) Provided with funds in excess of a hundred thousand dollars, Robinson visited the British Museum, the Louvre, the Vatican, and other European repositories of ancient art. Molds already existed for some of the works on his lists; if they did not, he arranged to have them made by local artisans, working under his exacting conditions. The Metropolitan wanted its casts to be the best that money could buy. (Today, few major museums would permit casts to be made from their fragile originals.) By 1895, the collection was virtually complete—more than two thousand replicas of the principal masterworks of Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Renaissance sculpture, together with scale models of the Hypostyle Hall at Karnak, the Parthenon, the Pantheon, the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and other architectural monuments. Some trustees grumbled that the museum had bought many more casts than it could ever exhibit, but the public was delighted. Where else, in New York or any other city, could you see gathered together the most famous works of Praxiteles (properly fig-leafed, in line with Victorian scruples), the pediment groups from the Parthenon, the "Victory of Samothrace," the Colleoni and Gattamelata equestrian statues, the Ghiberti portals from the Baptistery in Florence, and almost the entire range of Michelangelo's sculpture? (To this day, not one original sculpture by Michelangelo exists in America.)

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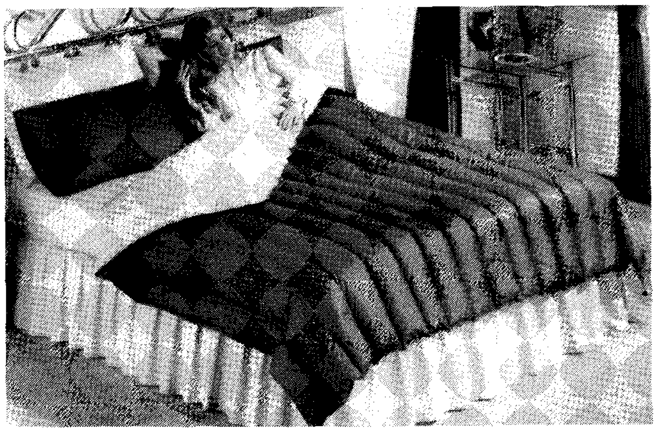

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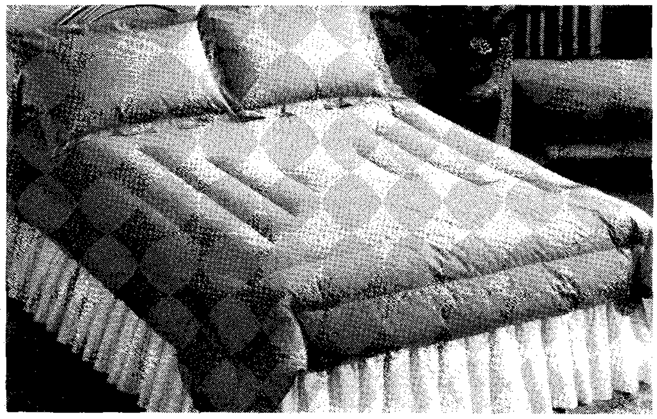

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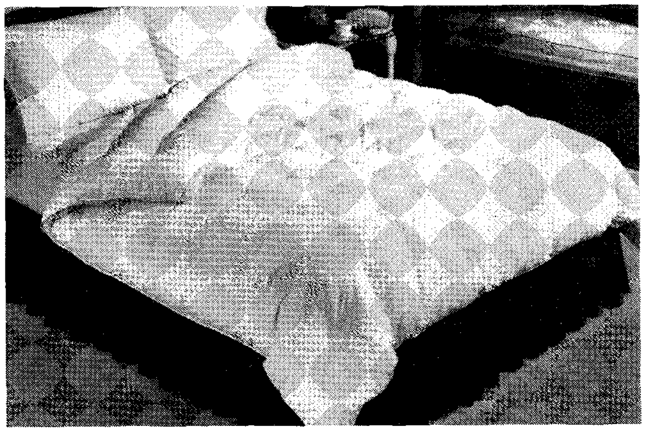

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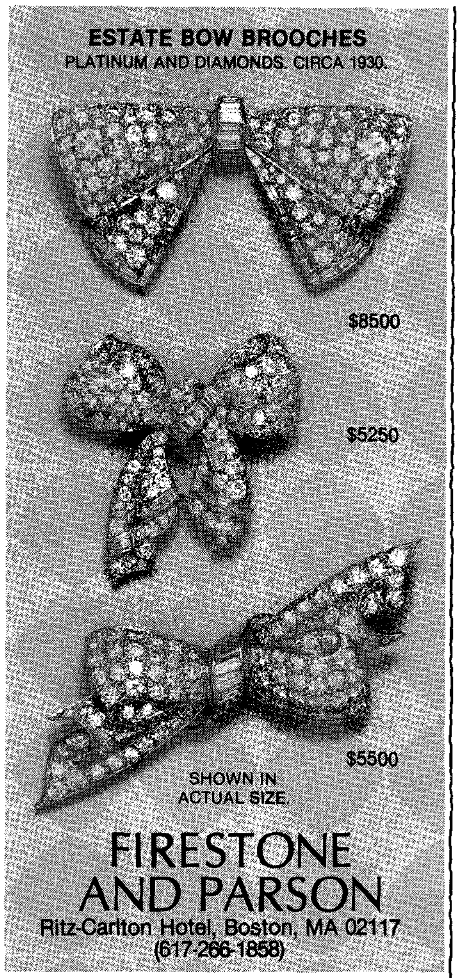

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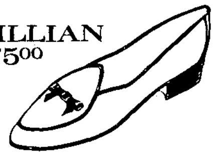

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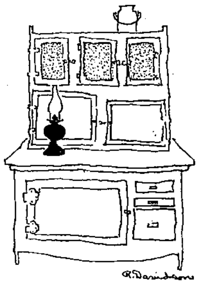
ground floor of the museum's north wing, which was opened in 1894, while architectural casts dominated the large, rectangular hall directly behind the main staircase. By 1905, though, the modest ambitions of the founders were being superseded, and casts had already begun to seem an embarrassment. A new group of trustees, headed by the imperious J. P. Morgan, had taken control of the museum. Europe was proving more than ready, after all, to part with the aesthetic spoils of monarchism, and Morgan's eye was fixed on acquisitions of the highest quality and importance. Henry James, describing the Metropolitan in "The American Scene" (1907), sensed change in the very atmosphere of the place. "Acquisition—acquisition if need be on the highest terms—may, during the years to come, bask here as in a climate it has never before enjoyed," he wrote. "There was money in the air, ever so much money—that was, grossly expressed, the sense of the whole intimation. And the money was to be all for the most exquisite things—for *all* the most exquisite things except creation, which was to be off the scene altogether . . . The Museum, in short, was going to be great."

As the tastes and ambitions of the Metropolitan trustees and curators grew progressively more ducal, the space allotted to casts shrank by degrees. The architectural models disappeared from view during the nineteen-thirties. In 1938, the old Hall of Casts was reconstructed as the Hall of Armor, and the remaining sculptural casts vanished into storage—most of them into a warehouse leased from the New York City Department of Transportation, under a viaduct on Riverside Drive at 158th Street. For a while, at least, they were sorely missed. New York artists and art teachers complained bitterly; in the thirties, drawing from casts was still an important part of traditional art training. They demanded that the city provide space somewhere else for a museum of casts, as Paris did at the Palais du Trocadéro. Francis Henry Taylor heartily endorsed this idea when he became the Metropolitan's director, in 1940, but he had no luck in getting city officials to provide the funds. Taylor and Robert Moses, the Commissioner of Parks, discussed placing some of the casts, suitably weatherproofed, in outdoor locations appropriate to their subject matter—the "Discobolus" and other athletes in sports stadiums, marine subjects at Jacob Riis Park, animals in the zoo—and during Taylor's regime there was also a plan, drawn up in detail, to convert the museum's boiler room into a cast gallery. Somehow the money to carry out these schemes could never be found. Modernism was winning out in the art schools meanwhile; nobody wanted to draw from casts anymore. Taylor did put on a special exhibition of fifteen Michelangelo casts in the summer of 1942 (the artist's first one-man show in New York), but the pieces went back to 158th Street afterward, and there they remained for the next thirty years, gathering dust, absorbing moisture from overhead leaks, and slowly crumbling.



I saw them there one winter day in 1971. Karl Katz, who was then the Met's chairman for special projects and exhibitions (he now runs the museum's film-and-television department), had conceived the idea of a cast exhibition drawn from the museum's collection and curated by George Segal, the contemporary sculptor known for his casts of living subjects. Segal was interested. Segal, Katz, and I went up to 158th Street and spent an hour or so in the warehouse, picking our way around puddles of water on the concrete floor while cars and trucks thundered by overhead. The casts filled two huge rooms. They were jammed in willy-nilly, and there were some wonderfully improbable confrontations: Donatello's "St. John the Baptist" preaching to a nude "Aphrodite." Segal's enthusiasm never flagged. "The quality of the casting is really extraordinary," he said later, in the taxi going downtown. "One of the things that struck me was that so few people ever get to see the original sculptures this way, up close and in the round. The originals are on pedestals twelve feet high, or tucked away in niches. Being able to see the backs of the pieces, and all the little scratches and chisel marks—that's the confrontation that really excited me. These artists have become gods, history has made them into gods, and here's an opportunity to get back on human terms with them." The exhibition never took place—lack of funds again.

And now we come to the Queens

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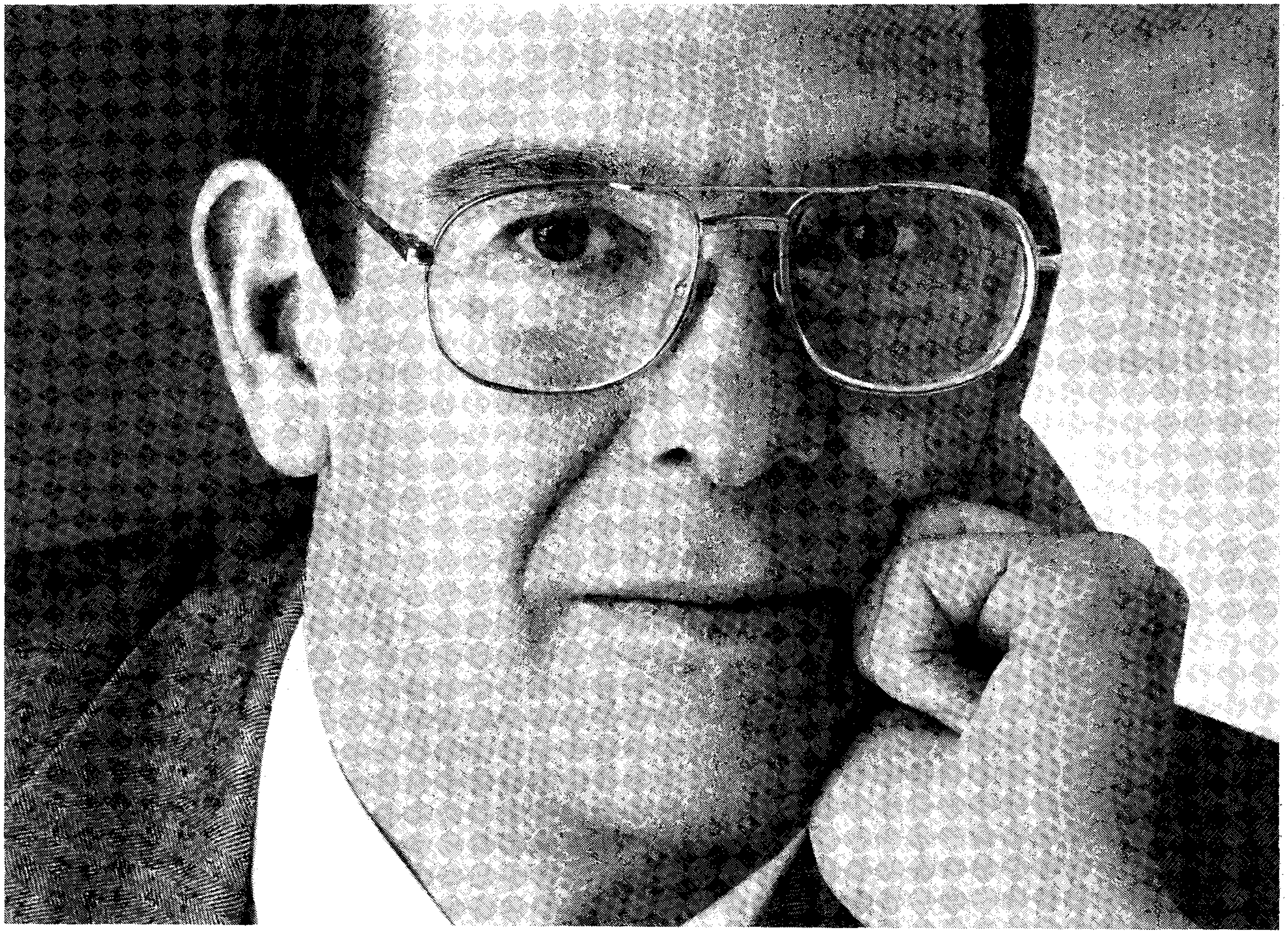

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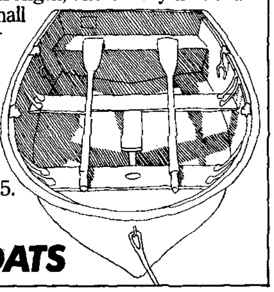

Museum. Distressed that the more than two million residents of Queens County had no cultural center of their own, a group of public-spirited citizens worked out a deal with the municipal authorities, in 1972, to establish a museum in half of the old New York City Building—one of the structures left over from the 1939 World's Fair, in Flushing Meadow. The space had seen service as a roller-skating rink—the building's other half was and still is an ice-skating rink—and it already housed an extraordinary work of art: a vast architectural panorama of all five boroughs of New York, with bridges, waterways, rail lines, airports, streets, and more than eight hundred and fifty thousand buildings reproduced in perfect detail on a scale of an inch to a hundred feet. Made for the 1964 World's Fair, the panorama had been there ever since, forgotten by everyone except roller skaters. With such an amazing replica already on hand, it was probably no coincidence that Janet Schneider, who joined the Queens Museum in 1973 as its curator, would prove receptive to the idea of exhibiting plaster casts. The person who influenced her in that direction was Richard McDermott Miller, a sculptor, a professor of fine arts at Queens College, and a man who has never lost faith in the teaching value of classical models.

In 1975, the board of the Queens Museum, having experienced some bad luck with its first two paid directors, asked Thomas Hoving, the Metropolitan's flamboyant chief, to serve as interim director of their fledgling institution. Hoving accepted, and that year, following a visit by Janet Schneider and Professor Miller to the 158th Street warehouse, the Met agreed to lend a small number of its sculptural casts to the Queens Museum. Professor Miller recruited seven of his students to restore them, under his supervision, at a workshop set up for that purpose at the museum. The students learned how to remove discolored paint and grime from the plaster, make repairs where necessary, and repatinate the surface—a slow, painstaking process, requiring as much as three months' work on a single statue. Nine restored casts were shown at the Queens Museum in September, 1975, in an exhibition called "Classical and Renaissance Sculpture: The Art of the Cast." The program then languished, for the usual reason—lack of funds.

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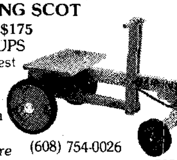

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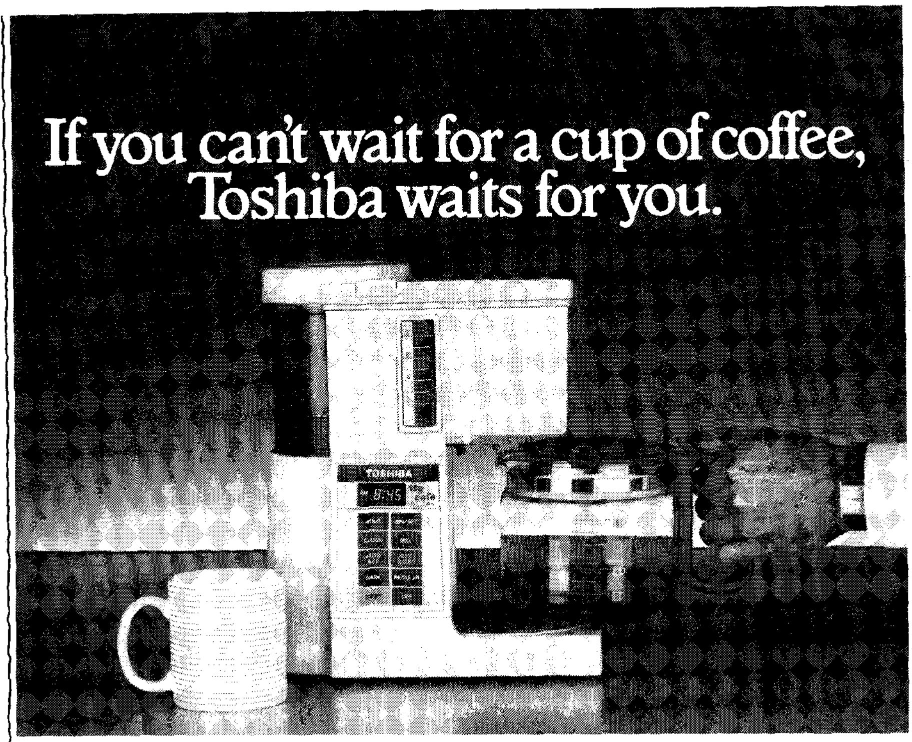
when the Chase Manhattan Bank agreed to finance a three-year program under which the Queens Museum would restore a substantial number of the Metropolitan's casts. Janet Schneider, who had become the director of the Queens Museum in 1977 (succeeding Hoving), and her staff selected more than two hundred casts, passing up the "Apollo Belvedere" and several others that were too badly damaged to repair. A new team of restorers was organized under the leadership of Neal Martz, one of Richard Miller's former students. Help also came, unexpectedly, from the city. A sixteen-million-dollar municipal-highway-reconstruction effort required that everything be cleared out of the storage area under the 158th Street viaduct; the city diverted two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of its highway funds to move the Metropolitan's casts—some to Queens, and the rest, numbering more than eighteen hundred, to another city warehouse, in the Bronx. Chase Manhattan has continued to support the ongoing restoration work in the Queens Museum's basement workshop, and Mayor Koch, after viewing a 1983 exhibition of Michelangelo casts at the museum, came through with some additional support from the city. The bank also funded "The Heroic Spirit," which occupies about a third of the museum's limited exhibition space.

The meticulously restored casts present some problems for the contemporary eye. Plaster patinated to resemble marble has an oversmooth, soapy look that offends the modernist "truth to materials" fetish; we feel more comfortable with George Segal's rough, unpolished surfaces. The perfection of form that became the basis for much Greek and Renaissance art is overwhelmingly there, however, and, after a period of adjustment, the language of those idealized volumes and proportions comes through with great force. It is an exhilarating experience to see the "Laocoön," whose rediscovery in 1506 made such a dramatic impression on Michelangelo, and then to walk into a room filled with Michelangelo's sculpture. In spite of the cramped quarters and the inadequate lighting, in spite of the vast difference between an original carving and a cast, you feel that you are in the presence of something immense and unlimited, something that has probably gone out of the world for good: an absolute sense of man as the measure of all things.

—Calvin Tomkins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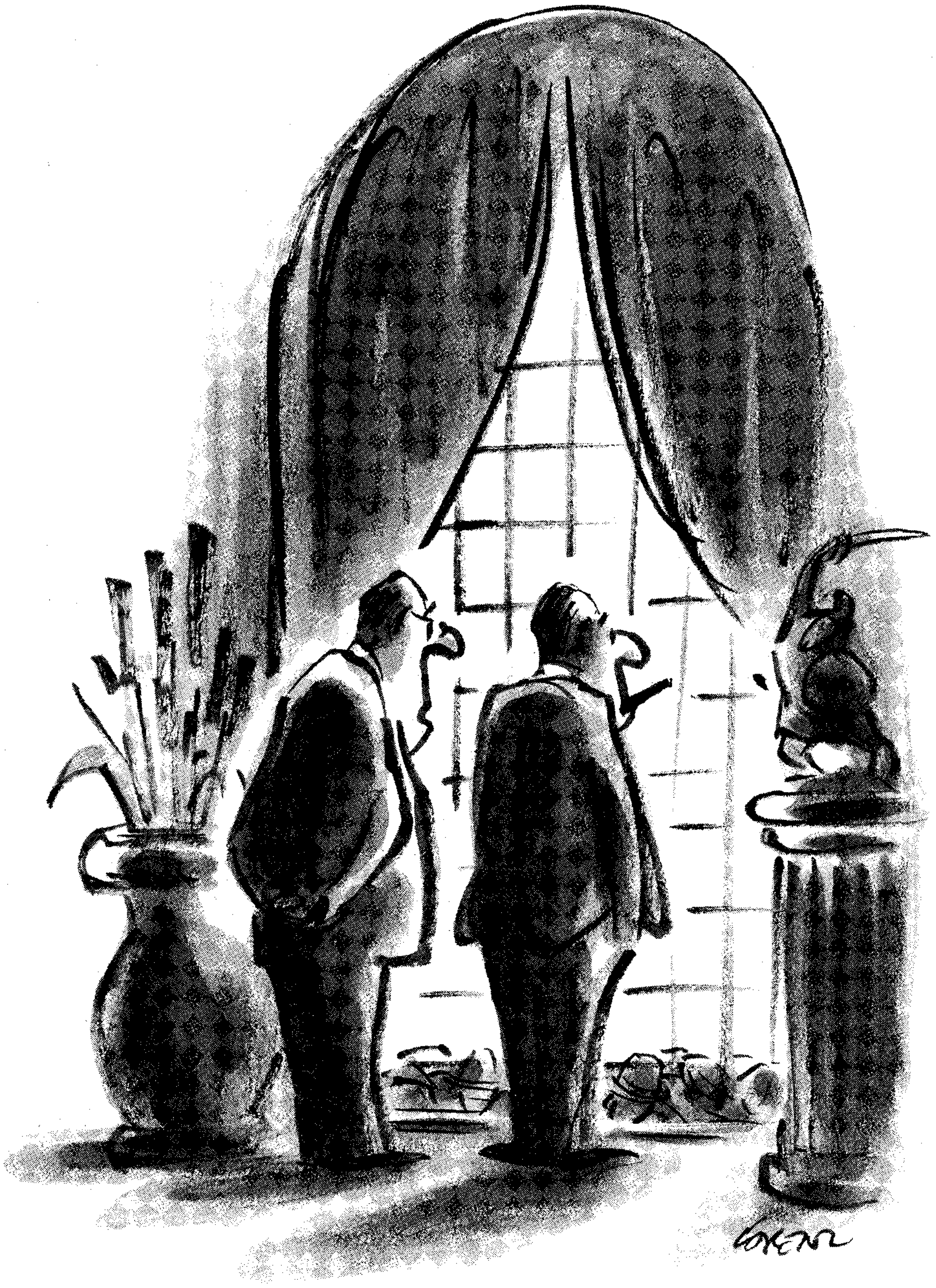
KRAPP, of Samuel Beckett's "Krapp's Last Tape"—if it is conceivable that anyone needs reminding—is a scruffy old failure, an unread writer, who every year has made a tape of the events of the previous twelve months and now reads aloud, with sighs and groans and a stinging commentary, the tape he recorded thirty years ago, when he was thirty-nine. The setting is his cluttered, dingy room, presumably somewhere in Ireland. The play is, or should be, riveting. As performed by Rick Cluchey, at the Samuel Beckett, it is not quite. Mr. Cluchey's Krapp is a very private, muted (at times all but inaudible) old duffer; there is nothing stagy about him, or fake, although he often seemed mechanical to me. Even so, he is certainly not dull, as we watch him shuffling about the stage, taking a couple of bananas out of a drawer, tossing the peel from one into the air (and slipping on it). There is much that is, at least, effective: his bursts of rage and impatience at his young self, when he stops the tape or winds it ahead, and his parched laughter. That thirty-ninth year marked Krapp's "farewell to love," and there is a lyrical passage, indelible and of great beauty, about himself in a punt with a young woman, which he plays and then plays again. The reading on the tape is all that one could ask for. As you can see—on the one hand/on the other hand. But there is no underlying tension at all, and little emotion, or even despair.

Mr. Cluchey started to perform Beckett while a prisoner at San Quentin, serving a life sentence for kidnapping and armed robbery. After he was released on parole, he went to Paris, where he met Beckett in 1974. Beckett started to coach and direct him in the plays, and has worked with him ever since. This production was directed by Beckett. I hope we get another chance to see Mr. Cluchey; I hope he turns out to be much better than I think he is. —EDITH OLIVER



"We study, we plan, we research. And yet, somehow, money still remains more of an art than a science."

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the Oxford Times*]

Thieves have stolen special toad signs just days after they were put up to warn motorists of a protected breeding ground.

Now hundreds of toads at Berrick Salome are in danger of being squashed as they sit in the road calling to their mates.

Biology teacher Mrs Marion Shaw, who has campaigned for the village near Wallingford to be designated as one of the country's 220 protected "toad sites," is disgusted by the theft.

"A lot of villagers are very upset about it—we went to a great deal of trouble to get the signs in the first place and they disappeared within days of being put up," she said.

She has been told by the British Herpetological Society, which protects reptiles, that more than a third of these toad signs are stolen because they are so unusual.

"I expect youngsters have taken them to display on their bedroom wall," she added.

For many years the toads have thrived around the village ponds, which are unpolluted by crop spraying. During the mating season in March and April the toads sit in the road at night calling to females.

Last year, more than 500 were found squashed in just two nights.

The two signs—a triangle with a red reflective edging, surrounding a black toad—were put up near to the toads' breeding ground to warn motorists of the love-lorn toads in the road.

Mrs Shaw, who is head of Biology at Icknield School, Watlington, said Oxfordshire County Council could not afford to provide any new signs, but she would put up make-shift ones.

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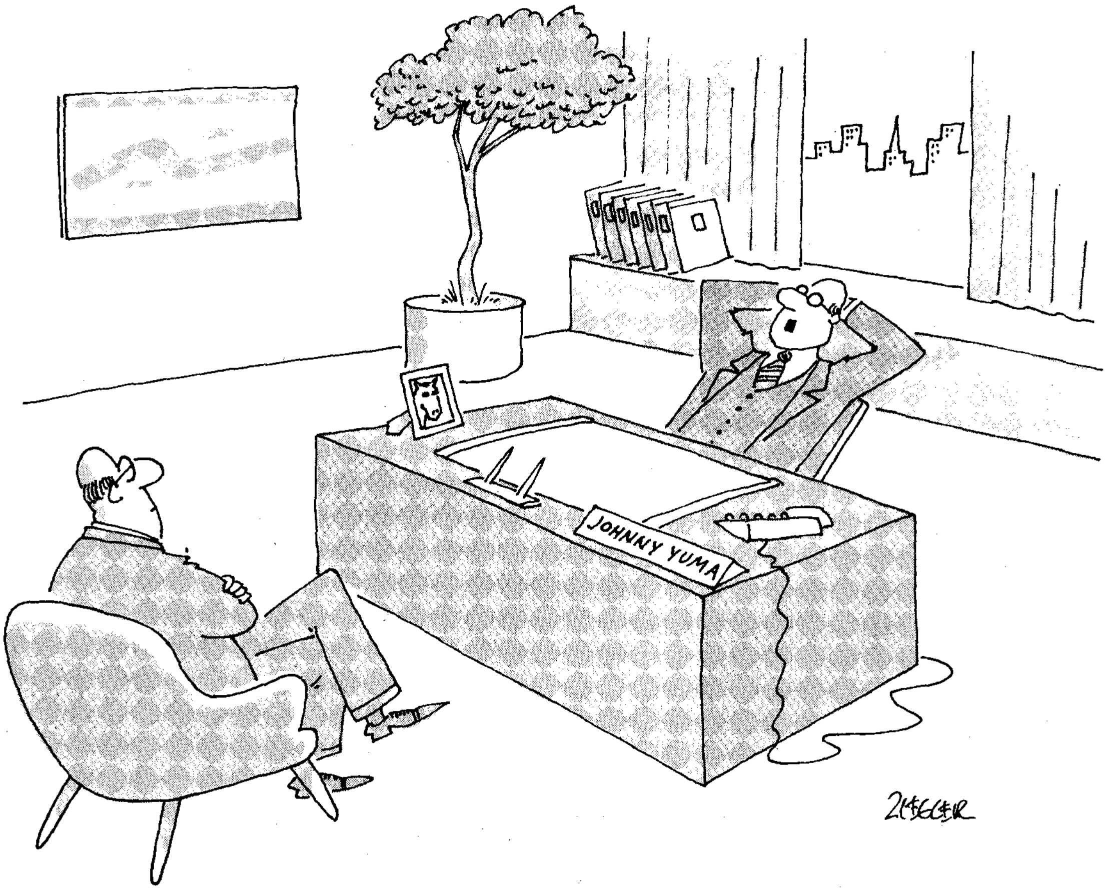
STUDYING WITH MISS BISHOP

In February, 1975, I began my last semester as a graduate student in English at Harvard University. Picking my courses that final term, I tried for once to pick them carefully, and I came down to a choice between two teachers—Robert Lowell and Elizabeth Bishop. Mr. Lowell's seminar on nineteenth-century poets was very popular. Everyone who fancied himself a poet talked about taking it. As for Elizabeth Bishop's course on modern poetry, I had never heard anyone mention it at all. It seemed to exist only in the course catalogue: "English 285: Studies in Modern Poetry: Miss Elizabeth Bishop, Instructor."

In retrospect, one might imagine that it would have been nearly impossible to get into one of Elizabeth Bishop's classes. But this was not the case. Her course was not one of the many that Harvard students fought to get into and afterward always managed to mention they had taken. The most popular teachers among the young literary élite were Robert Lowell, William Alfred, Robert Fitzgerald, and the newly arrived Alexander Theroux. On the first day of their classes, it was difficult just to squeeze into the room. While Northrop Frye, who was visiting Harvard that year to deliver the Norton Lectures, drew audiences of nearly a thousand for his class on *myth and literature*, Miss Bishop, I was to learn, rarely attracted more than a dozen unenthusiastic undergraduates. Her manner was at odds with the academic glamour of Harvard, her conversation not designed to impress. She was a politely formal, shy, and undramatic woman. She wanted no worshipful circle of students, and got none. Only her writing course was popular, but all writing courses were in great demand at Harvard, since the university as a matter of policy offered very few. While the Cambridge literary establishment held Miss Bishop in the highest esteem, among the undergraduates she was just another writer on the faculty. They knew she was well known, but wasn't everyone who taught at Harvard?

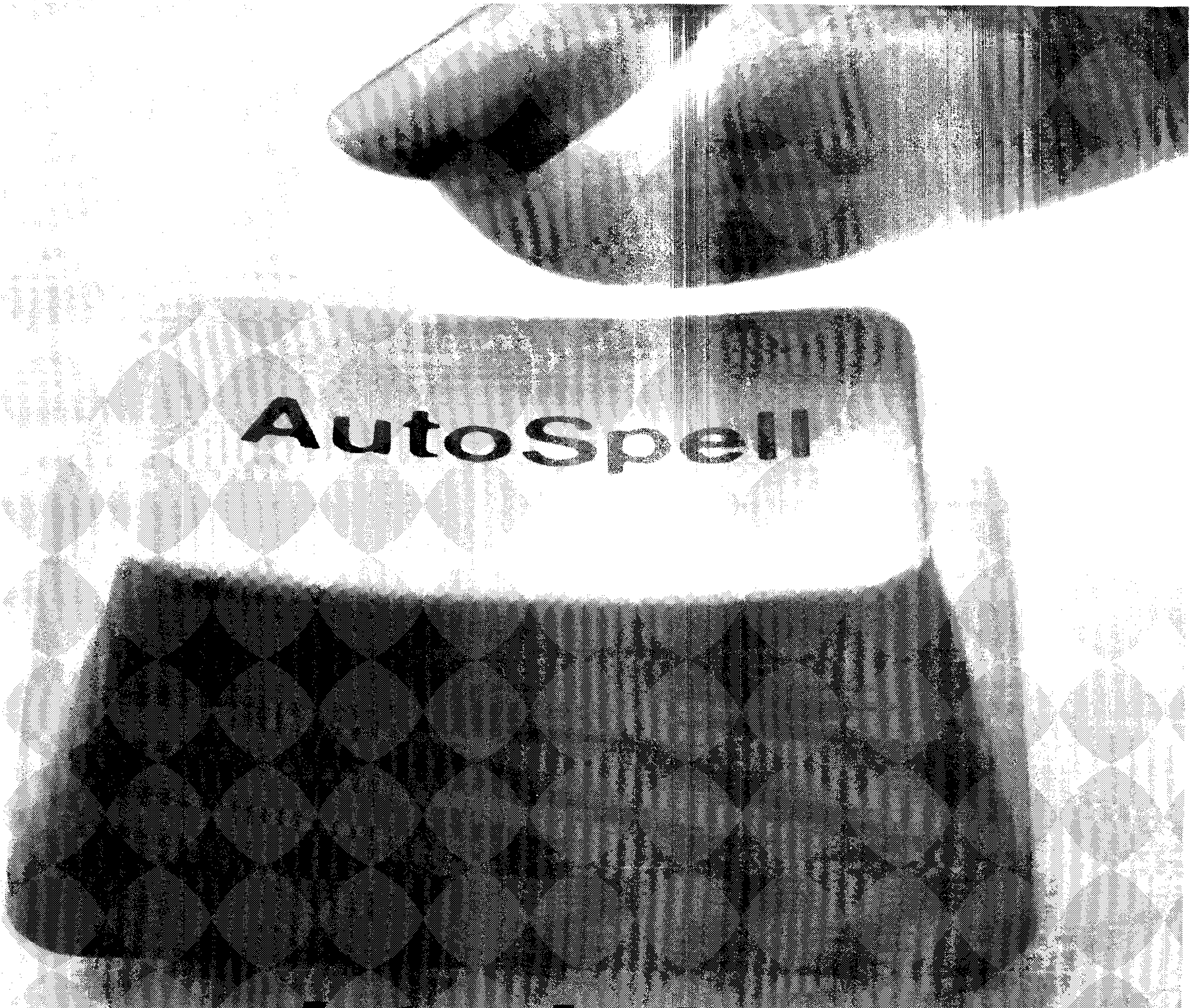
Miss Bishop's first session was held in a classroom on the second floor of Sever Hall, a grimy building of supposed architectural distinction in the Harvard Yard. The classroom—narrow, poorly whitewashed, with high, cracked ceilings—looked as if it belonged in an abandoned high school in North Dakota. There were exposed radiator pipes with peeling paint. A few battered shelves were lined with broken-spined textbooks of incalculable age. A couple of dozen chairs, no two of them matching, were set randomly around a huge, scratched table, at one end of which—prim, impeccably coiffured, and smoking—sat Miss Elizabeth Bishop.

I recognized her immediately from photographs I had seen in books, but somehow, suddenly coming into a room where she was sitting a few feet away, I was taken by surprise. At that point in my life, I had seen so few real poets in person that I felt a strange shock at being in the same room as someone whose work I knew on the page. It was an odd, almost uncomfortable sensation to have the perfect world of books peer so casually into the disorder of everyday life. I was also surprised by her appearance. She seemed disappointingly normal. I don't know exactly what I had expected—perhaps someone slightly bohemian or noticeably eccentric, a Marianne Moore or a Margaret Rutherford. Instead, I saw a very attractive woman in what I guessed to be her middle fifties (actually, she was sixty-four), dressed in a tasteful, expensive-looking suit, perfectly poised, waiting to begin. By the time the class started, only about a dozen students had arrived. I was surprised at so small a turnout. Moreover, we sat scattered around the room in a way that made the class seem half empty rather than intimate.



"Yes, I was a rebel, and I roamed through the West for a while, but I got sick of that."

Eventually, she began. "I am Elizabeth Bishop," she announced, "and this is Studies in Modern Poetry. The way I usually run this class is by asking the students to choose three



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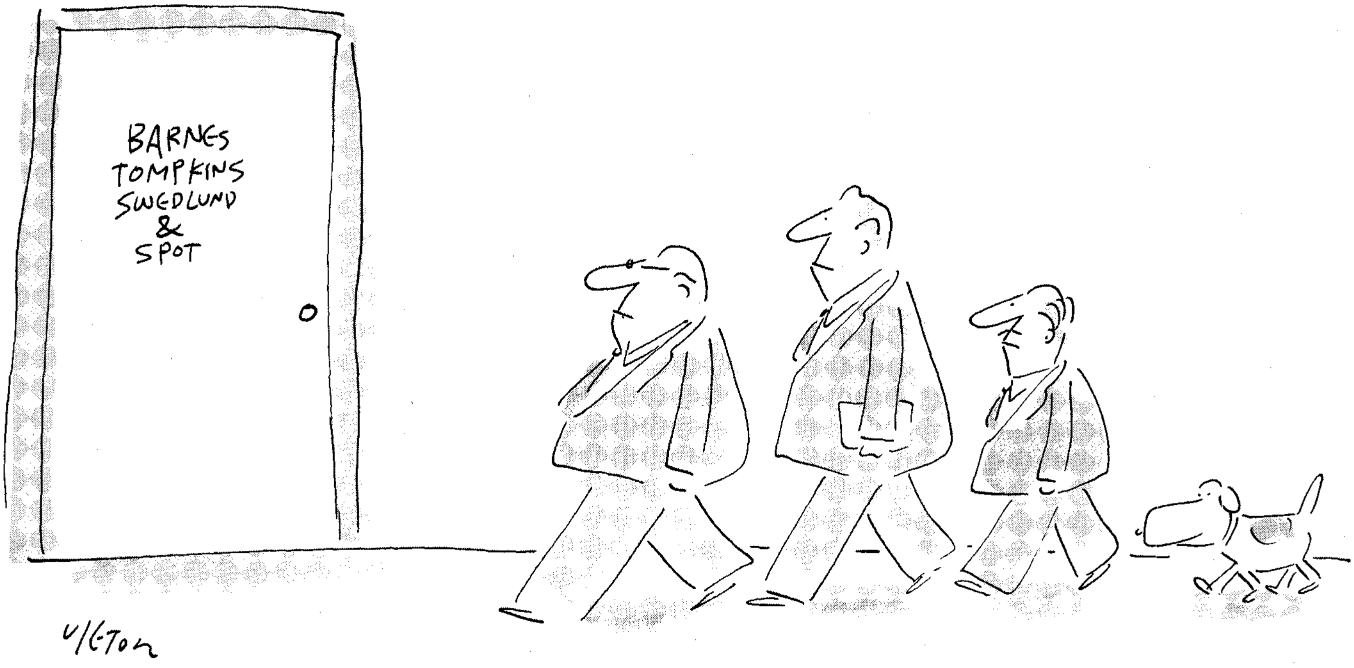

or four poets they would like to read and talk about. Does anyone have a suggestion?"

The first question was always an important moment in a Harvard class. It set the tone of the session, like the opening bid on the New York Stock Exchange.

"Can we read John Ashbery? Something like 'Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror'?" a young man asked from the back of the room.

Now, this was a truly exceptional question. Ashbery was just becoming well known, and every young poet I knew had been reading him. But hardly anyone was able to understand Ashbery. His work was so elusive and difficult that people who talked authoritatively about it were held in universally high regard.

"Ashbery?" said Miss Bishop. "Oh, no, we can't read Ashbery. I wouldn't know what to say about him."

"Couldn't we try an early book?" the student said.

"No, no. Let's try someone else."

"What about Auden?" another student asked.

"Oh, I love Auden, but we can't do him."

"Why not?"

"We just read him in my other class. We should read new people."

She acted as if we knew exactly what authors she had assigned the previous semester. I felt at ease. At least she was disorganized. I didn't have to revise my stereotype of poets entirely.

That first session must have seemed particularly unpromising. By the second class, the dozen original students had dwindled down to five—four undergraduates and me. The administration responded by moving us into a more intimate facility—the "seminar room" in the basement of Kirkland House. One entered by finding a well-hidden side door in one of the dormitory's wings, descending several staircases, and then wandering about until one came upon a vast, colorless room full of unwanted furniture and dismembered bicycles. There were pipes on the ceiling, and an endless Ping-Pong game went on behind a thin partition. In one corner stood a table slightly larger than a card table, and that was the only usable table in the place. Eventually, we all found the room, and the six of us took our places facing one another across the tiny surface.

"I'm not a very good teacher," Miss Bishop began. "So to make sure you learn something in this class I am going to ask each of you to memorize at least ten lines a week from one of the poets we are reading." Had she announced that we were all required to attend class in sackcloth and ashes, the undergraduates could not have looked more horrified. This was the twentieth century, the age of criticism.

"Memorize poems?" someone asked. "But why?"

"So that you'll learn something in spite of me."

People exchanged knowing glances, as if to say, "We're dealing with a real oddball." But the subject was closed.

Her modesty was entirely sincere. She was the most self-effacing writer I have ever met. She had her own opinions and preferences, but there was no false pride in her. Several times in almost every class, she would throw up her hands and say, "I have no idea what this line means. Can anybody figure it out?" And all of us would then scuffle ineffectually to her rescue.

Teaching did not come naturally to her. She was almost sixty when she became an instructor at Harvard, and one could sense how uneasy she felt in the role. She would not lecture to us, even informally. Sessions with her were not so much classes as conversations. She would ask someone to read a poem aloud. If it was a long poem, then each of us would read a stanza in turn. (At times, it reminded me of a reading class in grammar school.) Then we would talk about the poem line by line in a relaxed, unorganized way. She rarely made an attempt to summarize any observations at the end of discussions. She enjoyed pointing out the particulars of each poem, not generalizing about it, and she insisted that we understand every individual word, even if we had no idea what the poem was about as a whole. "Use the dictionary," she said once. "It's better than the critics."

She had no system in approaching poems, and her practice of close reading had little in common with the disciplines of New Criticism. She did not attempt to tie the details of a poem together into a tight structure. She would have found that notion unappealing. Nor did she see poems in any strict historical perspective. Good poems existed for her in a sort of eternal present. Studying poetry with her was a leisurely process. The order of the words in the poem was the only agenda, and we would go from word to word, from line to line, as if we had all the time in the world. We only read poems she liked, and it was a pleasure at Harvard to have a teacher who, however baffled she might be in managing her class, clearly enjoyed the things she was talking about.

WE began with poems from "Spring and All," by William Carlos Williams. We worked through each poem as slowly as if it had been written in a foreign language, and Miss Bishop provided a detailed commentary: biographical information, publication dates, geographical facts, and personal anecdotes about her meetings with the poet. She particularly admired the passage with which Williams opened the title poem of "Spring and All":

> By the road to the contagious hospital
> under the surge of the blue
> mottled clouds driven from the
> northeast—a cold wind. Beyond, the
> waste of broad, muddy fields
> brown with dried weeds, standing
> and fallen
>
> patches of standing water
> the scattering of tall trees
>
> All along the road the reddish
> purplish, forked, upstanding, twiggy
> stuff of bushes and small trees
> with dead, brown leaves under them
> leafless vines

It took us about an hour to work through this straightforward passage, not because Miss Bishop had any thesis to prove but because it reminded her of so many things—wildflowers, New Jersey, the medical profession, modern painting. Her remarks often went beyond the point at hand, but frequently she made some phrase or passage we might have overlooked in the poem come alive through a brilliant, unexpected observation. For example, later in the poem Williams has four lines about plants coming up in the early spring:

> They enter the new world naked,
> cold, uncertain of all
> save that they enter. All about them
> the cold, familiar wind

"Williams is using a human metaphor for the plants," Miss Bishop explained. "As a doctor, he specialized in obstetrics, and here he sees the

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plants as if they were babies being born.”

The poem of Williams’ that she enjoyed talking about most was “The Sea-Elephant,” which begins:

> Trundled from
> the strangeness of the sea—
> a kind of
> heaven—
>
> Ladies and Gentlemen!
> the greatest
> sea-monster ever exhibited
> alive
>
> the gigantic
> sea-elephant! O wallow
> of flesh where
> are
>
> there fish enough for
> that
> appetite stupidity
> cannot lessen?

One thing she found particularly fascinating about the poem was the way Williams made transitions. The poem moves quickly from one voice to the next, from one mood to another. It switches effortlessly from wonder to pathos, then to burlesque, and then back to wonder. I think this was the side of Williams’ work closest to Bishop’s own poetry. She, too, was a master of swift, unexpected transitions, and her poems move as surprisingly from amusement to wonder, from quiet pathos to joy. But with “The Sea-Elephant” the subject alone was enough to light up her interest. She loved talking about exotic animals or flowers, and, not surprisingly, she proved formidably well informed about sea elephants. And she admitted that for her the high point of the poem was the word that Williams invented to imitate the sea elephant’s roar: “Blouaugh.” It was music to her ears.

We began reading Wallace Stevens’ work, and started with “The Man on the Dump.” Here, too, I think the choice was revealing. She often named the poets who influenced her most as George Herbert, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Marianne Moore, and Stevens, and a poem like “The Man on the Dump” represents the side of Stevens’ work most like her own. While the poem is pure Stevens in its central concerns, it is slightly uncharacteristic in style. The rhythms are freer and more unpredictable than the blank-verse poems it superficially resembles. The tone is wry and quiet, the organization smooth and conversational, not pseudo-dramatic. The catalogues of rubbish and flowers it contains are more typical of Bishop than of Stevens:

> Days pass like papers from a press.
> The bouquets come here in the papers.
> So the sun,
> And so the moon, both come, and the
> janitor’s poems
> Of every day, the wrapper on the can
> of pears,
> The cat in the paper-bag, the corset,
> the box
> From Esthonia: the tiger chest, for tea.

Miss Bishop was more interested in Stevens’ music than his philosophy, and she became most animated in discussing poems that bordered on inspired nonsense verse, where meaning was secondary to sound. She not only felt uncomfortable analyzing Stevens’ ideas, she didn’t even enjoy his more abstract works. Paging through Stevens’ “Collected Poems” one afternoon, trying to figure out the next week’s reading list, she claimed she wouldn’t assign us a long, speculative poem, “The Comedian as the Letter C,” because she couldn’t stand to read it another time.

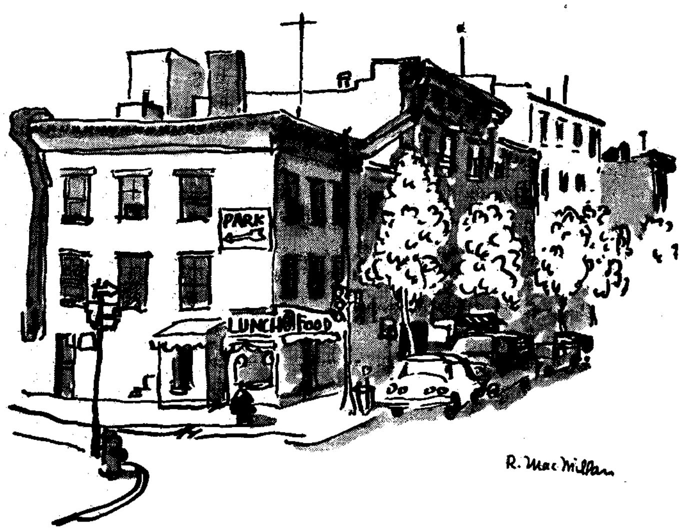
The only poem she specifically ordered us to memorize was Stevens’ “The Emperor of Ice-Cream,” and the next week she sat patiently through five stumbling recitations before leading us into a long discussion. Characteristically, she wanted us to memorize the poem before we talked *about its meaning*. To her, the images and the music of the lines were primary. If we comprehended the sound, eventually we would understand the sense. I also suspect that she stressed memorization in her class because it was one of the ways she herself approached poems. She knew dozens of Stevens’ poems by heart and would quote them casually in conversation. She recited them like universally known maxims any of us might have brought up had we only thought of them first. Once, during a conversation on how Stevens used flowers, her face suddenly brightened and she said:

> There are no bears among the roses,
> Only a negress who supposes
> Things false and wrong
>
> About the lantern of the beauty
> Who walks there, as a farewell duty,
> Walks long and long.
>
> The pity that her pious egress
> Should fill the vigil of a negress
> With heat so strong!

It was a moment of joy. Catching us all by surprise, the poem left us with the feeling of wonder that poetry should but so rarely is allowed to evoke. The conversation stopped, and we all sat around the table smiling like idiots. Miss Bishop was delighted at our reaction but also shocked to learn that none of us knew the poem. (She was always genuinely shocked to find that we did not know as much as she did about poetry.) Someone asked the title of the poem. “I don’t know!” she exclaimed. “ ‘Bears and Roses,’ I think.” And then we all began paging through our books in search of it. Eventually, we found it—“The Virgin Carrying a Lantern.”

To Miss Bishop, Stevens’ greatest subject was not poetry, the supreme fiction. It was Florida, the supreme landscape. She introduced us to Stevens with a long discourse on Florida —“the state with the prettiest name,” she said—and returned to the subject repeatedly, always with affection and enthusiasm. But in a strange way her memories of Florida had become as Platonic an ideal as Stevens’ visions of order at Key West. She was painfully aware of how much of *her* Florida had vanished. Her comments on Key West were always prefaced with disclaimers like “Back in the thirties, there used to be . . .” She spoke of it as if she were Eve remembering Eden.

“More delicate than the historians’ are the map-makers’ colors,” she once wrote, and, appropriately, she began her discussion of Key West with a topographical fact. “Key West,” she told us, “is *only* ninety miles from Cuba.” (Writing this down in my classroom notes, I, who had never been south of Washington, D.C., had marvellous visions of the



Old South slipping mysteriously into Latin America in landscapes framed by Spanish moss.) Later, in discussing "The Emperor of Ice-Cream," she explained, "In the Depression, the town was one-third Cuban, one-third black, and one-third everything else." There were labor troubles, too, she said, and the cigar factories moved to Tampa. The town was full of unemployed cigar rollers. Cubans sold ice cream on the streets. People still used oil lamps. The poem was inspired, she maintained, by a funeral Stevens saw in Key West. Her explanation was the very antithesis of New Criticism. It was, in fact, the very stuff of apocrypha, but she convinced me.

She also told us in detail how Stevens went to Key West every winter with his friend and business associate Judge Arthur Powell. She even knew the hotel they stayed at—the Casa Marina. Much to our delight, she also told us, in disapproving tones, how, in 1936, Ernest Hemingway had beaten up Wallace Stevens once in Key West. It was, she informed us, Stevens' fault. He was drunk and had come up to Hemingway's wife (and Miss Bishop's friend), Pauline, and made an insulting comment about her clothes, which, we were further informed, "were perfectly respectable for a resort." Hemingway knocked Stevens flat. Miss Bishop spoke of the incident authoritatively and in great detail, as if she had been present. Perhaps she had. I later checked up on the incident, which seemed too colorful to be true, and found that it had really happened, though not exactly the way she described it. Stevens had actually insulted Pauline's sister, Ursula.

Miss Bishop disliked literary criticism. In 1950, she wrote for John Ciardi's anthology "Mid-Century American Poets":

> The analysis of poetry is growing more and more pretentious and deadly. After a session with a few of the highbrow magazines one doesn't want to look at a poem for weeks, much less start writing one. . . . This does not mean that I am opposed to all close analysis and criticism. But I am opposed to making poetry monstrous or boring and proceeding to talk the very life out of it.

Twenty-five years later, her attitudes had only hardened on this subject. New Criticism was not only boring but misleading. She felt that most criticism reduced poems to ideas, and that the splendid particularity of an individual poem got lost in the process. A poem (if it was any good) could speak for itself. When she criticized the critics, she never spoke abstractly of "literary criticism," as if it were some branch of knowledge. Instead, she personalized the nemesis by referring collectively to "the critics," a sort of fumbling conspiracy of well-meaning idiots with access to printing presses. "They" were always mentioned in a kindly, disparaging way and dismissed with a single, elegant flip of her cigarette-holding hand.

Not dogmatic about her own theories, Miss Bishop did make a few exceptions: there were critics whom we were allowed to read without danger. "Allowed," however, is too weak a word, because when she liked a critic's work she liked it as intensely as the poems it talked about. Her favorite critic was her friend Randall Jarrell, who had been dead then for nearly ten years. His loss still seemed fresh, for she always spoke of him elegiacally, as if he had died only a few weeks before. Another critic she liked was Helen Vendler. She used Vendler's book "On Extended Wings," about Stevens' longer poems, as a sort of Bible. Whenever we were to discuss one of the longer poems, she would bring Vendler's book to class. We would talk about the poem until the discussion reached an impasse, at which point Miss Bishop would suggest, "Now let's see what Vendler says." She would find chapter and verse, quote it, and only then let us go on.

I remember one rainy afternoon when a flu epidemic had decimated Cambridge. Only one other student besides me showed up for class, and the three of us sat around the table in the gloomy underworld of Kirkland House talking about "The Man with the Blue Guitar" and hearing the rain splatter against the basement windows. All of us were coughing from recent bouts with the flu, and especially Miss Bishop, who would still not stop smoking. She had, of course, brought her copy of "On Extended Wings," and every few minutes she would stop the conversation to consult it. We would lean forward and wait for her to find the passage she wanted. Had a stranger suddenly been transported into the room, he would hardly have thought this was a seminar at Harvard University. It looked more like three old people in a rest home playing bridge with a dummy hand.

AFTER Stevens, we moved on to Robert Lowell, and this switch gave us students an odd feeling of

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dislocation. Most of us were already familiar with at least some of Lowell's poetry, just as we had been with some of Stevens' and Williams'. But "Mr. Lowell," as Miss Bishop usually referred to him, was currently on the Harvard faculty. Some of us had had courses with him; all of us had met him, or, at least, heard him read his work. Miss Bishop had known him for nearly thirty years (they were introduced to each other by Randall Jarrell in 1946), and occasionally we would see them casually walking together near Harvard Square. Several of Lowell's poems were dedicated to her, and she had written the dust-jacket blurb for the first edition of "Life Studies," reserved for us at the library. Now we were in Cambridge with her, reading Lowell's poems, living among the places and things he wrote about: the Boston Common, with Saint-Gaudens' monument to Colonel Shaw and his black regiment; the Charles River; the towns of Salem and Concord; Copley Square and Harvard University. All this gave Lowell's work a special immediacy. And if, twenty minutes or so into class, Miss Bishop slipped, as she sometimes did, and referred to "Mr. Lowell" as "Cal" we felt a thrill of complicity, as though she were sharing some secret with us.

Such slips were not common. She tried very hard to maintain a distance in discussing Lowell's poetry. While we students revelled in her occasional reminiscences, she sensed the incompatibility of talking about Lowell as a friend and trying to discuss his poetry objectively as a teacher. Consequently, Lowell was the only poet we studied about whom she did not spend a great deal of time filling us in with biographical information. Instead, she lavished odd bits of historical, literary, and geographical information on us as we read each poem. She was particularly thorough in explaining local references in Lowell's poetry. Whenever he mentioned a Boston neighborhood or landmark, she would immediately ask how many of us had been there. Anyone who had not was given a full description plus directions on how to get there. Being a transplanted Californian, I hardly knew Boston at all. Soon Miss Bishop had me spending my free afternoons tramping through the Common looking for Hooker's statue and searching out the swan boats in the Public Garden. And she was right in thinking that one could learn more about Lowell's poetry by spending an hour walking around the State House than by reading an article on "Lord Weary's Castle." The author of "North & South," "Questions of Travel," and "Geography III" took local topography seriously.

What she commented most about in Lowell's "Life Studies" was his ability to turn a phrase that summoned up a time and place. In the opening poem of the "Life Studies" sequence, "My Last Afternoon with Uncle Devereux Winslow," she singled out certain phrases for special praise (my italics):

> That's how I threw cold water
> on my Mother and Father's
> *watery martini pipe dreams* at
> Sunday dinner.
>
> . . . my Great Aunt Sarah
> was learning *Samson and Delilah.*
> She *thundered on the keyboard*
> *of her dummy piano,*
> with gauze curtains like a
> boudoir table . . .
>
> . . . Aunt Sarah, risen like the phoenix
> from her bed of *troublesome snacks*
> *and Tauchnitz classics.*

Lines like these would send her off on a flurry of memories and associations, and then she would speak of "Life Studies" as if it were *her* family album. Every poem seemed like some snapshot from her childhood. She made us realize that what was so extraordinary about these poems was not that they were confessional or technically innovative but, rather, that they re-created perfectly a small world that had passed away.

Occasionally, she spoke of her own family background, but always indirectly. She never mentioned people or events—only places and things. Once, she told us about a family heirloom she had inherited—a mediocre little landscape painted by a great uncle she never knew. It was only after owning it for some time, she claimed, that she suddenly recognized the place it depicted. Decades apart, both she and her uncle had seen and been struck by the same ordinary place—a "small backwater" in Nova Scotia. She transposed this incident into her "Poem," in "Geography III," for her poetry almost always drew its inspiration directly from life.

When we reached the end of "Life Studies," we came to "Skunk Hour," which bears the dedication "For Elizabeth Bishop." I knew that Lowell had claimed it was partly modelled on her poem "The Armadillo," but I had always wondered if there was something else behind the dedication. (This was back in the dark ages before

Ian Hamilton's biography of Lowell.) Had she figured personally in any of the episodes the poem describes? I waited for her comments—she always explained dedications to us. But this dedication she skipped over, so I decided to be bold and ask her.

"Oh, yes, it is dedicated to me, isn't it?" she said. "I really can't remember why. I'm sure he had a reason. I think it was because one summer when I was visiting him up in Castine—that's up in Maine—we heard some noises out in the back yard, and when we looked we saw a family of skunks going through the garbage. He must have remembered I was there that night."

This explanation was hardly the revelation I had hoped for, but I sat there and pretended to be satisfied. The class continued, and for once she took us firmly in hand and began a splendid reading of the poem with hardly a word or comment wasted. When she came to the sixth stanza, she talked about how cleverly Lowell worked a line from a song into the poem.

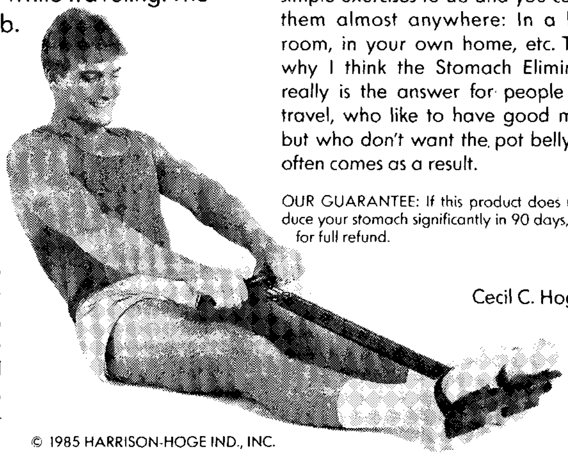
> A car radio bleats,
> "Love, O careless Love. . . ." I hear
> my ill-spirit sob in each blood cell . . .

"Do you mean that's a real song?" someone asked.

Miss Bishop responded instantly with a look of polite horror which meant that someone had asked a stupid question. "You don't all know this song?" she asked.

We all shook our heads, and so there in the Kirkland House basement, with the pipes clanking overhead, she sang it to us in a gentle pianissimo.

KIRKLAND was one of Harvard's handsome neo-Georgian "river houses," situated near the Charles. The four undergraduates in the class lived in other river houses, close by, but Miss Bishop and I came from the opposite direction. Our class was so small and informal that we all left together, and unless I slipped out quickly the moment it ended, politeness dictated that Miss Bishop and I walk back toward Harvard Yard together. And politeness was a virtue nurtured in her seminar. Descending into the basement of Kirkland House after the horn-honking, shoulder-banging tumult of Harvard Square, one stepped back into a slower, more gracious world, in which no relationship was ever rushed or small courtesy hurried by. The frayed trappings of our subterranean salon, where those heating pipes were the only gilding on



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the ceiling and a faint smell from the rusty furnace occasionally mingled with our teacher's discreet cologne, could make this gentility seem hard-won, but here for a few hours each week decorum triumphed over décor. Each of us was addressed as "Mr." or "Miss," even the mildest expletives were deleted, and gentlemen were expected to open doors for ladies.

Unstated rules of etiquette are often the most inflexible. By holding the door for our instructor during our exodus from the Kirkland underworld, I tacitly agreed to accompany her to Harvard Yard. Likewise, I knew instinctively from the change in her voice as we rose blinking into the sober light of day that all talk of poetry was now expected to cease. At first, I thought that this sharp division between her professional and her social identities was simply another example of her unusual propriety. Not till much later did I realize how much Miss Bishop dreaded all literary conversation. Under duress, she might talk a little about poetry, but as soon as possible she would change the subject.

She once told me a story that epitomized her attitude. Northrop Frye, as the Norton Professor that year, was the guest of honor at a dinner party one night to which Miss Bishop was invited. She was embarrassed, she told me, because she hadn't read any of his books, and then was horrified to discover that she had been seated next to him at dinner. As the meal began, she leaned over to him and confessed, "I've never read any of your books." "Wonderful!" Frye replied, obviously relieved. They spent the rest of the evening chatting about Nova Scotia.

My difficulty in talking with her on our first after-class jaunts stemmed from the opposite problem. I had read all her books, and my admiration intimidated me. At first, my shyness and her formality provoked discussions mainly of a meteorological nature. Then, one afternoon, for no apparent reason (though perhaps some fortunate black cat crossed the path of my imagination), I mentioned that my mother, back in Los Angeles, was trying to breed Himalayan kittens. I was immediately besieged by detailed questions, and from that moment we never lacked for lively conversation. Our favorite topics were pets, flowers, fruit trees, church music, and travel, which usually took me to California and her, inevitably, to Brazil, where, she assured me, the orchids grew even on telephone lines. On rare occasions, we even talked about books. Soon we began stopping occasionally "for tea" at a nearby Russian restaurant, where we both invariably drank coffee.

As the semester progressed, the undergraduates grew openly impatient with Miss Bishop's singular ways. Their efforts at memorization became so halfhearted and their recitations so halting and resentful that in April this opprobrious requirement was quietly dropped. By then, this capitulation scarcely mattered to the unhappy few. English 285 was not the course they had hoped for, and outside class some of them had begun referring to it as "Studies in Elizabeth Bishop." One student, a bright, broad-shouldered member of the Crimson football squad, summed up their despair. "I could have taken Lowell's class," he groaned. "He's going to be in all the anthologies."

Morale was not helped by the long seminar paper due in late April. We were asked to choose any modern poet (except the three discussed in class) and write an introductory essay on his or her work. In class a few weeks before the papers were due, Miss Bishop asked us which poets we had selected. No one volunteered an immediate answer, but after further questioning she learned that none of the undergraduates had made up their minds and that I had chosen Georg Trakl, a modern Austrian poet, whose work was then almost unknown in America. After some discussion, she reluctantly agreed to my unorthodox topic but not before suggesting—politely, of course—that I had squeezed this foreigner into her course through a loophole. I knew then that I had better write a good paper. But my troubles had just begun. At the next session, all but one of the other students announced that they, too, were writing on foreign poets. Across the tiny table, I felt the cold heat of a long stare. It was the kind of look that directors call a "slow fuse"—a look like Oliver Hardy's glare the moment before he brains poor Stan Laurel and exclaims "Here's another fine mess you've gotten us into!" More merciful than Mr. Hardy, Miss Bishop let me off with only that stare, and, hopelessly outnumbered, acquiesced in our collective xenomania, but not before asking, "What's wrong with the English language?"

Ten days after I submitted my *opus magnum* on Trakl, I received an envelope from Miss Bishop containing my essay and a typed letter. Neither the letter nor the paper's title page bore a grade. Flipping through my essay, I saw that every page had dozens of corrections, queries, deletions, and suggestions in Miss Bishop's spidery hand. Some pages had obviously been worked over three times—once in blue ink, then in red, and, finally, in the proverbial blue pencil. In horror, I began reading marginal comments like "Awful expression," "Unnecessary phrase," "A mouthful," "Not in the dictionary"—most of which were followed by an exclamation point, as was her ubiquitous and incontrovertible "No!" An occasional "Better" or "Yes" (no exclamation point) did little to revive my self-confidence. I had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Only then did I turn to the covering letter, which began:

> DEAR MR. GIOIA:
>
> You'll see that I have made many, many small marks and suggestions on your paper, but this is really because it is very good, very well-expressed, and I'd just like it to be even *better*-expressed, and, here and there, to read more smoothly.

If this was indeed a "very good" paper, I wondered, what happened to the bad ones? Then I noticed that even her own covering letter bore half a dozen revisions. Looking back over my paper, I saw that all but three of the hundreds of marks concerned questions of style. Was there a better word? Was this phrase necessary?

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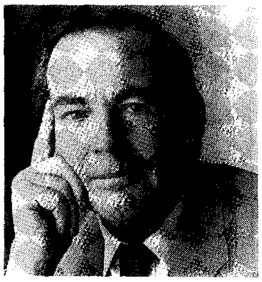

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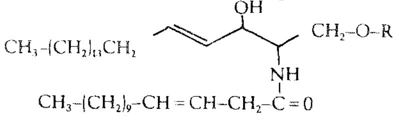
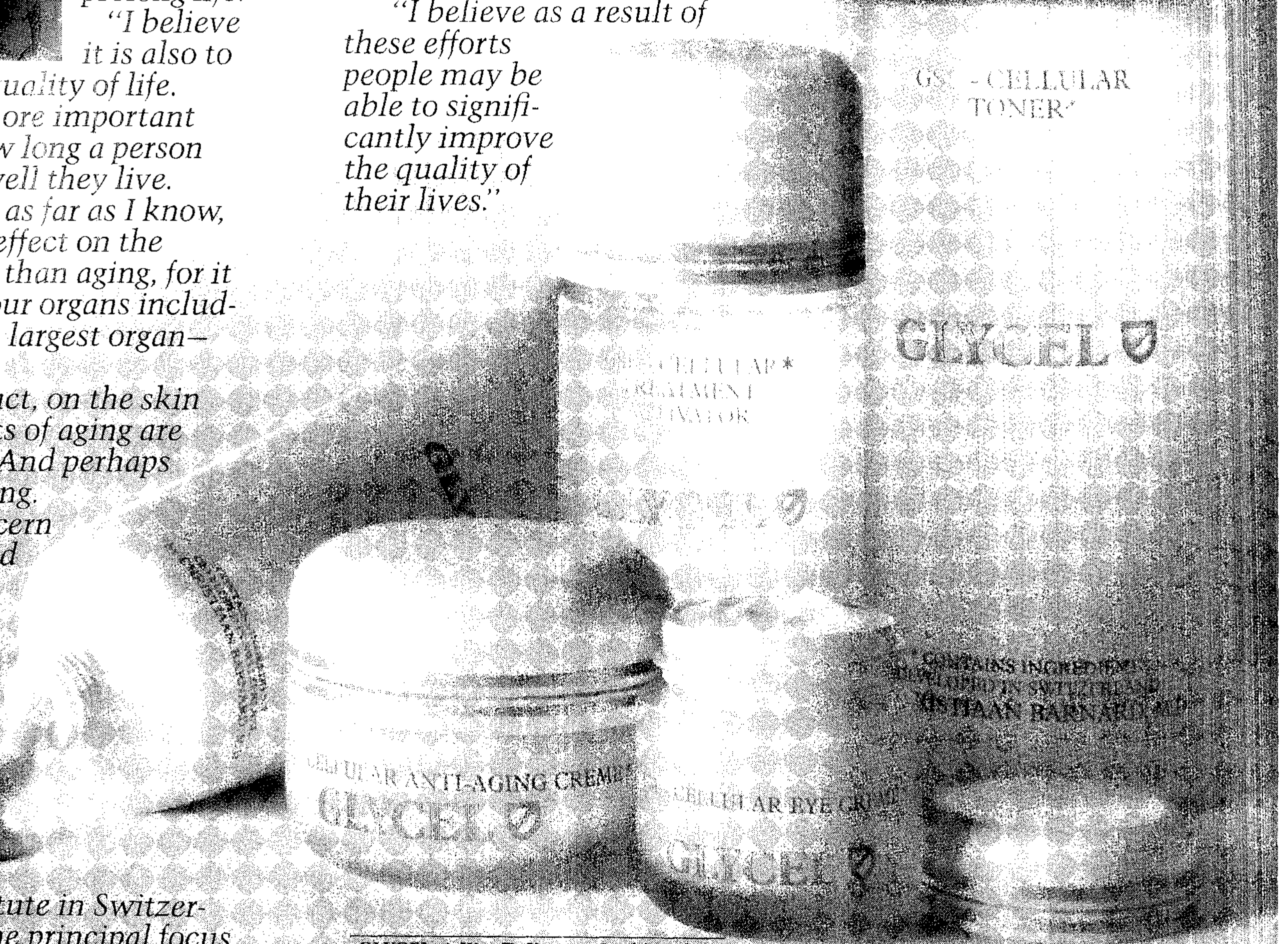


"I believe as a result of these efforts people may be able to significantly improve the quality of their lives."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Was I using a literary word when an everyday one would do? "When in doubt," she wrote at the bottom of one especially profound page, "use the shorter word."

By this time, I had realized that, for all her fumbling disorganization, Miss Bishop had devised—or perhaps merely improvised—a way of teaching poetry which was fundamentally different from the manner conventionally professed in American universities. She never articulated her philosophy in class, but she practiced it so consistently that it is easy—especially now, a decade later—to see what she was doing. She wanted us to see poems, not ideas. Poetry was the particular way the world could be talked about only in verse, and here, as one of her fellow-Canadians once said, the medium was the message. One did not interpret poetry; one experienced it. Showing us how to experience it clearly, intensely, and, above all, directly was the substance of her teaching. One did not need a sophisticated theory. One needed only intelligence, intuition, and a good dictionary. There was no subtext, only the text. A painter among Platonists, she preferred observation to analysis, and poems to poetry.

OUR final examination surprised even me. A take-home test, it ran a full typed page (covered with the hand-scrawled corrections that by now were her trademark) and posed us four tasks unlike any we had ever seen on a college English exam. Furthermore, we were given exact word lengths and citation requirements, as well as this admonition as a headline: "Use only your books of poems and a dictionary; please do not consult each other."

First, the final asked us to "find, and write out, for each of our three poets, two examples of: simile, metaphor, metonymy, oxymoron, synesthesia." That seemed odd but easy. Second, we were asked to reread Williams' "The Descent" and answer a number of questions about what particular phrases meant as well as to find parallel passages in Lowell and Stevens. Third, we were asked to "paraphrase Lowell's 'Skunk Hour' as simply as possible, first giving the *story*, what is happening in each stanza: who, when, where," and then to answer a battery of questions about particular persons, places, times, and phrases in the poem. "Be brief!" Miss Bishop had scrawled at the end of her two paragraphs of instructions for this question. These questions were unusual but not altogether unexpected, since they reflected her classroom method. It was Question No. 4 that left everyone at a loss:

> Now please try your hand at 24 lines of original verse; three poems of eight lines each, in imitation of the three poets studied, in their styles and typical of them. (In the case of Lowell, the style of *Lord Weary's Castle.*) I don't expect these pastiches to be great poetry!—but try to imitate (or parody if you prefer) the characteristic subject-matter, meter, imagery, and rhyme (if appropriate).

We may not have consulted each other about the answers to this test, but, walking out of Kirkland after the last class with the final in our hands, we could not help talking about the questions. Miss Bishop had gone off to her office, and we were alone.

"I can't believe it," one of the undergraduates moaned. "We have to write poems."

Someone else offered the consolation that at least everything else on the exam was easy.

"Yeah, but we still have to write poems."

Later that week, turning in my final exam at Miss Bishop's office, I stopped to visit her one last time before I left for California. A student's farewell to a favorite teacher is usually a sombre ritual, and I approached this occasion with the requisite melancholy. Entering her office, I wondered if I would ever see her again.

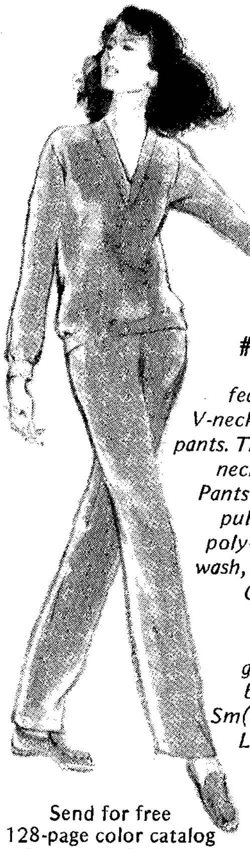
She seemed glad to see me. Indeed, she appeared generally more cheerful and carefree than I had seen her in weeks. She launched immediately into uncharacteristically lighthearted chatter, against which my youthful solemnity proved an inadequate defense. We talked for almost an hour. She even asked for my California address—that meant there would be letters. I enjoyed the visit but was slightly puzzled nonetheless. I had never seen her so animated. It was only as I rose to leave that I understood. More than any of her students, she was overjoyed that classes were over. —DANA GIOIA

•

If there is a lesson to be drawn from the latest accidents, it is that warnings of speed restrictions should be given automatically in the cab as the site is approached rather than relying on the traditional method of making the driver read sheaves of printed notes when he signs on. Hiring 20,000 men to sit beside each driver and hold his hand would achieve nothing.

—*Railway Gazette International.*

Be interesting to watch, though.



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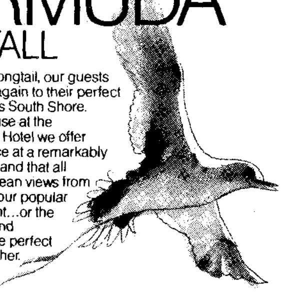

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SYMBOL and abstraction have increasingly become motivating forces in American policy—a curious development for so practical and direct a people. Americans have always attributed a large moral significance to the nation's policies, but the present situation differs in a fundamental way from those of the past. Great political and moral weight is attributed to affairs of little intrinsic consequence. Acts of considerable violence are justified by the general lessons they supposedly teach an observing world, and are welcomed by Americans not because of what they accomplish in themselves but primarily because they are held to demonstrate American strength and resolution.

The United States turned the First and Second World Wars into crusades and the Cold War into a struggle for the souls of nations, but these were challenges thrust upon the country, and only reluctantly taken up. The Second World War and the Cold War were indeed affairs of great moral consequence, and the First World War was an event that altered the course of Western civilization. It was appropriate to speak of these conflicts in exalted moral language, and find in them cause for national justification. The American commitment to Europe as the Cold War developed, in the nineteen-forties, followed a series of seizures of power by the Communist Parties of Eastern Europe which seemed to imply an eventual military threat to Western Europe and the United States itself—a threat that the invasion of South Korea in 1950 was taken to confirm.

In these cases, the tangible interests and actual or perceived security of the nation were put in jeopardy by great events, the United States responded, and only then did it awaken to, or give expression to, the moral and symbolic significance of the situation in which it found itself. In several recent affairs, the sequence has been reversed. Great importance has been attributed to such intrinsically minor episodes as the Grenada invasion some three years ago and the attacks on Libyan cities and bases earlier this year. The United States was held to be making decisive demonstrations of resolution and force by means of these actions, even though the actions themselves had minor effects. No one could very seriously claim that invading a minuscule Caribbean client state of Cuba's or bombing Libya actually altered the course of the Soviet-American competition or could promise an end to, or even a lasting reduction in, terrorism of Middle Eastern origin. Americans made clear their own conclusions about what the Libyan raids did to the prospects of terrorism by cancelling their European travel plans, literally by the millions, and warnings of new Libyan outrages are again being voiced by American officials.

BOTH these episodes represented a displacement of American anger or frustration from a real objective to another one, more available and less dangerous. The invasion of Grenada followed the mass killing of American marines in Beirut by Shiite extremists. There had seemed nothing effective that could be done about that. An attempt to get at the terrorists, even if they could be identified, was likely to fail amid the labyrinths of Muslim-held Beirut, or to be blocked by Soviet-supported Syrian forces. Grenada, on the other hand, presented a simple military problem, and its invasion could also seem a warning of what the United States might do about another perplexing challenge—that of Sandinista Nicaragua. As for the island of Grenada itself, while the government installed there was a repellent and brutal little despotism, it was a purely Grenadan despotism, and had no better claim to American attention than a score of petty despotisms in other places—some, like Haiti, not so far away. Washington tried to attach major geopolitical significance both to Grenada's relations with Cuba and to the island's liberation, but the purpose seemed less to convince others than to reassure Americans.

In the case of Libya, while there is no doubt that the Libyan government has been responsible for a number of terrorist episodes elsewhere in the

Handelsman

"'Kchow! Kchow! The roscoe spoke twice, and Mike dodged behind a—' Hang on, wrong book."

Mediterranean world and in Western Europe on the available evidence, so have Syria, Iran, and Iraq. According to American government spokesmen, the Soviet Union, too, has been implicated in terrorism. Palestinian and Lebanese terrorist groups, some Muslim but others Christians or secular revolutionaries, act on their own responsibility, and take their support where they can find it. All this is well known to anyone even moderately acquainted with Middle Eastern affairs. Certainly no serious person in the Department of State or the Central Intelligence Agency would attempt to demonstrate that Colonel Muammar Qaddafi or his government is the only, or even the principal, force behind international terrorism. Libya, however, because of Colonel Qaddafi's rhetoric as well as his record, provided a convenient target for American attack—a provocative target but also a safe one. Possessing naval and air forces whose total strength is less than that of the United States Coast Guard, Libya amounted to only a slightly more formidable military test than Grenada had.

Once again, the anger and frustration felt by Americans because of the inaccessibility of the primary challengers, or because of the risk of attacking them, were displaced from their logical objectives—the terrorists themselves (whom one could really get at only through police and intelligence measures), and the more formidable and dangerous powers who have supported terrorism—to a weak and isolated target. It was another curious episode, presented as a dramatic feat of arms and given immense public acclaim, accompanied by calls from press commentators and members of Congress for even more bloodshed and vengeance—from people who, as the writer and biographer Konrad Kellen has recently observed, themselves "might faint if you handed them a pistol."

Kellen, who was born in Germany and served with distinction in the United States Army in the Second World War, went on to remark, "When I came to the United States, exactly fifty years ago, this was truly a peace-loving country. Now there seems to be an inexorable urge to fight, by hardhats and softhats alike, to wage war (at least limited war), to win somehow, somewhere, by force of arms, yet not suffer—or even inflict—too much carnage. I cannot quite fathom this. There is a blindness and

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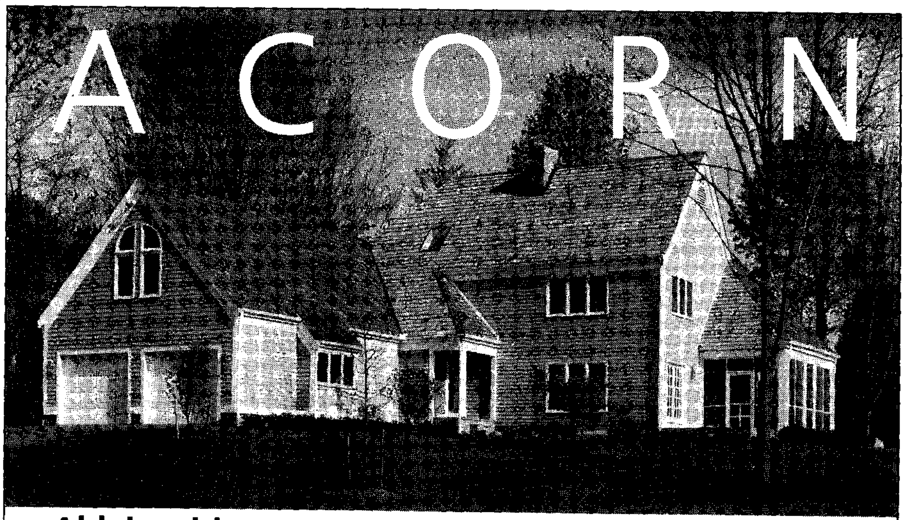

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deafness in all this, which shows a true lack of purpose. The Russians call us imperialists, and they could not be more wrong. Imperialism is violence aimed at conquest or penetration. Hitler, no matter what conscious or unconscious apocalyptic 'final solutions' he had in mind for the world and himself, wanted conquest, and so did his people. This is nothing of the kind."

The mood in the country is in complete contrast with that of twenty-five years ago, when American forces were first sent to Vietnam. Neither then nor at any time in the subsequent course of the Vietnam War was much patriotic fervor or popular aggressiveness expressed. Those who believed in the war said that it was a disagreeable but necessary job—an obligation placed on the country by history—to halt Chinese Communist aggression (which is what the war was initially held by Washington to be about), just as the United States had checked North Korea in the nineteen-fifties and, before that, the aggressions of Japan and Nazi Germany. The fact that there was so little popular enthusiasm for the war was the cause of the eventual alienation of the soldiers who fought it; they came to think that those who were against the war were holding them personally responsible for it. And the majority of Americans seemed unwilling to hear about it or to acknowledge the soldiers' suffering and sacrifices, as if in that way they could deny the trauma produced by the war and the failure in which it ended.

THERE is also an interesting contrast between the enthusiasm shown for Grenada and Libya and the reluctance on the part of the public and Congress to countenance expanding the United States involvement in Central America. There, as was true in Vietnam, victory does not look easy. There is a real risk of a prolonged struggle and serious casualties, a real possibility of ultimate failure. Few demands for military glory in Nicaragua are heard in Congress, or from the editorial pages of major American newspapers. The Reagan Administration wants to overturn the Sandinista government, certainly, but it wants the Contras to do it.

The American public and the American government are behaving in a way that in an individual might seem detached from reality. The public applauds and supports essentially symbolic acts of national assertion so long as these are safely distanced from the real conflicts to which they relate.

Faced with a bitter rivalry and an arms race with the Soviet Union; with a deepening crisis in the Middle East; with a radical religious revival under way inside Islam, in the course of which the United States is identified with Satan himself; with immense social problems in Latin America, which inexorably affect the United States; with severe trade competition and deteriorating relations with principal allies and trading partners—faced with all these, the United States "stands tall" by means of little military expeditions against political entities incapable of military retaliation, and afterward tells itself that "the pride is back."

Possibly from an instinctive theatricalism, perhaps out of a kind of innocence, Mr. Reagan has repeatedly presented Americans with acts serving as symbolic solutions to real problems—with the appearance of solutions, which he may indeed believe to be true solutions, and which are welcomed by the public as if they were true solutions. He has done this in the cases of Libya and Grenada, and with the Strategic Defense Initiative (known not only as Star Wars but also as the Peace Shield), the crisis in Lebanon, and the imposition of martial law in Poland. American marines were sent to Lebanon in 1982 not with an operational mission but simply to be there, to be—as was said at the time—a "symbolic presence." A large number of them were murdered in a bomb attack, the survivors were soon withdrawn, and for the public it was as if they had never been there. In the case of martial law in Poland, the American response was economic sanctions and a globally broadcast television program in which American and other celebrities called on Poland to "be Poland."

No one thinks that Mr. Reagan acts with conscious duplicity. He is simply the right man for his times. What is unsettling is the willingness of the public to take satisfaction in the substitution of symbols for reality. Two precedents come to mind, the first baroque in development but sinister in outcome. It is that of Mussolini's Italy between the early nineteen-twenties and 1943.

MUSSOLINI set out to create a new Roman empire, making use of symbols of power, external show, and revolutionary rhetoric. His talent for symbol and theatre was such that by the end of the nineteen-thirties he was taken both by Hitler and by many of the democratic European chiefs of state to be an important and progressive leader, his country a major European power. Mussolini was not an actor, but he had been a journalist—the best popular journalist of his day, according to Luigi Barzini, who argues, in his book "The Italians," that Mussolini created his new regime as one does a popular paper, full of daily excitement and ephemeral human interest. There was nothing solid. Mussolini could not bring himself to go below the surface of things. He wanted military glory but not the hard work, the training, the discipline, or the orderly planning and production of military power. He created the image of progress and reform and won sympathetic endorsements from, among others, Ramsay MacDonald, Winston Churchill, George Bernard Shaw, Mahatma Gandhi (who called him "a superman"), and the Archbishop of Canterbury (who said that he was "the one giant figure in Europe"). Mussolini's biographer Christopher Hibbert writes that "the accolades . . . so enthusiastically and gratuitously cast upon him by conservative writers and public figures in the nineteen-twenties and early thirties [were] so frequent and so unequivocally phrased that he had no trouble in believing that he was indeed the greatest statesman of his time."

The Italian people adored him. "He was more popular in Italy than anybody had ever been and probably will ever be," Barzini says. It was a popularity based on the bright, strong picture he gave of Italians to themselves, and of Italy to the rest of the world—the image of a New Rome, proud, able to win the world war that Mussolini (an extremely intelligent man, notwithstanding his megalomania) foresaw with accuracy. But when the war came Italy's tanks proved to be inadequately powered and armored, its artillery outgunned, its Navy without aircraft carriers or radar, its aircraft too few. Italy's soldiers began the war with courage, and discovered that they had been betrayed. Nothing had been serious. One recalls the terrible words spoken by the French teacher and philosopher Émile-Auguste Chartier, who called himself Alain, and who was immensely influential in France before and after the First World War. When his fellow-soldiers complained at finding themselves in misery and

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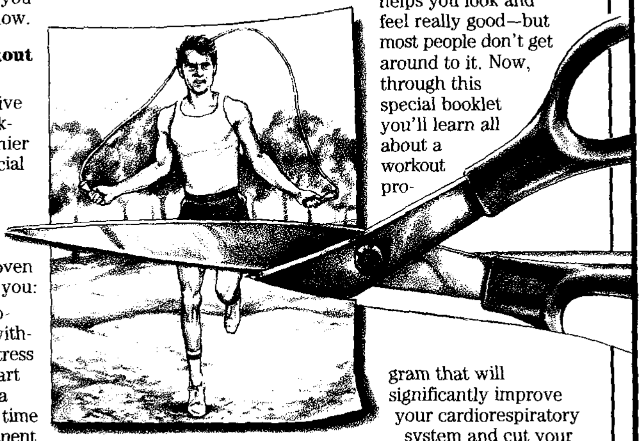

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mortal danger in the trenches, he said, “But you shouted ‘*Vive l’Armée*’ or ‘*Vive l’Alsace-Lorraine.*’ That has to be paid for. Now it is necessary to die.”

THERE is another precedent—a gentler, American one—that comes to mind. The Wizard of Oz was from Omaha, which is not very far from Tampico, Illinois, where Mr. Reagan was born. The Wizard could give the Scarecrow brains, the Tin Woodman a heart, and the Lion courage, because they wanted to believe that he could. “How can I help being a humbug,” he asked, “when all these people make me do things that everybody knows can’t be done? It was easy to make the Scarecrow and the Lion and the Woodman happy, because they imagined I could do anything.”

The American nation is content at the moment with the courage and heart that Mr. Reagan has given it, conquering terrorism and turning back Communism in the Caribbean, and with the prospect of soon becoming invulnerable behind its strategic defenses. Critics doggedly say that all this is untrue and reality will catch up with us; but it has not done so, and it may not do so for a considerable time to come. But the Wizard understood about reality. After he made his gifts to the Scarecrow, the Lion, and the Woodman, he ruefully added that “it will take more than imagination to carry Dorothy back to Kansas.” Indeed it did. It took Glinda the Good Witch of the South and Dorothy’s magical silver shoes to do that. We can only wait to see if there is so happy an ending for us. —WILLIAM PFAFF

• •

THE FENCE

Think of it as a target’s outer edge—
the bands of lawn, gravel, lawn,
the red brick bull’s-eye of the house.
Dead center was the kitchen, whose windows opened
a view of the yard, the trees and bushes
newly planted, each in its small depression,
and the more ambitious birds—
cardinal, blue jay, mockingbird—
tagging the older trees beside the fence.
Along one flank of the yard that meant mimosa,
a pink canopy, silk blossoms shaped
like downy parasols; and it was here
she taught herself to move beyond the branches
onto the edge, balancing, inching down the planks
around the house. When she fell,
she fell inward, away from the field.
But once in the air and moving forward
she was neither in the yard nor in the field,
towering over hay and broom,
the dried plates of dung and piles
still liquid, green as infection, the hidden
nests of snakes or rabbits, and the obvious cows,
wearing their stockings of offal, lurching and switching.
How easily the world was once divided! In the field
the doves cried in their private tunnels of grass,
and beyond, her father’s pasture gave way
to woods and creek, the high trestle,
someone else’s woods and creek. She knew
who was supposed to be the sun, who the moon,
who the pebble under the skirt of the moon.
By summer’s end, doubling her own height,
she’d traced the whole decorative length of wood
around the house to the corner by the road
where fence was used to keep things in, not out.
And that is how I see her even now—
not yet straining against a tether but held erect
by the gravitational pull from either side—
face forward, arms extended, headed for the far post
where wood turned into wire.

—ELLEN BRYANT VOIGT

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THE LAST BABYFOOT

BABYFOOT is my game. I know that the bare statement of it carries no dash. I realize that there are people who, when the subject of sports and games comes up, prefer to say something like "Squash is my sport," or even "My real game's polo, of course." My real game is not polo, though, and implying that it is, I've always assumed, is the sort of pretense that could get me stepped on by a horse.

I suppose I could say that my sport is European in origin—but somehow it doesn't seem European in origin in the sense that, say, Alpine skiing is European in origin. One of the significant differences is that Alpine-skiing events do not take place in taverns. It's true, though, that the Germans may have invented *babyfoot;* they call it something that sounds like "foosball." It's still basically a European game. To the best of my memory, I started playing it in Italy, where it is known as *calcetto* or *calcio balilla.* But I've always referred to it by its French name, *babyfoot*, perhaps because it's one of the few French words—*sweater*, *drugstore*, and *smoking* are among the others—that I can mispronounce with some authority. I don't much like the most common American name, "table soccer." That conjures up something done on a bridge table—a game like Parcheesi, maybe, played by people who have just come in from squash or polo. My sport is nothing like that.

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I'll admit that the name "table soccer" is a start toward describing *babyfoot*. The table, which is actually more like an open rectangular box on legs, is about the size of the horizontal part of a pinball machine—a comparison that may come to mind because there is often a pinball machine just a few feet away. The floor of the box has the markings of a soccer field, and there's a goal at each end. Hidden somewhere in the box's innards are ten solid white balls slightly smaller than Ping-Pong balls; they become available with the insertion of a coin and disappear when they go into a goal. The balls are propelled with "men"—blue men or red men, depending on which team they're on—that extend down from eight rods that run through the box. The men, each about the size of a large cigar, are made of cast iron or hard plastic, and on a well-designed machine they suggest the figure of a soccer player, in an abstract sort of way. The rod nearest each goal has only one man—the plucky goalkeeper. Two defensemen are on the rod just in front of him, facing a three-man rod that is customarily the main scoring threat of the opposition. In the middle of the table, the two teams face each other with four-man rods. *Babyfoot* is customarily played with two people on a side—one person handling the goalie and the defensemen, his partner taking care of the three-man attack rod and the four-man rod in the center. A skilled player can pass from one of the men on his rod to another or, say, from the goalie to one of the defensemen, or even to one of the men controlled by his partner. At least one longtime player of *babyfoot* can pass from a defenseman back toward his own goal, and slam the ball with his goalie—his goalie!—in a way that propels it with astonishing velocity the entire length of the table and into the opponents' goal. I am that player.

IN the way that people sometimes recall foreign travels by a particularly splendid meal or some comical misadventure ("Remember, it was that town where the Italian policeman you asked for directions to the cathedral somehow got the idea that you wanted to buy his shoes"), my wife and I sometimes punctuate our recollections of foreign travels with memorable *babyfoot* contests. She happens to play a capable forward game. I can remember the time twenty years ago when, while driving through the Dolomites, we spotted a *babyfoot* machine standing right in the tiny square of a mountain village, and we stopped to play two Italian boys who couldn't have been older than nine or ten. (Without meaning to make excuses, I might add that the contest was a lesson in how an out-of-towner, playing outside for the first time, can be tricked by clever and perhaps not completely scrupulous opponents into taking the side of the table where the glare of the sun on the field is quite distracting.) We've played *babyfoot* in Spain and we've played it in Mexico. When I think of the pleasures of a French village, the picture that often comes into my mind is a café that has photographs of the local football team on the wall, a few

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outdoor tables where the men of the village gather over glasses of the stuff Frenchmen always drink in cafés despite the way it tastes, and, off in the back, four people playing a ferocious game of *babyfoot.*

My memories of *babyfoot* in America are mainly of people wondering what in the world it could possibly be. "You play baby *what?*" someone may say, just after he has spent fifteen or twenty minutes discussing his backhand. For a few years in the middle seventies, though, it appeared that *babyfoot,* which had never had great success finding space among the pinball machines and table-shuffleboard and pool tables in American bars, was finally catching on in the United States. The new popularity was gained largely through the efforts of Lee Peppard, of Missoula, Montana, who had started out at nineteen promoting miniature-golf tournaments and had then turned to coin-operated billiards. Peppard had been running a sort of combination tavern and billiard parlor in Missoula when he decided that foosball, as *babyfoot* was then called in America, was the jackpot. He eventually called it Tournament Soccer, since the cornerstone of his effort to promote the game and sell machines—he had formed his own company to sell machines that were constructed in Taiwan—was a series of tournaments. Within a few years, it was not unusual for Peppard to hold a tournament that awarded a quarter of a million dollars in prize money—although the competitors still had to feed the machines with their own quarters.

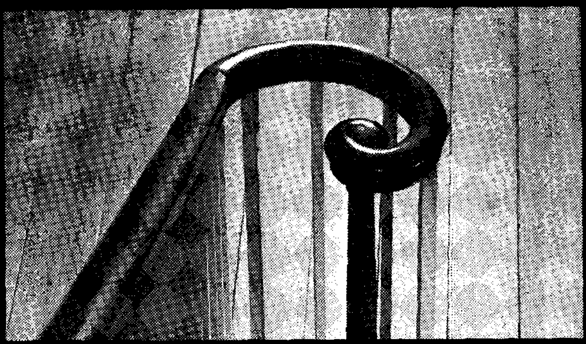
As the tournaments proliferated, there came to be people identified in the press as professional foosball players. Peppard insisted that *babyfoot* was an authentic sport, comparable to bowling rather than to pinball. I couldn't have agreed more. It's true that most sports are not coin-operated, but, as foosball pros on tour would ask the skeptical, what is the essential difference between dropping a quarter in a slot and paying a greens fee at a golf course? The culmination of Peppard's efforts to win acceptance for *babyfoot* as a legitimate sporting event came in September of 1975, when *Sports Illustrated* ran a piece headlined " 'A REAL FIRST-CLASS PROFESSIONAL SPORT.' " It's true that the headline was within quotation marks, and it's true that the quotation was from Peppard. Still, I think that players of the game took the *Sports Illustrated* coverage as confirmation of what they had been saying all along. "The fact is that table soccer has all the elements of a truly legitimate major sport—strategies, highly refined techniques, and an emphasis on speed, reflexes, and coördination," Jim Congdon, then president of the World Table Soccer Association, wrote in *RePlay,* a magazine that covers the jukebox-and-coin-games industry. "This makes table soccer enjoyable not only as light entertainment but also as aggressive competition, susceptible to high degrees of skill." My sentiments exactly.

The boom never spread completely across the country—it never got to New York, where I live, for instance—and it lasted only a few years. In the late seventies, table soccer was gradually driven out of bars by video games. In the view of Ed Adlum, the publisher of *RePlay,* "it just couldn't make decent money unless there was a big promotion." Peppard's promotional efforts came to a noisy end. In what turned out to be a sort of symbolic finale, he organized a tournament extravaganza of *babyfoot* and a few other games in Chicago, and some of the prize-winners found that the element of rebound, which is significant in *babyfoot,* extended to their prize checks. "That was the end of table soccer," Ed Adlum has said. "Lee Peppard is a great promoter—he could sell water in a flood—but table soccer was a blip in our industry."

I have to admit that my hopes for *babyfoot's* acceptance in America had been limited from the start. I did not actually believe that the day would come when twenty-eight-year-old investment bankers who normally play squash—a class of citizens that now constitutes roughly half the population of Manhattan—would repair to their *babyfoot* clubs for a quick game over the lunch hour. I didn't think that the people who now talk a lot about their ground strokes would start discussing how they were progressing in their efforts to master some of the *babyfoot* moves mentioned in the *Sports Illustrated* piece—the Texas Pull Shot, for instance, or the Louisiana Shuffle Defense. I had more or less resigned myself to playing *babyfoot* in foreign countries and being patient when someone in the United States said, "You play baby *what?*"

A few years ago, though, it began to occur to me that I seemed to be seeing fewer *babyfoot* machines in foreign countries. I still found the occasional bar where—usually in a sort of storage room, shared with plastic soft-drink cartons and some pasteboard boxes of bar supplies—a *babyfoot* stood ready for the astonishing goalie shot. In a lot of bars, however, the *babyfoot* table seemed to have been snuffed out by video games, which had hopped the Atlantic Ocean and were catching on in Western Europe like a bad weed. The apparent decline in *babyfoot* opportunities was particularly distressing to me because we have two daughters who had finally grown old enough to hold their own in adult competition, giving us a full complement of players right in the family. In the summer of 1985, we came across only one *babyfoot* in all of Florence, in a small café across from the renowned church of Santa Croce. As my wife and I and our younger daughter, Sarah, prepared to return to Italy this summer—our older daughter wasn't able to join us, but we were bringing along a school friend of Sarah's named Alix as goalie for the blue team—I was concerned about whether we'd find any *babyfoot* at all.

As it happens, Sarah, who is fourteen, seems to have inherited her mother's talent at the forward game. In fact, she has a spectacular version of what I assume *Sports Illustrated* meant by the Texas Pull Shot. Using the three men on the attack rod, she employs an outside man to rake the ball from the edge of the field toward her center man, who drills it past the goalie with a power that seems remarkable coming from someone who does not have the appearance normally associated with what baseball people call a slugger. When we arrived in Italy, I harbored some fantasies about a few surprises that Sarah and I could provide to a couple of overconfident Italian *calcetto* whizzes—maybe that pair from the Dolomite village, although they must be even better now that they're old enough to see over the table. I realize that there are parents who believe that Sarah, rather than spending her summer in the back of



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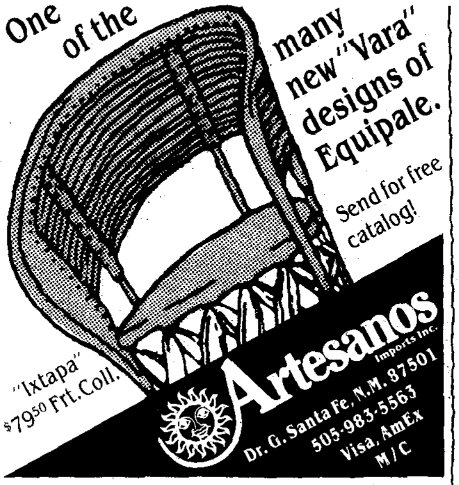

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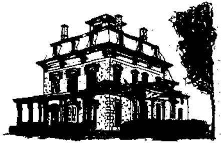

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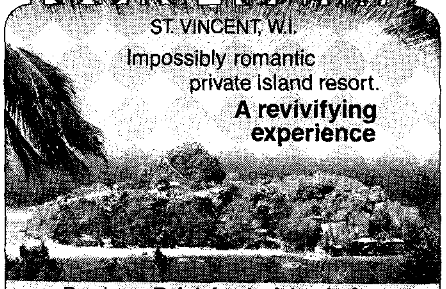

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saloons playing *babyfoot*, should have been at, say, tennis camp. I realize that in the matter of a parent's responsibility to pass on some appreciation for the culture of the Western world there is an argument for raising a child in a home where Santa Croce has never even once been referred to as "the big church near the *babyfoot* bar." Still, I occasionally imagined the looks on the faces of the local champs when Sarah's attack shot slammed into the goal. I had a feeling that *babyfoot* was Sarah's game.

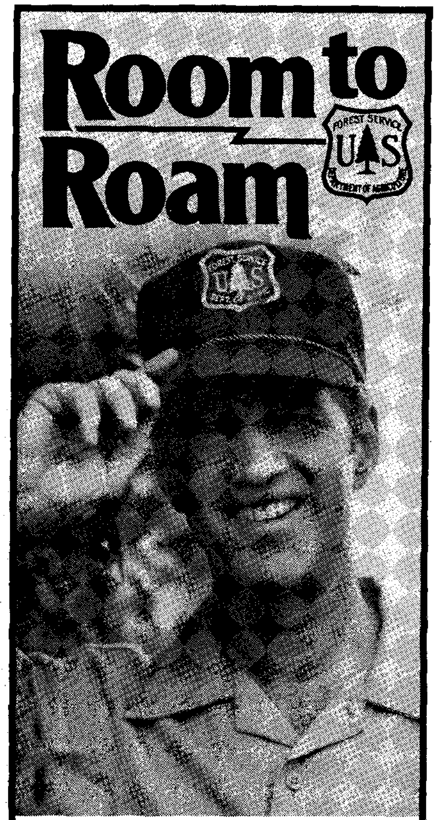
WE were staying near a town called Borgo a Buggiano, about forty-five minutes from Florence. The likely bar in Borgo, it seemed to me, was a place called the Caffè Garibaldi. On the side, it had a sort of garden where some of the men of the town gathered to have a glass of wine and play cards. Three or four extra chairs—the colored plastic chairs common to outdoor cafés in Italian towns—faced the street right at the curb, presumably for the convenience of traditionalists who don't feel comfortable drinking more than two or three feet away from motorbike exhausts. On the wall were a couple of posters and the season's standings for a local amateur football league—an indication of interest in the field version of my sport as well as a particular treat for an English-speaker, since the Italian word for amateurs, *dilettanti*, conjures up a picture of twenty-two people wearing ascots while they kick a ball around and discuss, say, what they think of the latest French film or how their new interest in ballet has forced them to give up some promising attempts at abstract sculpture. I noticed that the Garibaldi had an anteroom. I peeked. Two pinball machines and two video games.

I tried what seemed to be the most substantial bar in town, a place called the Caffè Centrale. It was a lot roomier than the Garibaldi, and it had two full-sized pool tables that looked as if they might be considered too handsome to use. On the wall were pictures of pool players and bicyclists. The Caffè Centrale, in other words, could pass muster as a sporting bar. There was a small second room, obviously the place where coins were dropped. It held two pinball machines and a video game that featured a Western bad guy shooting at a train. At the Remo, a much smaller place down the street, the only machine was a pinball called Double Crown. I hadn't actually expected much from the Remo, but I was optimistic about a place called the Bar Sport Biago, which, as far as I could gather from the photographs and trophies on the wall, sponsored its own football team. The Bar Sport Biago had a video game, a pinball called Miss Americana, and a pinball called Earth, Wind & Fire. It had no *babyfoot*. No bar in Borgo a Buggiano had a *babyfoot*.

I found one the next day at an amusement arcade on the main street. In fact, the arcade had two *babyfoots*. It also had a dozen or so video games, a couple of pinball machines, a jukebox stuffed with loud rock records, and a clientele that looked like the Tuscan road company of "Grease." I suppose I would have played there as a last resort, but I didn't have any realistic expectation of being accompanied by the rest of my party. I took to looking around nearby cities. In Montecatini, I could find only one *babyfoot*—in an amusement arcade tackier and noisier than the one in Borgo. Pescia seemed to have no *babyfoots*. The old walled city of Lucca, half an hour to the west, held many charms but not a single *babyfoot*. As if all that weren't discouragement enough, I met an Italian woman who seemed to take some pride in keeping up with what was happening culturally in Italy as well as in several other countries, and when I mentioned my interest in *calcetto* she said simply, "But it's finished."

Then we found ourselves in Florence one day, and, in discussing the great sights of the city, I thought of the magnificent church of Santa Croce. My wife had some errands to do, but Sarah and Alix and I took a walk toward the church, accompanied by a visiting friend named Wayne, who lives in France part of the year and had assured us that he was capable of performing adequately as a fourth ("I was playing *babyfoot* when you were in baby shoes"). I had no trouble at all finding the bar. The room that had held the *babyfoot* seemed unchanged. In it were some beer cases and a couple of M&M cartons and two propane cannisters and some cases of mineral water and three videos and a pinball called Star God and a pinball called Time Machine. In a roomy area near the beer cases stood the *babyfoot* table I remembered—what I had come to think of as the last *babyfoot*. It was occupied.

Two young men were playing a ferocious game of singles, switching their hands madly to get at the appro-



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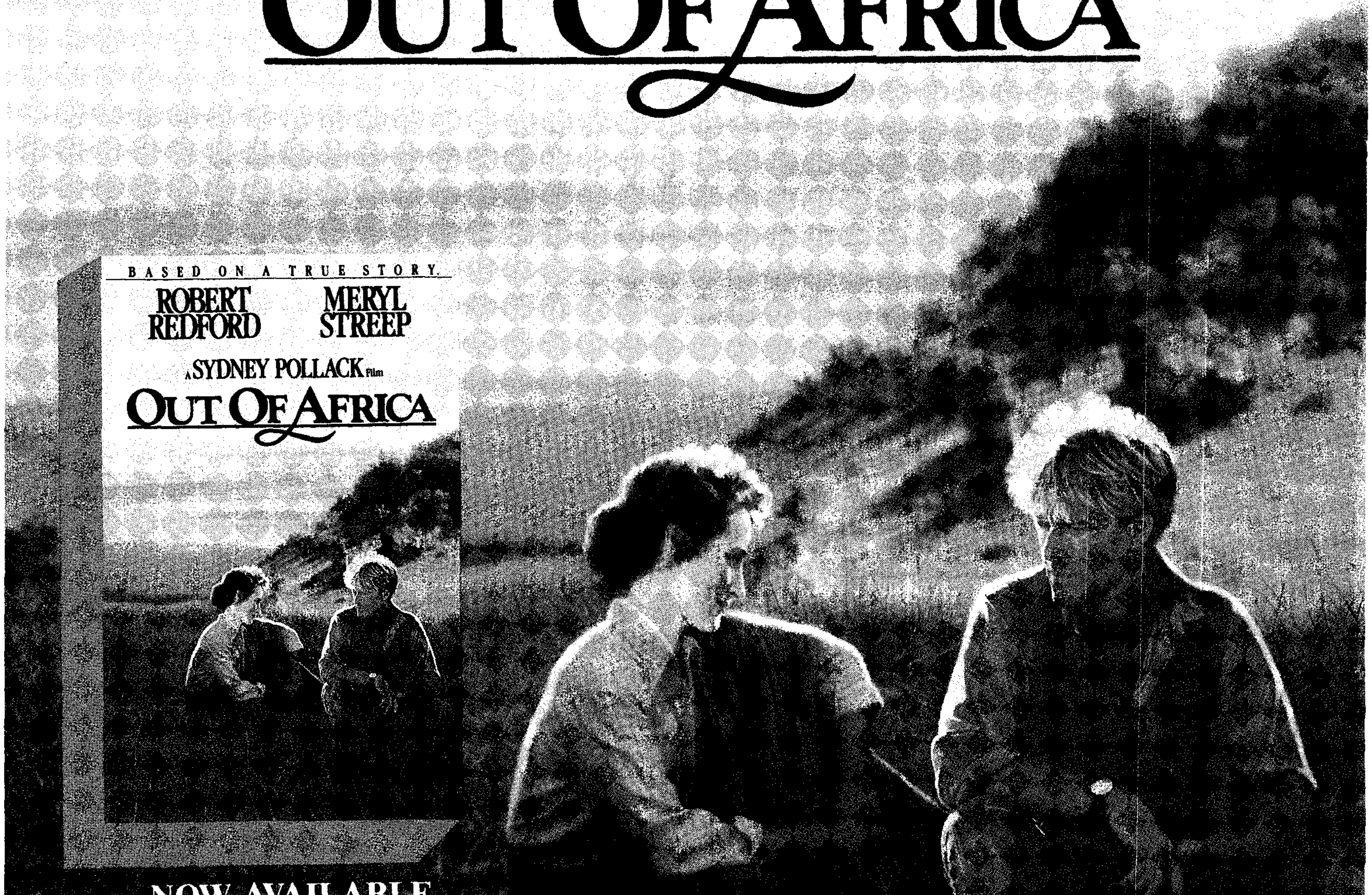

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priate rod, slamming the ball so hard that it sometimes jumped right out of the box onto the floor. We didn't have much time before we were due to meet my wife some distance away. I realized that we might have found the last *babyfoot* at a time when we were unable to play it. I must have revealed my impatience to the players, because after five or ten minutes one of them looked over to me and said, in excellent English, that he and his friend were about finished. A couple of minutes later, when their game had ended, he asked if we wanted to play them one game before we took over the table. I supposed he meant Wayne and me. Without hesitation, I said, with a gesture toward Sarah, "Maybe you'd like to play me and my little girl." Sarah gave me the look she sometimes flashes just before she says "Oh, Daddy!" but I couldn't tell whether it had been provoked by my suggestion or by my referring to her (for strategic reasons) as a little girl. The young man I had spoken to translated for his friend, who chuckled.

"Be careful of her," I said as we stepped to the table. "She's got fast hands and she's mean."

I won't say we won. I'd like to say we won. If Wayne and Alix and Sarah weren't available to correct me, I suppose I would say we won. I will say, though, that we acquitted ourselves magnificently. The two young men were fantastic players; the English-speaker later told me that his friend had often played in *calcetto* tournaments in southern Italy, which is apparently a better place to look for *babyfoots* in bars. They passed to each other casually. At times, they hit the ball so hard that I actually couldn't see it whiz past my men. Still, after a couple of points Sarah scooped the ball toward her middle attack man and smashed it past the opposing goalie, causing the young man who was responsible for defending the goal to look somewhat embarrassed.

"Fast and mean," I said.

Then, after a few more points we needn't go into, something happened that I think I'll always recall when I hear that phrase "Great Moments in Sports." One of my defensemen stopped the ball and pushed it back toward our own goal. I had already pulled back the goalie to start his shot, and the swing forward connected with the pass perfectly. The ball went the length of the field—the length of the field!—into the opposing goal. After that, I thought, they could score as many points as they wanted to. And they did.

WHEN we returned from Italy, I learned from the people at *RePlay* that a *babyfoot*-manufacturing company called Dynamo had been holding some tournaments around the country, and that a new outfit called Striker was planning an ambitious tournament in Long Beach, California, over Labor Day weekend. One of the organizers of the Long Beach tournament told me, in fact, that it would include the first ceremony of the American Table Soccer Federation Hall of Fame. As a beginning, the Hall of Fame would induct nine players and three manufacturers—including Lee Peppard, who is apparently engaged these days in organizing electronic-dart tournaments in the Pacific Northwest. I was encouraged by the activity, but I know we'll continue to think of *babyfoot* as something we play in foreign countries. The future looks brighter on that score now that I know we simply have to go farther south next time we're in Italy. I'm only sorry I didn't ask the young man in Florence about specific bars in the south. I'm sure he would have provided some. I've found that in any sport athletes of tournament calibre tend to be generous about sharing information with their colleagues.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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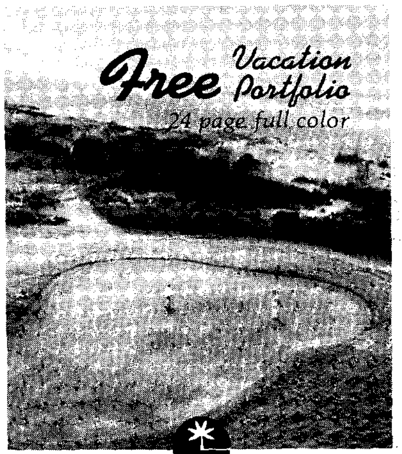

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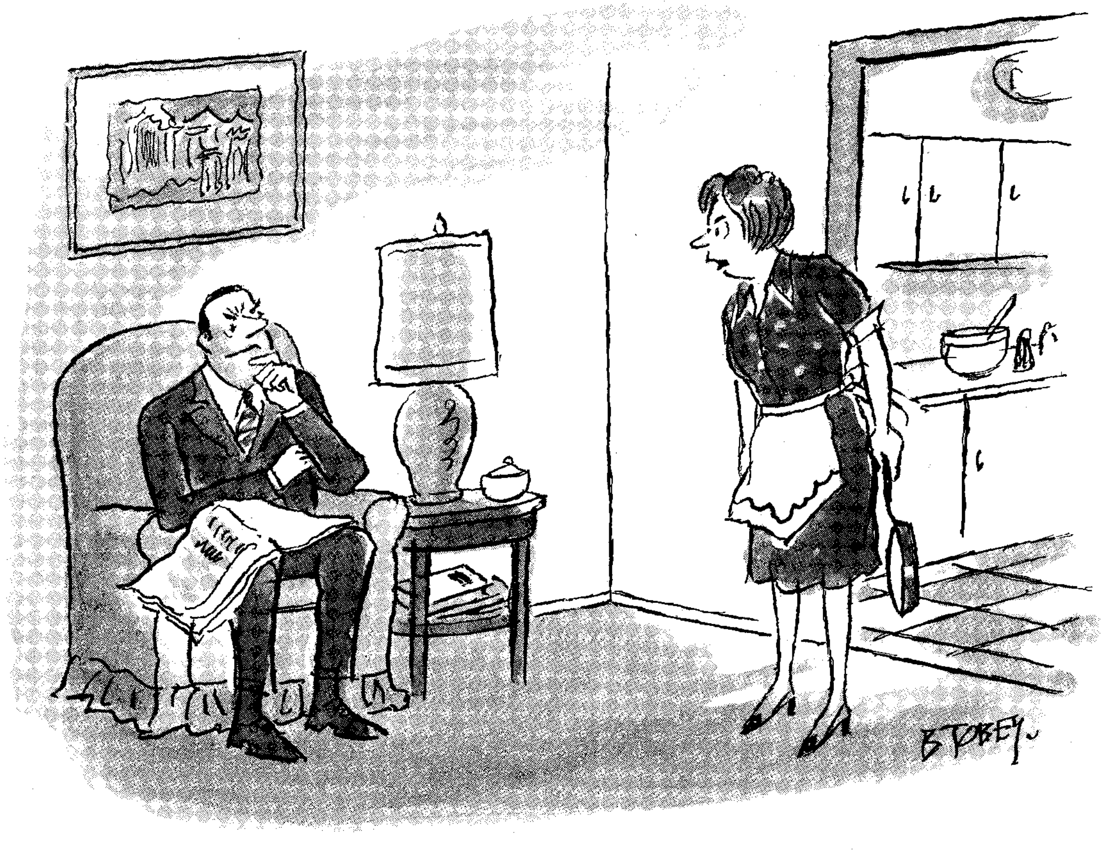
BOOKS

Of His Time and for All Seasons

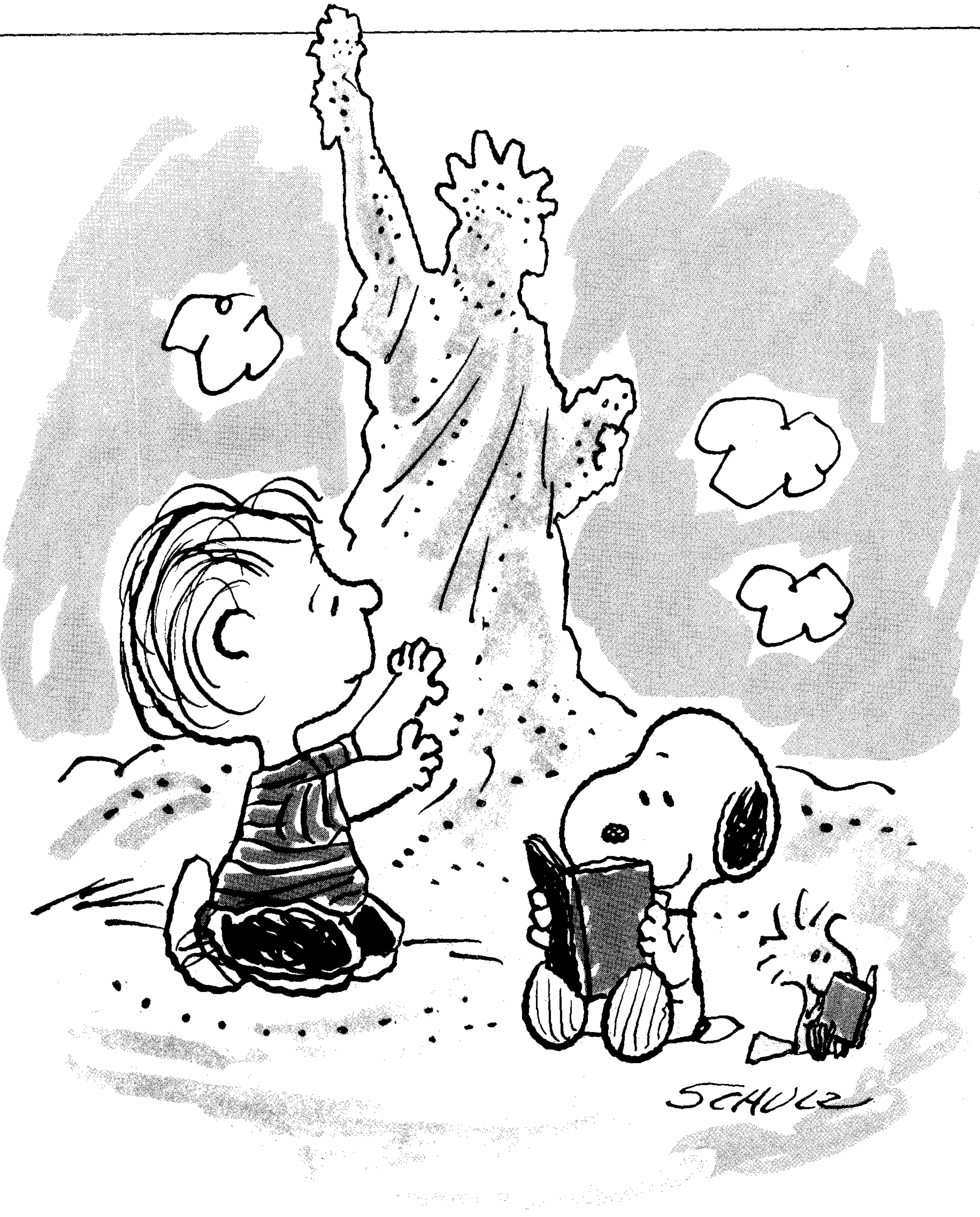
A. M. Sperber's "Murrow: His Life and Times" (Freundlich; $25) is the absorbing biography of a poor country boy who made good in the world's big cities; as if conforming to the conventions of the fairy tale, he was the youngest son. Murrow's life (1908-65) also distills the ordeals of his generation. He grew up in the state of Washington, to which his parents had migrated from North Carolina in 1913; he learned in his boyhood about vigilantism from the suppression of the Industrial Workers of the World, and about employers' disregard of employees' safety by working as a logger to pay for college. Then his professional career became an index to a half century's disasters: as a broadcast journalist, Murrow was in Vienna at the Anschluss and in London during the Blitz, and he was a guest at the White House on December 7, 1941. He reported the Korean War, defied Joe McCarthy, and was planning to resign the directorship of the United States Information Agency (his tenure ran from 1961 to 1964), because he could not make sense out of our doings in Vietnam. He was forced to resign instead, because of ill health; he was a heavy smoker, and died of lung cancer.

Murrow had native quickness: he got things right sooner than most Americans. In 1930, as president of the National Student Federation of America, he integrated its national convention; in 1939, he hired the first woman staff correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting System. He left the N.S.F.A. to work for the Institute for International Education (1931-1935), which arranged student exchanges; after Hitler came to power, Murrow also worked for the Emergency Committee in Aid of Displaced German Scholars. (A chronic overworker, he rarely held himself to a single job.) Both these jobs enlightened him early about the nature of Nazism. He learned about Russian unreliability when that government broke its promises to the I.I.E. about an American-Russian student seminar in Moscow in the summer of 1934, made a new set of promises for the following summer, and then cancelled the project just before the Americans were due. The Hearst papers assailed the program and the I.I.E. as Communist, and Hearst clippings from 1935 composed the dossier with which Joe McCarthy threatened Murrow in 1953. In fact, Murrow had better sense than many Americans who, in his lifetime and since, have become besotted by foreign countries or regimes. Miss Sperber, who is admiring but not idolatrous, never omits failings or mistakes; but Murrow, I think, made few mistakes in the area of public policy.

Murrow went to work for CBS in 1935 as Director of Talks to Coördinate Broadcasts on Current Issues, an outgrowth of one of his many duties at the I.I.E.—finding and scheduling speakers and lecturers for academic, public, and radio programs. His job in New York and, after 1937, in London, as CBS's European director, was to discover and cajole and pay celebrities and specialists to speak on the air. However, Hitler's foreign policies created emergencies that increased Americans' thirst for immediate news, so at the decade's end, with the arrival of Hitler's last and greatest emergency, the Second World War, there seemed no alternative but to broadcast the voices of CBS staff telling what was happening at that moment. Thus Murrow himself became a broadcaster (his most inspiring teacher in college was a speech instructor) and the head of a sizable crew. The people he hired for this new kind of work became a *Who's Who* of broadcast journalism; he was a magnificent spotter and trainer of talent. While Murrow's life is the story of the harrowing of his generation, it is also a fascinating narrative of how our society used a technological innovation: the social slot that broadcasting came to fill changed, in less than a lifetime, from serving as an aid to navigation to serving as an aid to retail sales. Murrow had joined a small company in 1935,



"For heaven's sake, all I asked is which do you want, a hamburger or a lamb chop!"



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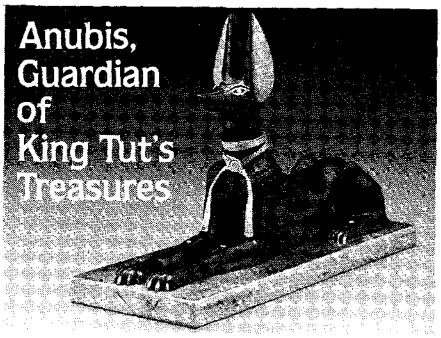

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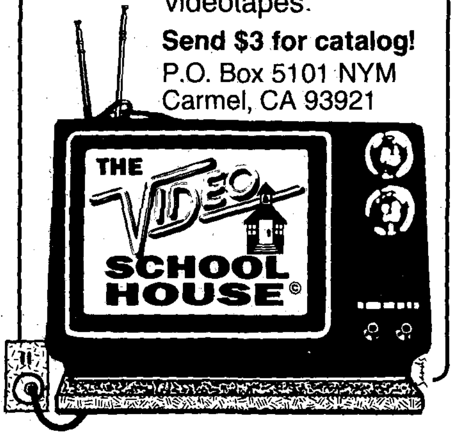

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but in 1946, when he returned to CBS headquarters in New York, the company was large, and growing larger. Two-thirds of the biography takes place after the Allied victory, and the latter parts demonstrate, among other things, why war has always been so popular: it is much simpler than peace.

The complexities of peace were interlinked. The Soviet Union began to treat its wartime allies as it had treated the I.I.E., and its foreign policy contributed to our domestic panic associated with Joe McCarthy. That hysteria had deeper roots and wider sources—many, I think, still imperfectly understood—than the activities of a single man; Murrow found that the State Department and the C.I.A. were trying to manage the news some three years before the Wisconsin senator discovered anti-Communism. Nonetheless, McCarthy's gift for publicity has attached his name to this bizarre era, an epoch of irrationality which recalls the Great Fear that gripped rural France in 1789—a resemblance unflattering to Americans, who were not illiterate peasants with few sources of information. Miss Sperber describes the terror—and the cowardice—inspired by the hunt for "subversives," to which broadcasters felt vulnerable, because radio and television stations are licensed by the federal government. Her account helps us appreciate Murrow's great courage in publicly criticizing McCarthy, especially after the Senator had privately attempted to blackmail him into silence. Murrow risked more than his career—he risked obloquy—with the famous television documentary aired on March 9, 1954, which quoted McCarthy versus McCarthy to show his lies and inconsistencies. The broadcast was an important element in the nation's return to sanity, but though Murrow received wide applause, his difficulties were not over: McCarthy's followers and allies remained influential, and the fact that Murrow elicited controversy displeased the network, which wanted him to make money, not trouble.

In recounting the worsening of Murrow's relations with CBS, Miss Sperber has sought the testimony of practically every surviving participant or observer, to insure the fairness in presenting all sides which Murrow regarded as the ideal. Her huge work, the product of a decade's labor, never skimps, and her multiplicity of sources helps us in several ways. Murrow was reticent, and the variety and diversity of recollections give us valuable clues

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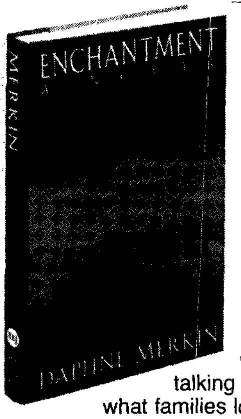

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to his feelings. They also offer a sense of life within the corporation, reminding us that the cliché association of "large" and "impersonal" is nonsense. No human activity is impersonal, and clashes of policy are often indistinguishable from clashes of personality. It is true that different employees had, legitimately, different concerns—some, for example, were hired to worry about the fact that television production was infinitely more costly than radio had been. Murrow's growing problems at CBS certainly illustrated the age-old, worldwide conflict between art or craft and money. They also illustrate an American problem: our public life has always aimed at egalitarianism, but our workplaces are authoritarian. This dissonance was scarcely evident in the eighteenth century, when most Americans started out working for their parents, whom they had to obey anyhow, but it became conspicuous with the advent of the factory system, and it affected the middle class after large organizations began to include the kinds of workers we think of as "professionals." (The limitations that organization inevitably imposes upon independent professional judgment are certainly a reason that, as many of us lament, fine teachers become principals or deans: their choice is either to inflict administration or to suffer it.) CBS showed its confidence in Murrow and its hopes for his future by promoting him to vice-president and director of public affairs (1946-47) and electing him to the corporation's board of directors (1949-56). He resigned both these positions. Murrow wished to make broadcasting a medium of enlightenment; intense by nature, he felt particularly intensely on that subject, because he had seen how destructive broadcasting could be as a medium of propaganda. Was it, then, naïve of him to relinquish positions of at least potential power in order to concentrate on what he did best—reporting, writing, speaking? Or would he, to retain corporate power, have had to transform himself into another kind of man—the kind who replaced Murrow documentaries with quiz shows? The story of Murrow's and CBS's mutual disenchantment is sad and disturbing. Its analogue is divorce, but much more has been written about marital alienation than about the decay of relations at work, which can be equally painful and disillusioning. Murrow's position was further complicated by the fact that, though he thought of himself as a professional journalist, he was a star—a paradoxical status. All those he dealt with—network, sponsors, the Kennedy Administration—wanted to use his radiance for their own purposes: a manipulativeness that belittled him. Yet Murrow's star quality was a lifelong asset and a reason his biography is far from pathetic. He bears no resemblance to Willy Loman; he was sought by prospective employers until it became evident that he could no longer work.

Although some of the corporate behavior that Miss Sperber records strikes me as vicious, the reason for Murrow's difficulties after the Second World War was not viciousness. It was the volatility of television audiences and the concomitant uncertainty of profits. I wonder if, in our haste to apply technological innovation, we have misapplied television. It is conceivable that television might have meant more to viewers and its programs might have evoked more loyalty if it had taken the boutique instead of the department store as a model—if we had thought of, say, fifty networks, each cultivating a specific audience. The world's viewing populations are so large that even minority publics—chamber-music audiences, for instance—are substantial, and specificity is a rational response to the reality that tastes differ. Americans, trained to do it themselves, seem to be starting to do their own programming by investing in the newer technology of the VCR.

Since I have no idea how our society will ultimately use television, I cannot guess whether Murrow will be seen as a founding father or as a false start. His significance remains. He documented history, and he made it. Besides, as Miss Sperber succeeds in showing us without sentimentality or exaggeration, Murrow was a good example: a man with equal amounts of equally necessary, mutually supporting qualities—judgment and conscience.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A GIRL OF FORTY, by Herbert Gold (Fine; $16.95). Frank Curtis—age forty-three, an adjunct professor of journalism at Berkeley, and the narrator of Mr. Gold's new novel—has the misfortune to meet and fall in love with a "blond, jumpy, grinny, skinny, laughing lady" named Suki Read, a narcissistic and determinedly ageless divorcée with an adoles-

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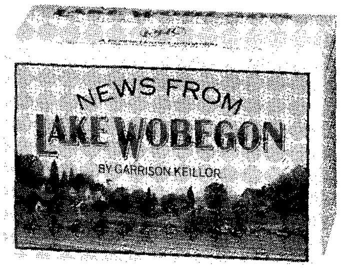

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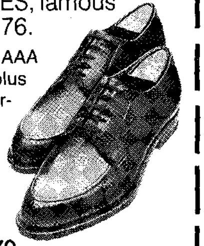

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cent son. Suki is great company, but she will sleep at least once with almost any man. Mr. Gold is very funny about the early stages of the affair, and also very funny and thoroughly knowledgeable about this somewhat raffish San Francisco. Then Suki's son, Peter, comes closer into focus, the young sophisticate who coolly accepts his mother's lovers and cheerfully joins them at breakfast. The humor begins to darken. Peter comes into a different, icier focus. A monster horribly appears. There may be some exaggeration here, and a whiff of sentimentality, but there is also an interesting thrust of truth, and a stark family psychiatric portrait. It could be wished, though, that Mr. Gold had refrained in his depiction of a city detective from presenting an uncomfortable stereotype: a self-parodying black.

THE COMMODORE, by Jan de Hartog (Harper & Row; $19.95). Martinus Harinxma, the Dutch tugboat skipper and hero of Mr. de Hartog's 1965 novel "The Captain," is now seventy years old, uneasily retired in the South of France. He is abruptly rescued from a life of dog-walking and boozing by a summons from his old firm, which is selling its flagship, the world's most powerful ocean-going tug, to a Taiwanese entrepreneur and wants Commodore Harinxma to act as "adviser" to the inexperienced Oriental crew that is sailing the tug home. It soon becomes clear that the tug is being sold because of a potentially fatal flaw in its design. The obvious questions are: Do the Dutch owners merely want to get rid of the tug at the expense of the Taiwanese? or Are the Taiwanese, who have insured it to the hilt, in on the plot? Harinxma decides that the crew is probably doomed without his experience, and signs on for part of the voyage—through the Strait of Magellan to the west coast of South America. Mr. de Hartog makes the most of a melodramatic (and often funny) mélange of characters and incidents, some of them recognizable from his earlier work. Despite a jarring note of mysticism toward the end, he carries it all off in fine style, with the authority of a man who has lived what he writes about.

GHOST DANCE, by Carole Maso (North Point; $16.95). An elaborate elegy for a tragic family, thwarted, individually and collectively, by congenital and acquired madness. At its heart is the narrator's mother, a sort of cross between Grace Kelly and Virginia Woolf. The story pools out from a rendezvous in Grand Central Terminal, one recent winter's day, to take in the Kennedy assassination in Dallas, the 1964 New York World's Fair, Earth Day in Central Park, the Bicentennial, Maine, Vassar, Venezuela, and Wounded Knee, as the daughter tries to trace her father's and her brother's pilgrimages and escapades, and as mourners and admirers come forward to warn her, by word and by example, not to give up the ghost, and not to try to corner her mother's. (The title refers to an American Indian exorcism of sorts.) Fortunately, Carole Maso, whose first novel this is, salts her otherwise allusive narrative with down-to-earth asides. North Point has done its usual meticulous job with the book's design and printing.

NOTE: "The Progress of Love," a collection of short stories by Alice Munro, has been published by Knopf ($16.95). Many of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

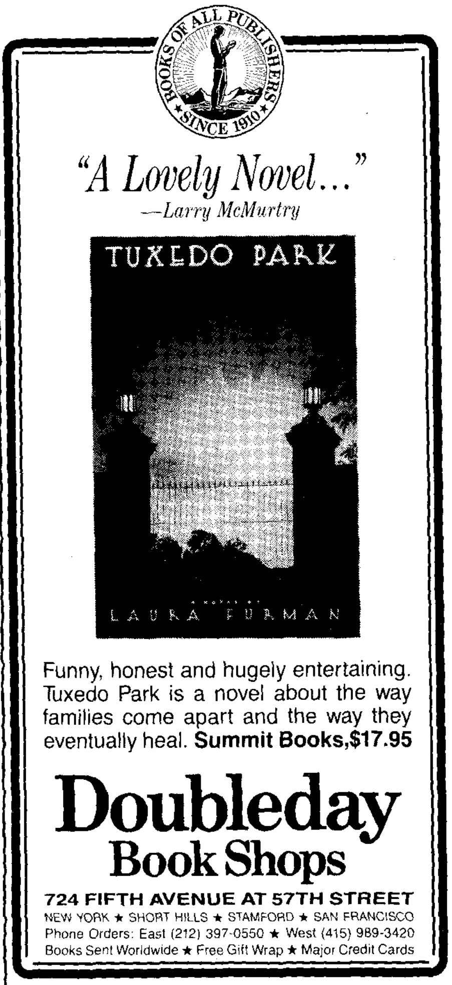
THE FRUIT PALACE, by Charles Nicholl (St. Martin's; $16.95). Mr. Nicholl, an English journalist, is an experienced sojourner in Colombia, and in 1983 he returned there with a contract from a London publisher to write a book about the flourishing cocaine trade. This is an account of that research—"an odyssey," as the present publisher describes it, "through Colombia's cocaine underworld." It is, indeed, such an odyssey, a tense adventure in darkness and danger, but it is a great deal more. In the course of his research, Mr. Nicholl wandered through much of Colombia, and his experiences—a week in an idyllic upland village, a visit to a smugglers' cove, a long walk through the Indian country of the high Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta, an earthquake in the sixteenth-century town of Popayán—are recorded with a verve that raises his book well above the merely topical and into a traveller's tale of the highest order: "I walked for a day and a half, living on Spam and windfall mangoes, chewing the old man's coca, spitting green spit. I swam in the big rivers, and slept beneath a giant caracoli, and in the morning woke to find a blue hummingbird hovering near my head like the spirit of a departed ancestor."

BREAKING THE SILENCE, by Walter Laqueur and Richard Breitman (Simon & Schuster; $17.95). A biography of a hero, Eduard Schulte (1891-1966), whose heroism was hidden—originally for his protection and subsequently to his hurt. Schulte was a German industrialist who in the nineteen-thirties helped Jews escape, and after war came—a war he had foreseen and was convinced the Nazis would lose—used his freedom to travel on business to neutral Switzerland as a cover for passing industrial and military information to the Allies. Though the fact was long concealed in dispersed archives, the authors have verified that Schulte was the first person to inform the non-Nazi world about the fate of the Jews at Auschwitz. His very wide connections in the Nazis' military-industrial complex enabled him to gather intelligence; his equally wide connections in the anti-Nazi underground gave him timely warning that the Gestapo had at last caught on to him, and in December of 1943 he escaped to Switzerland, where, with the aid of Swiss and German anti-Nazis, he remained an imaginary invalid until the end of the war. Schulte had coöperated with the O.S.S. in Switzerland, and Allen Dulles recommended him for a place in the occupation administration of Germany, but Schulte failed American de-Nazification tests. He lived out his days in Switzerland, and never sought recognition for his services. In 1970, his heirs claimed restitution for lost family property, but the claim was denied by a West German court, which held that Schulte had betrayed his country in wartime. This biography may be regarded both as an act of posthumous justice and as a realistic spy thriller.

EVOLUTION: A THEORY IN CRISIS, by Michael Denton (Adler & Adler; $19.95). One should not get the impression from the title of this book that it is another argument for creationism. Mr. Denton is a molecular biologist with a thoroughgoing scientific outlook. He is quite ready to accept what he calls "microevolution": the modification and adaptation of species to changes in their environment (for instance, mosquitoes' adaptation as a species to DDT). What he does not accept is "macroevolution": the creation of entirely new species and, indeed, life itself from random processes—the classical Darwinian view. Darwin believed that these creations were continuous and that eventually links would turn up in the fossil record. Perhaps they will, but so far the record is filled with gaps. The value of this book is that it makes it clear how much there is still to be explained—how little we really understand about the origin of species.

THE TOLERANT SOCIETY: FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND EXTREMIST SPEECH IN AMERICA, by Lee C. Bollinger (Oxford; $19.95). This brief, thoughtful book examines reasons that Americans allow a wider range of expression under the First Amendment than is permitted by the laws of any other country. The author, a professor of law at the University of Michigan, reviews legal, philosophical, and practical arguments that have been made over the centuries for this remarkable grant of freedom. He recalls that free speech was originally thought to need protection against government action that might interfere with the liberty of discussion necessary to democracy. Later, free speech was seen as needing legal protection from the excesses of democracy, when the majority, whose right to free expression was secure, attempted to suppress minority opinions. Mr. Bollinger reminds us that some arguments for free speech have been abandoned: it is by no means certain, for example, that truth invariably overcomes falsehood when both are legally free to argue their case. He sees freedom of speech as an aid in developing a quality of mind—self-control in the face of opposition or hostility—which is essential to the working of a society composed of diverse individuals.

THE PAPERS OF SAMUEL MARCHBANKS, by Robertson Davies (Viking; $22.50). The title page proclaims that this five-hundred-plus-page volume comprises " 'The Diary,' 'The Table Talk,' and 'A Garland of Miscellanea,' by Samuel Marchbanks"—collections of newspaper columns by Mr. Davies' Doppelgänger, which were first published in Canada in the nineteen-forties—"but enlarged to include a Biographical Introduction and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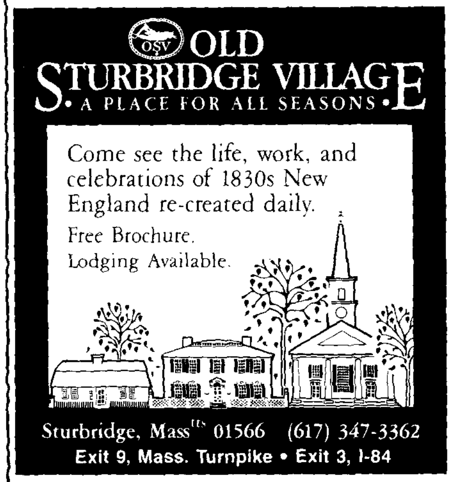
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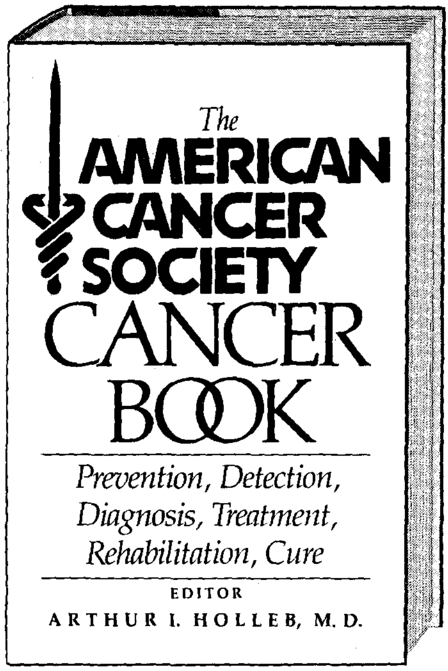
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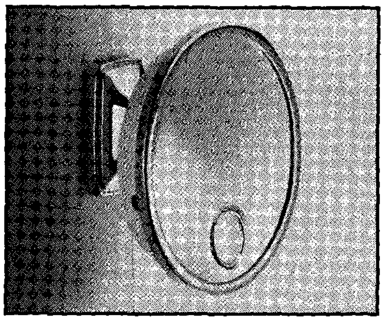

The non-fogging magnifying mirror
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Copious Notes." According to Marchbanks, the Canadian sense of humor is of the exploding-cigar variety. The only irregular cigar he is known to have almost fallen for, however, was a butt offered at auction which had purportedly been discarded by Liszt. Marchbanks/Davies has comically unkind words for Niagara Falls and points south, but Canada predominates: we read of Marchbanks' notorious "Woof-Nix," for instance, an anti-canine cough drop; the incidence of poultry diseases among Canadian bingo players; "Silo Architecture in Canada" (as the title of a work-in-progress goes) "and Its Relationship to the Campaniles of Southern Europe;" and the Sicilian strain in the Torontonian temperament, belied though it is by the natives' "blancmange-like" exterior.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Majendie's Cat, by Frank Fowlkes (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $15.95). On the evening of August 15, 1971, President Richard Nixon announced in a nationally televised speech that the United States was suspending the convertibility of the dollar into gold. How and why did he come to that decision? In this convoluted thriller, Mr. Fowlkes, a former New York banker, imagines an explanation derived from Hitler's wartime plan to destroy the British economy by flooding the world with counterfeit pounds. The scheme here is begun, under powerful coercion, by an English adventurer named Peregrin St. Giles, and his efforts take him from Hong Kong to Paris to Washington and Richmond on a trail well marked by corpses. Mr. Fowlkes is a far from dazzling writer, but (apart from a mistaken belief that Air France flies to Cairo from Orly airport) he seems to know what he's talking about, and he tells a pretty good story.

•

A Lawrence Road resident found four suspicious items at the Hardy School field in the early morning of April 2. According to police reports, the woman was walking her dog near the Hardy School when she found a tipped-over bicycle, a knapsack, a pair of shoes and a book titled *The Joy of Sex* lying in the field. No one was in the area when the items were found and the items were taken to police headquarters.

—*Wellesley (Mass.) Townsman.*

But someone at the Hardy School is walking with a lighter step.

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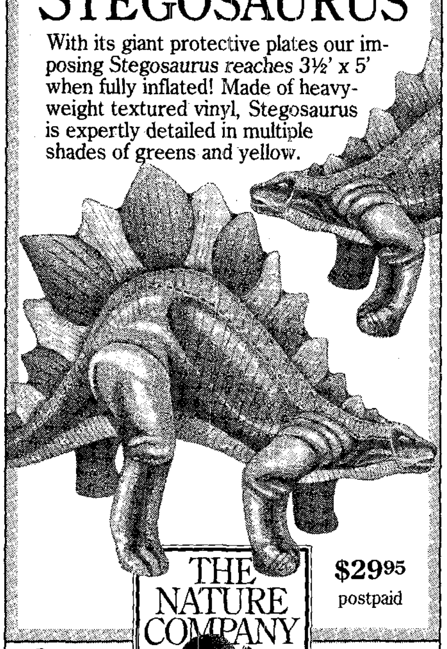

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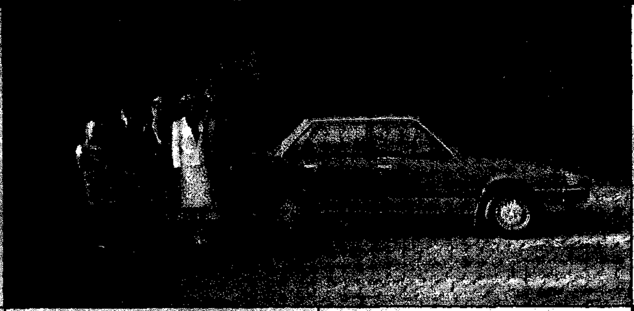

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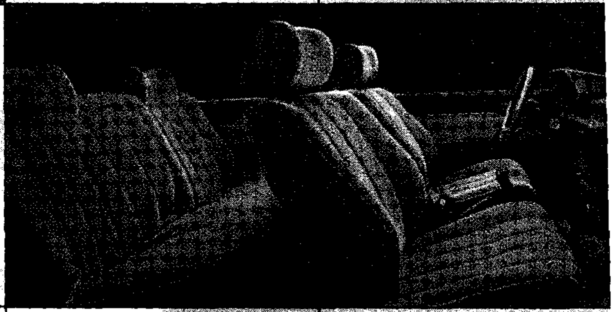

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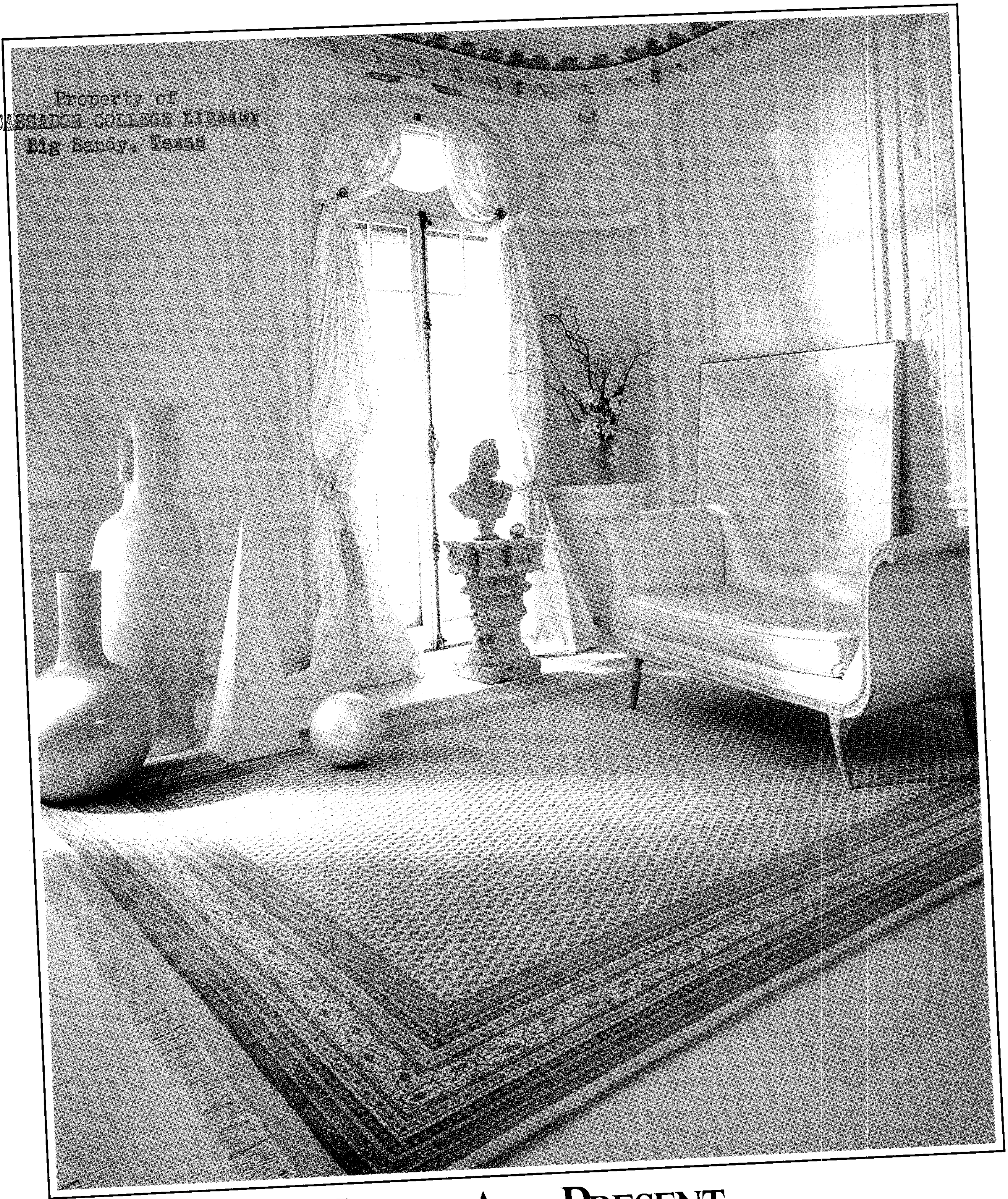

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